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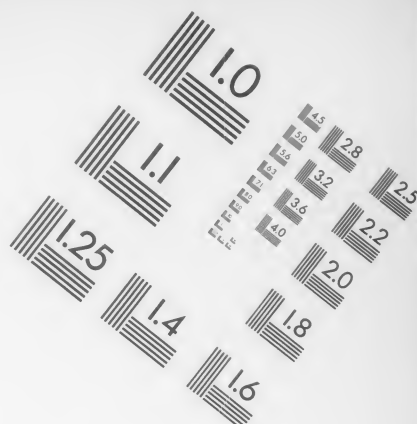
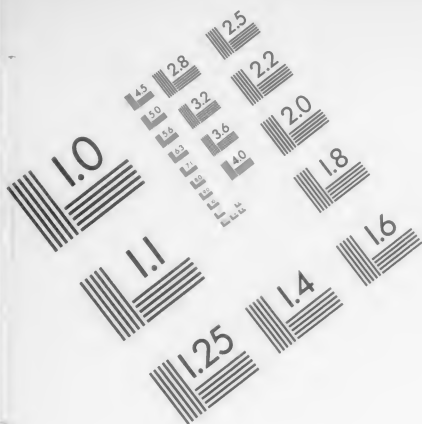


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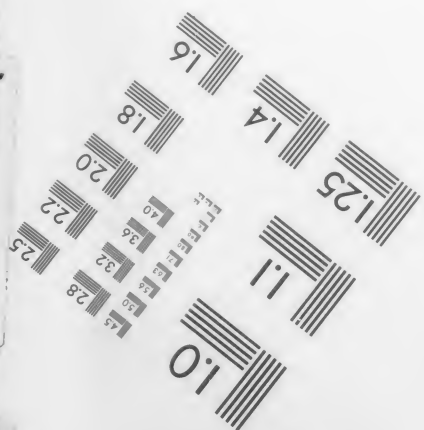
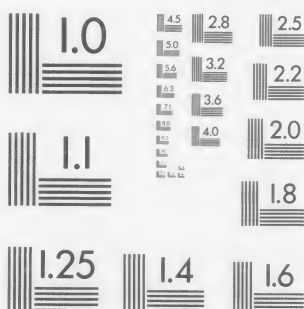
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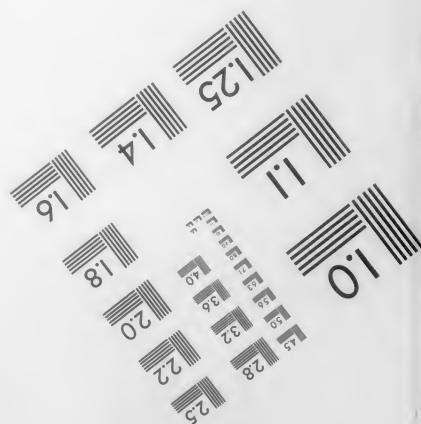
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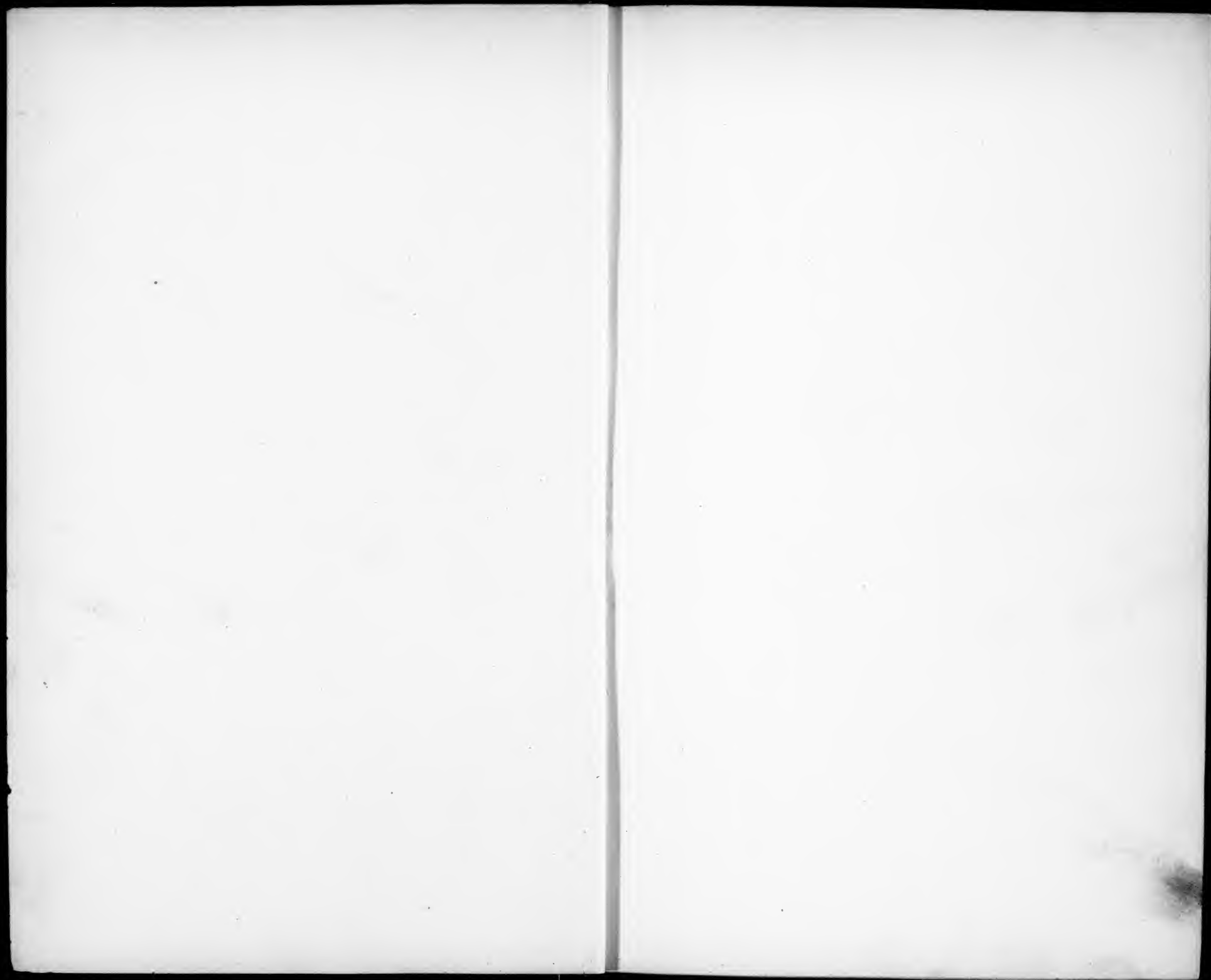
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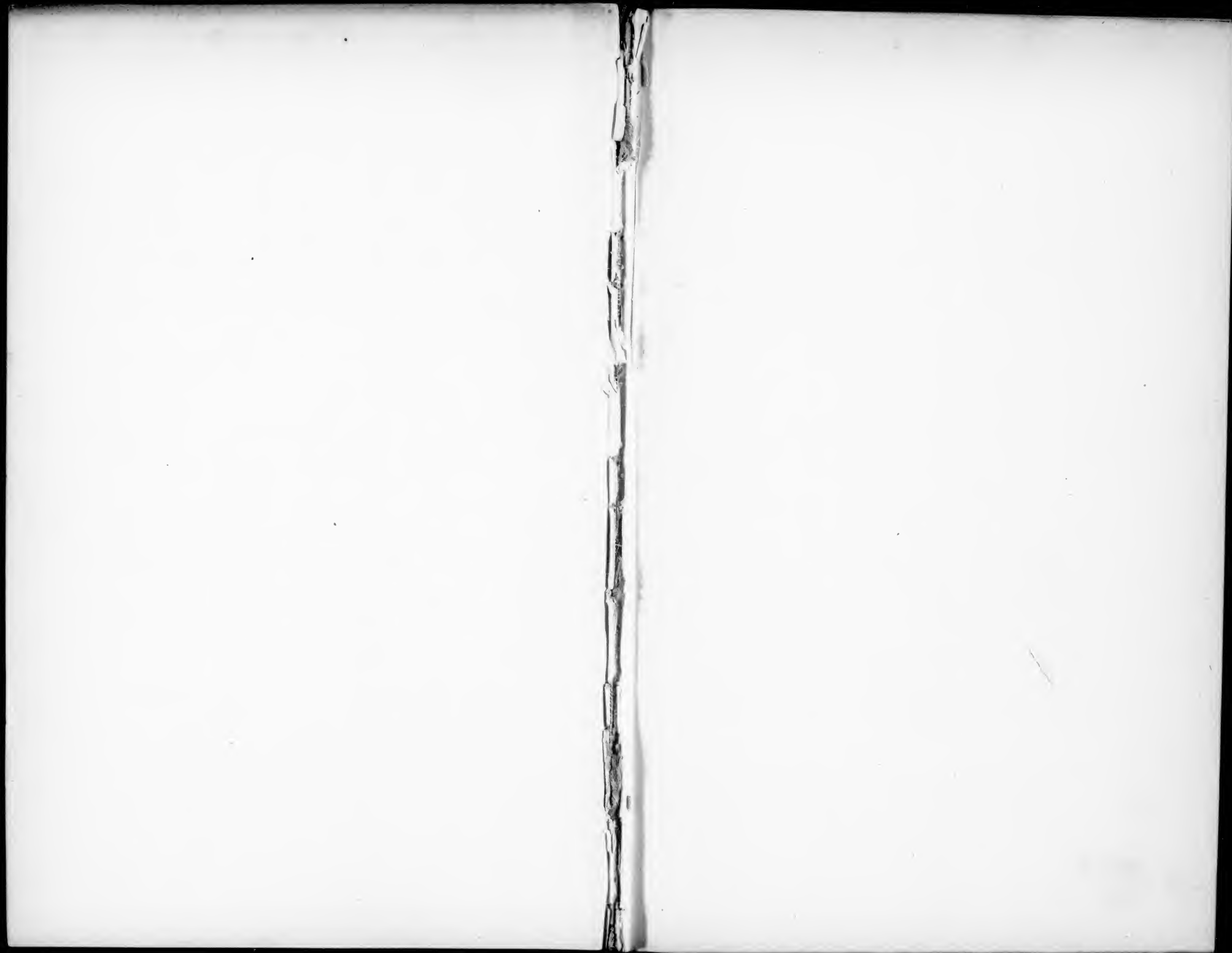


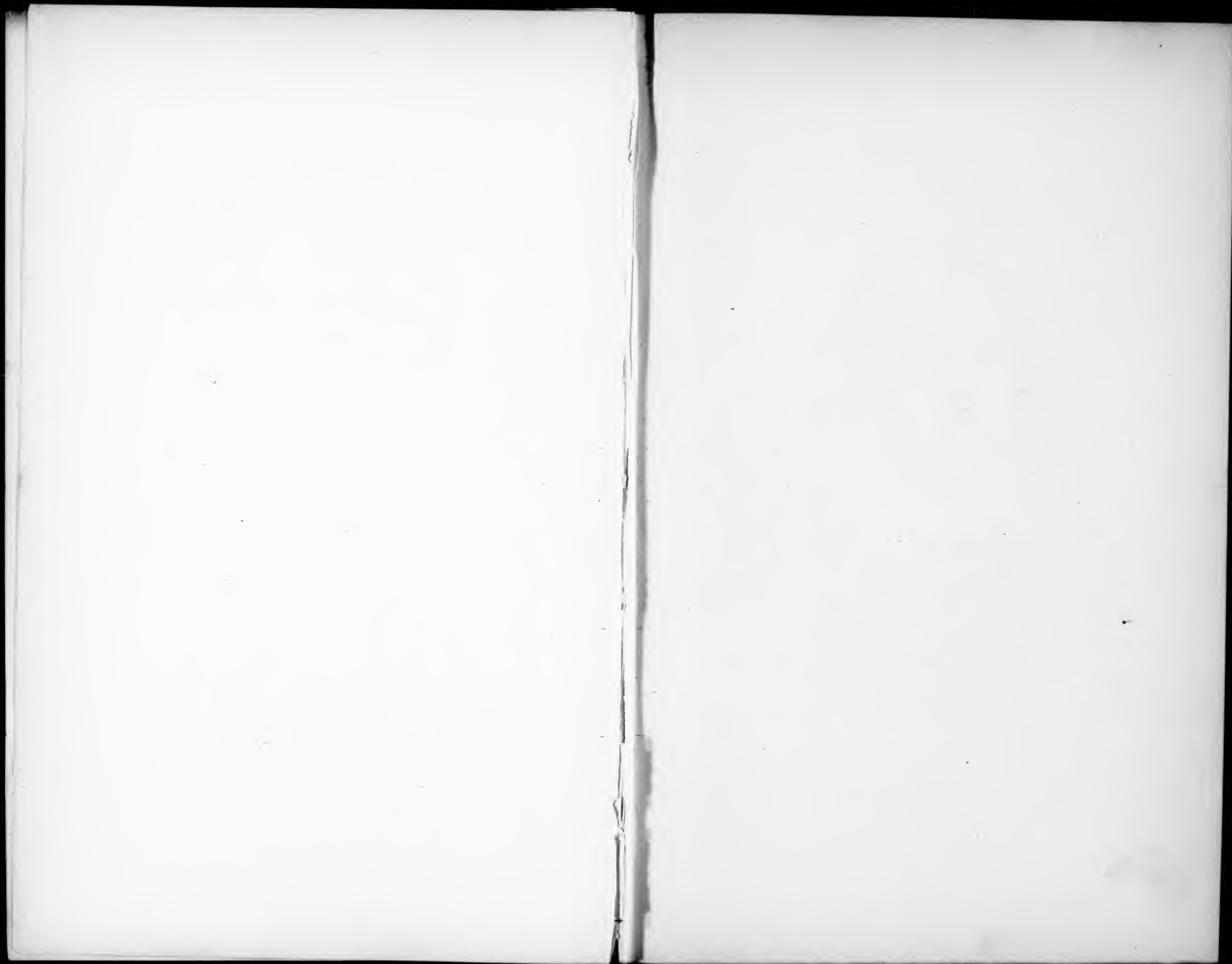
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS

BY

ALFRED H. WELSH, A. M.

AUTHOR OF DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE,
ESSENTIALS OF GEOMETRY, ESSENTIALS OF ENGLISH,
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The true Shekinah is Man. — CHRYSOSTOM.

Do not believe that a book is good, if in reading it thou dost not become more
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TO

GOVERNOR CHARLES FOSTER

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME AS A TOKEN OF MY MORE THAN

ORDINARY AFFECTION

A. H. W.

PREFACE.

THE aim herein embodied has been to prepare, in accordance with the publisher's request, a book culled from the flowers of all books, culled, however, conformably to the requirements of a work of art—unity, wholeness, self-completion; a book that should follow and represent a line of thought, furnishing to man, in the wisdom of the best minds, and in the world's choicest forms of expression, the essential principles and lessons for the conduct of life—life viewed in its relations to the physical and the spiritual, the human and the Divine, the finite and the infinite. The labor has been one of love, and it is hoped that the work, thus sought to be enriched with the wealth of the great souls, and warmed with the life-blood of the master spirits, will be found to serve for delight and for use, both to the scholar and the general reader, the aspiring among the young and the cultivated among the old. What path is more full of pleasantness and peace, not to say of mental and moral gain, than that which leads us into close contact with noble natures? "I am not the rose," says the Eastern apologue, "but I live with the rose, and so I have become sweet."

A. H. WELSH.

Columbus, July 21, 1885.

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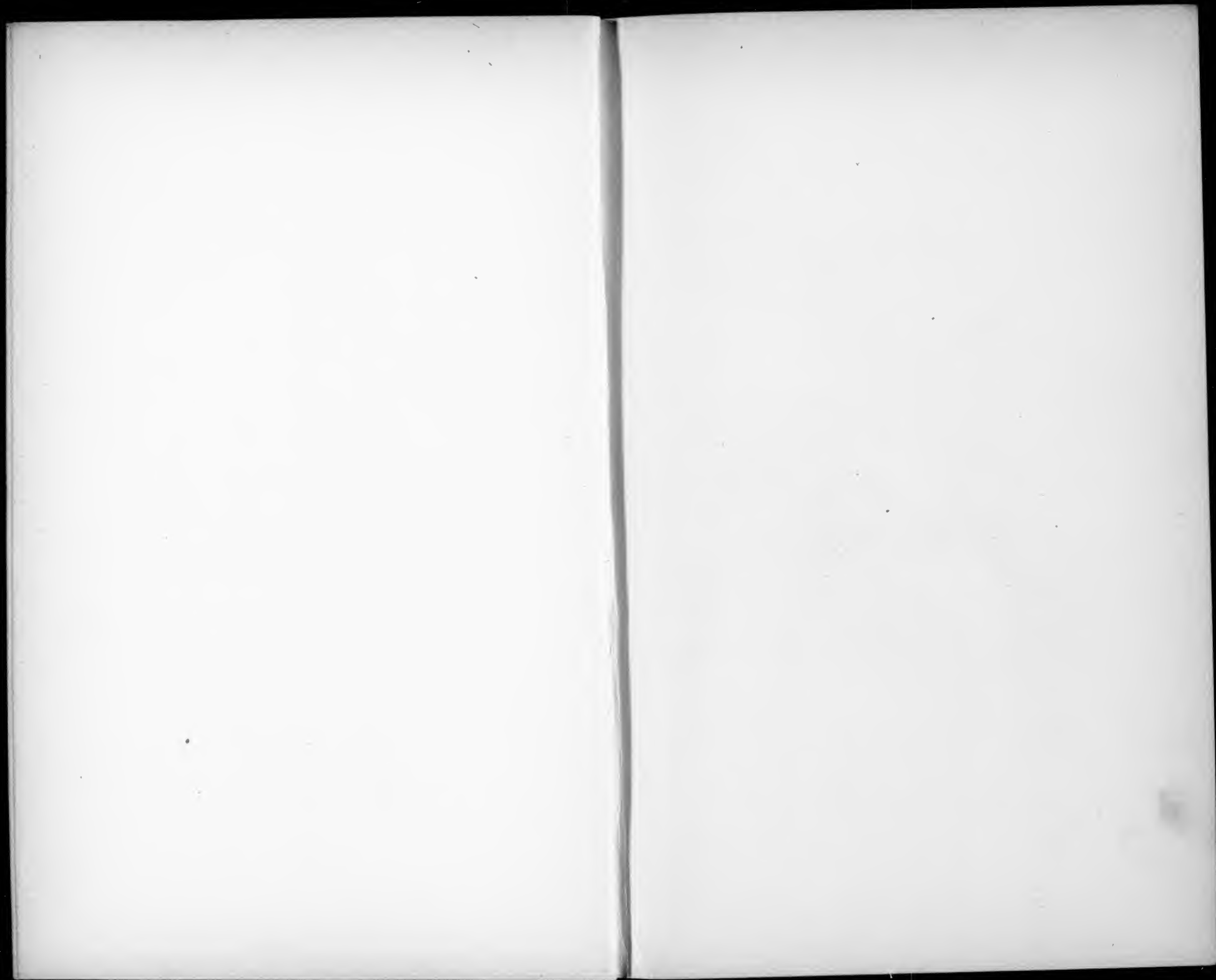
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R. W. EMERSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE ENVIRONMENT.

Hill and valley, seas and constellations, are but stereotypes of divine ideas appealing to and answered by the living soul of man.—DR. CHAPIN.

NATURE, natural, and the group of words derived from them, or allied to them in etymology, have at all times filled a great place in the thoughts and taken a strong hold on the feelings of mankind. That they should have done so is not surprising, when we consider what the words, in their primitive and most obvious signification, represent; but it is unfortunate that a set of terms which play so great a part in moral and metaphysical speculation should have acquired many meanings different from the primary one, yet sufficiently allied to it to admit of confusion. The words have thus become entangled in so many foreign associations, mostly of a very powerful and tenacious character, that they have come to excite, and to be the symbols of, feelings which their original meaning will by no means justify; and which have made them one of the most copious sources of false taste, false philosophy, false morality, and even bad law. . . . According to the Platonic method, which is still the best type of such investigations, the first thing to be done with so vague a term is to ascertain precisely what it means. It is also a rule of the same method, that the meaning of an abstraction is best sought for in the concrete—of an universal in the particular.

Adopting this course with the word Nature, the first question must be, what is meant by the "nature" of a particular object—as of fire, of water, or of some individual plant or animal? Evidently the *ensemble* or aggregate of its powers or properties: the modes in which it acts on other things (counting among those things the senses of the observer), and the modes in which other things act upon it; to which, in the case of a sentient being, must be added its own capacities of feeling, or being conscious. The nature of a thing means all this—means its entire capacity of exhibiting phenomena. And since the phenomena which a thing exhibits, however much they vary in different circumstances, are always the same in the same circumstances, they admit of being described in general forms of words, which are called the *laws* of the thing's nature. Thus, it is a law of the nature of water that, under the mean pressure of the atmosphere at the level of the sea, it boils at 212° Fahrenheit.

As the nature of any given thing is the aggregate of its powers and properties, so Nature in the abstract is the aggregate of the powers and properties of all things. Nature means the sum of all phenomena, together with the causes which produce them; including not only all that happens, but all that is capable of happening; the unused capabilities of causes being as much a part of the idea of Nature as those which take effect. Since all phenomena which have been sufficiently examined are found to take place with regularity, each having certain fixed conditions, positive and negative, on the occurrence of which it invariably happens, mankind has been able to ascertain, either by direct observation or by reasoning processes grounded on it, the conditions of the occurrence of many phenomena; and the progress of science mainly consists in ascertaining those conditions. When discovered they can be expressed in general propositions, which

are called laws of the particular phenomena, and also, more generally, Laws of Nature. Thus, the truth that all material objects tend toward one another with a force directly as their masses and inversely as the square of their distance is a law of Nature. The proposition that air and food are necessary to animal life, if it be, as we have good reason to believe, true without exception, is also a law of Nature, though the phenomenon of which it is the law is special, and not, like gravitation, universal.

Nature, then, in this, its simplest acceptation, is a collective name for all facts, actual and possible: or (to speak more accurately) a name for the mode, partly known to us and partly unknown, in which all things take place. For the word suggests, not so much the multitudinous detail of the phenomena, as the conception which might be formed of their manner of existence as a mental whole, by a mind possessing a complete knowledge of them: to which conception it is the aim of science to raise itself, by successive steps of generalization from experience.

Such, then, is a correct definition of the word Nature. But this definition corresponds only to one of the senses of that ambiguous term. It is evidently inapplicable to some of the modes in which the word is familiarly employed. For example, it entirely conflicts with the common form of speech by which Nature is opposed to Art, and natural to artificial. For in the sense of the word Nature which has just been defined, and which is the true scientific sense, Art is as much Nature as anything else; and everything which is artificial is natural. Art has no independent powers of its own. Art is but the employment of the powers of Nature for an end. Phenomena produced by human agency, no less than those which, as far as we are concerned, are spontaneous, depend on the properties of the elementary forces, or of the elementary substances and their

compounds. The united powers of the whole human race could not create a new property of matter in general, or of any one of its species. We can only take advantage, for our purposes, of the properties which we find. A ship floats by the same laws of specific gravity and equilibrium as a tree uprooted by the wind and blown into the water. The corn which men raise for food grows and produces its grain by the same laws of vegetation by which the wild rose and the mountain strawberry bring forth their flowers and fruit. A house stands and holds together by the natural properties—the weight and cohesion of the materials which compose it. A steam engine works by the natural expansive force of steam exerting a pressure upon one part of a system of arrangements, which pressure, by the mechanical properties of the lever, is transferred from that to another part, where it raises the weight or removes the obstacle brought into connection with it. In these and all other artificial operations the office of man is, as has often been remarked, a very limited one; it consists in moving things into certain places. We move objects, and by doing this, bring some things into contact which were separate, or separate others which were in contact; and by this simple change of place, natural forces previously dormant are called into action, and produce the desired effect. Even the volition which designs, the intelligence which contrives, and the muscular force which executes, these movements, are themselves powers of Nature.

It thus appears that we must recognize at least two principal meanings in the word Nature. In one sense, it means all the powers existing in either the outer or the inner world, and everything which takes place by means of those powers. In another sense, it means, not everything which happens, but only what takes place without the agency, or without the voluntary and

intentional agency, of man. This distinction is far from exhausting the ambiguities of the word, but it is the key to most of those on which important consequences depend.¹

ASPECTS AND ATTITUDES.—Each of the Physical Sciences attempts to explain the outward world in one of its aspects, to interpret it from one point of view. And the whole circle of the Physical Sciences, or Physical Science in its widest extent, confines itself to explaining the appearances of the material world by the properties of matter, and to reducing what is complex and manifold to the operation of a few simple but all-pervading laws. But besides those aspects of Nature which Physical Science explains, over and above those laws which the Sciences discover, there are other sides or aspects of Nature which come to us through other than scientific avenues, and which, when they do reach us, bring home to us new truth, and raise us to noble contemplations. This ordered array of material appearances, these marshaled lines of Nature's sequences, wonderful and beautiful though they be, are not in themselves all. No reasonable being can rest in them. Inevitably, he is carried out of and beyond these to other inquiries which no Physics can answer. How stand these phenomena to the thinking mind and feeling heart which contemplates them? how came they to be as they are? are they there of themselves, or is there a Higher Center from which they proceed? what is their origin? what the goal toward which they travel? Inquiries such as these, which are the genuine product of Reason, lead us for their answer, not to the Physics of the Universe, but to another order of thought—to Poetry, to Philosophy, and to Theology. And the light thrown from these regions on this marvelous outward framework, while it contradicts nothing in the body of truth which Science has made good, permeates the whole with a higher meaning, and transfigures it with

¹ John Stuart Mill.

a splendor which is Divine. . . . No doubt, even in the most remote eras, when savage men dwelt naked in caves, or cowered in abject worship before the blind forces of Nature, and lived in terror of wild beasts, or of each other, even then there must have been moments when their hearts were imaginatively touched, as either the hurricane or the thunder awed them, or Nature looked on them more benignly through the sunset or the dawn. In that later stage, when the Aryan family had reached their mythologizing era, and, owing to the weakness of their abstracting powers and the strength of untutored imagination, were weaving the appearances of earth and sky into their hierarchies of gods, Nature and Imagination were face to face, and were all in all. The other intellectual powers of man were as yet comparatively dormant. He had not yet learned consciously to disengage the thoughts of himself and of God from the visible appearances in which they were still entangled. But to trace the movements of Imagination through that primeval time forms no part of my present task. Even without attempting this, there is more than enough to detain our thoughts, if we attempt to trace, even in outline, some of the ways in which the human and poetic imagination has worked on the outward world in that later stage when the three great entities, God, Man, and Nature, were in thought clearly distinguished. Though in studying our present subject it may be necessary, for clearness's sake, in some measure to isolate Nature in thought from the other two great objects of contemplation, with which in reality it is so closely interwoven, we must never conceive of it as if it were really a separate and independent existence. However we may for a moment regard Nature by herself, we must not forget that in reality we can never contemplate it apart from the other two entities on which it depends: that Nature, as mere isolated appear-

ance, without a mind to contemplate and a power to support it, is meaningless; that all the three objects of knowledge co-exist at every movement, interpenetrate and modify each other at every turn of thought; and that it is to the light reflected on Nature from the other two that she owes a large part of her meaning, her tenderness, her suggestiveness, her sublimity. The tendency to isolate Nature and to regard it as a self-subsisting thing, cut off from other existence, has been strong ever since man came to be clearly conscious of his own distinctness from the world. In this, as in every other realm of thought, progress is slow; it requires long ages to get to the right mental attitude. Among the ethnic races, at least, there were first the two periods already noticed—one in which man crouched in blind abject terror in presence of the elements; another marked by that brighter Nature-worship embodied in the Aryan mythology, which, though past its prime, was still surviving when the Homeric poems were composed. Then succeeded the time when, on the one hand, the mind of man separated itself from the world and asserted its distinct existence and when, on the other, the thought of Deity, under the guidance of reflection and philosophy, gradually extracted itself from the visible appearances in which it had been so long imbedded.

When this great change had made itself felt, and when, at the same time, out-of-door life gave place to life in cities, Nature, in a great measure, lost its hold on man's regards, and retired into the background as a lifeless mechanical thing, without interest or beauty, or any intimacy with man. The material world, indeed, had still its utilitarian value. It ministered to man's bodily wants in the thousand ways that immemorial usage handed down, and which science in recent times has so greatly multiplied. If the refreshing presence of Nature still blended unawares with the animal spirits of men, and cheered them

when they were weary, yet the multitudes cast on it no imaginative regards, and cared nothing for the poetry which mediates between the eye and the heart. This seems a true account of the mental attitude of the great civilized communities, down even to recent times. And, notwithstanding the great movement toward Nature which is said to characterize this modern era, one may well doubt whether the sentiment has really penetrated the hearts of even the most cultivated men. Such things must always be difficult to gauge. Yet one can not but sometimes wonder, if from the modern love of Nature, and the much talk about it, there could be deducted all that may be set down to love of change, imitation, fashion, and the desire to meet the expectations of refined society, how much would remain of feeling that was native, genuine, and spontaneous.

A few, we may believe, there have been in every age, and more, perhaps, in this than in former ages, to whom, in spite of the prosaic atmosphere that surrounded them, Nature was something more than a dead machine, something even worthy of affection. Poets, too, were born from age to age, favorite children of

"Gaudentes rure Camœne,"

who had their hearts opened in a pre-eminent degree to receive the love of Nature themselves, and to awaken it in other hearts by the music which they lent to it.¹

LAW.—According to its derivation, nature (*natura, nascitur*) means that which is born or produced—the *becoming*; that which has a beginning and an end; that which has not the cause of its existence in itself, and the cause of which must be sought in something antecedent to and beyond itself—that is, nature is the *phenomenal*. This the word itself expresses in the strongest manner. That which begins to be, as the necessary consequence

¹ J. C. Shairp.

of antecedent conditions, is *natural*. The co-existence, resemblance, and succession of phenomena constitute the *order of Nature*; and the uniformity of these relations among phenomena are the *laws of Nature*.¹

When men first turned their attention on the phenomena of nature, every event was viewed as a miracle, for every effect was considered as the operation of an intelligence. God was not exiled from the universe of matter; on the contrary, He was multiplied in proportion to its phenomena. As science advanced, the deities were gradually driven out; and long after the sublunary world had been disenchanted, they were left for a season in possession of the starry heavens. The movement of the celestial bodies, in which Kepler still saw the agency of a free intelligence, was at length by Newton resolved into a few mathematical principles; and, at last, even the irregularities which Newton was compelled to leave for the miraculous correction of the Deity have been proved to require no supernatural interposition; for La Place has shown that all contingencies, past and future, in the heavens, find their explanation in the one fundamental law of gravitation.²

In the intellectual infancy of a savage state man transfers to Nature his conceptions of himself, and, considering that every thing he does is determined by his own pleasure, regards all passing events as depending on the arbitrary volition of a superior but invisible power. He gives to the world a constitution like his own. The tendency is necessarily to superstition. Whatever is strange, or powerful, or vast, impresses his imagination with dread. Such objects are only the outward manifestations of an indwelling spirit, and therefore worthy of his veneration. After Reason, aided by Experience, has led him forth from these delusions as respects surrounding things, he

¹ B. F. Cocker, D. D.

² Sir William Hamilton.

still clings to his original ideas as respects objects far removed. In the distant and irresistible motions of the stars he finds arguments for the supernatural, and gives to each of those shining bodies an abiding and controlling genius. The mental phase through which he is passing permits him to believe in the exercise of planetary influences on himself. But as Reason led him forth from fetichism, so in due time it again leads him forth from star-worship. Perhaps not without regret does he abandon the mythological forms he has created; for, long after he has ascertained that the planets are nothing more than shining points, without any perceptible influence on him, he still venerates the genii once supposed to vivify them—perhaps even he exalts them into immortal gods. Philosophically speaking, he is exchanging, by ascending degrees, his primitive doctrine of arbitrary volition for the doctrine of law. As the fall of a stone, the flowing of a river, the movement of a shadow, the rustling of a leaf, have been traced to physical causes, to like causes at last are traced the revolutions of the stars. In events and scenes continually increasing in greatness and grandeur, he is detecting the dominion of law. The goblins, and genii, and gods, who successively extorted his fear and veneration, who determined events by their fitful passions or whims, are at last displaced by the noble conception of one Almighty Being, who rules the universe according to reason, and therefore according to law. In this manner the doctrine of government by law is extended, until at last it embraces all natural events. It was thus that, hardly two centuries ago, that doctrine gathered immense force from the discovery of Newton that Kepler's laws, under which the movements of the planetary bodies are executed, issue as a mathematical necessity from a very simple material condition, and that the complicated motions of the

solar system can not be other than what they are. Few of those who read in the beautiful geometry of the *Principia* the demonstration of this fact saw the imposing philosophical consequences which must inevitably follow this scientific discovery. And now the investigation of the aspect of the skies in past ages, and all predictions of its future, rest essentially upon the principle that no arbitrary volition ever intervenes, the gigantic mechanism moving impassively in virtue of a mathematical law. And so, upon the earth, the more perfectly we understand the causes of present events, the more plainly are they seen to be the consequences of physical conditions, and therefore the results of law. To allude to one example out of many that might be considered, the winds, how proverbially inconstant! Who can tell whence they come or whither they go? If anything bears the fitful character of arbitrary volition, surely it is these. But we deceive ourselves in imagining that atmospheric events are fortuitous. Where shall a line be drawn between that eternal trade-wind, which, originating in well-understood physical causes, sweeps, like the breath of destiny, slowly, and solemnly, and everlastingly, over the Pacific Ocean, and the variable gusts into which it degenerates in more northerly southerly regions—gusts which seem to come without any cause, and to pass away without leaving any trace? In what latitude is it that the domain of the physical ends, and that of the supernatural begins?

All mundane events are the results of the operation of law. Every movement in the skies or upon the earth proclaims to us that the universe is under government. But if we admit that this is the case, from the mote that floats in the sunbeam to multiple stars revolving round each other, are we willing to carry our principles to their consequences, and to recognize a like operation of law among living as among lifeless things, in the

organic as well as the inorganic world? What testimony does physiology offer on this point? Physiology, in its progress, has passed through the same phases as physics. Living beings have been considered as beyond the power of external influences, and, conspicuously among them, Man has been affirmed to be independent of the forces that rule the world in which he lives. Besides that immaterial principle, the soul, which distinguishes him from all his animated companions, and makes him a moral and responsible being, he has been feigned, like them, to possess another immaterial principle, the vital agent, which, in a way of its own, carries forward all the various operations in his economy. But when it was discovered that the heart of man is constructed upon the recognized rules of hydraulics, and, with its great tubes, is furnished with common mechanical contrivances, valves; when it was discovered, especially to man, that the eye has been arranged on the most refined principles of optics, its cornea, and humors, and lens, properly converging the rays to form an image—its iris, like the diaphragm of a telescope or microscope, shutting out stray light, and regulating the quantity admitted; when it was discovered that the ear is furnished with the means of dealing with the three characteristics of sound—its tympanum for intensity, its cochlea for pitch, its semi-circular canals for quality; when it was seen that the air brought into the great air passages by the descent of the diaphragm, calling into play atmospheric pressure, is conveyed upon physical principles into the ultimate cells of the lungs, and thence into the blood, producing chemical changes throughout the system, disengaging heat, and permitting all the functions of organic life to go on; when these facts and very many others of a like kind were brought into prominence by modern physiology, it obviously became necessary to admit that animated beings do not constitute

that exception once supposed, and that organic operations are the result of physical agencies.¹

The Reign of Law—is this, then, the reign under which we live? Yes, in a sense it is. There is no denying it. The whole world around us, and the whole world within us, are ruled by Law. Our very spirits are subject to it—those spirits which yet seem so spiritual, so subtle, so free. How often in the darkness do they feel the restraining walls—bounds within which they move—conditions out of which they can not think! The perception of this is growing in the consciousness of men. It grows with the growth of knowledge; it is the delight, the reward, the goal of Science. From Science it passes into every domain of thought, and invades, amongst others, the Theology of the Church. And so we see the men of Theology coming out to parley with the men of Science—a white flag in their hands, and saying, “If you will let us alone, we will do the same by you. Keep to your own province; do not enter ours. The Reign of Law which you proclaim we admit—outside these walls, but not within them; let there be peace between us.” But this will never do. There can be no such treaty dividing the domain of Truth.²

UNITY AND KINSHIP.—One principle of gravitation causes a stone to drop toward the earth, and the moon to wheel round it. One law of attraction carries all the different planets about the sun. This philosophers demonstrate. There are also other points of agreement amongst them, which may be considered as marks of the identity of their origin, and of their intelligent Author. In all are found the convenience and stability derived from gravitation. They all experience vicissitudes of days and nights, and changes of season. They all, at least Jupiter, Mars, and Venus, have the same advantages from their atmosphere as

¹ J. W. Draper, LL.D.

² Duke of Argyll.

we have. In all the planets, the axes of rotation are permanent. Nothing is more probable than that the same attracting influence, acting according to the same rule, reaches to the fixed stars; but, if this be only probable, another thing is certain, viz.: that the same element of light does. The light from a fixed star affects our eyes in the same manner, is refracted and reflected according to the same laws, as the light of a candle. The velocity of the light of the fixed stars is also the same as the velocity of the light of the sun, reflected from the satellites of Jupiter. The heat of the sun, in kind, differs nothing from the heat of a coal fire. In our own globe, the case is clearer. New countries are continually discovered, but the old laws of nature are always found in them: new plants, perhaps, or animals, but always in company with plants and animals which we already know, and always possessing many of the same general properties. We never get among such original or totally different modes of existence, as to indicate that we are come into the province of a different Creator, or under the direction of a different will. In truth, the same order of things attends us wherever we go. The elements act upon one another, electricity operates, the tides rise and fall, the magnetic needle elects its position in one region of the earth and sea as well as in another. One atmosphere invests all parts of the globe, and connects all; one sun illuminates; one moon exerts its specific attraction upon all parts. If there be a variety in natural effects, as, *e. g.*, in the tides of different seas, that very variety is the result of the same cause, acting under different circumstances.¹

Nature is always consistent, though she feigns to contravene her own laws. She keeps her laws, and seems to transcend them. She arms and equips an animal to find its place and living in the earth, and, at the same time, she arms and equips another animal

¹ Paley.

to destroy it. Space exists to divide creatures; but by clothing the sides of a bird with a few feathers, she gives him a petty omnipresence. The direction is forever onward, but the artist still goes back for materials, and begins again with the first elements on the most advanced stage: otherwise, all goes to ruin. If we look at her work, we seem to catch a glance of a system in transition. Plants are the young of the world, vessels of health and vigor; but they grope ever upward toward consciousness. The trees are imperfect men, and seem to bemoan their imprisonment, rooted in the ground. The animal is the novice and probationer of a more advanced order. The men, though young, having tasted the first drop from the cup of thought, are already dissipated. The maples and ferns are still uncorrupt; yet no doubt, when they come to consciousness, they, too, will curse and swear. Flowers so strictly belong to youth that we adult men soon come to feel that their beautiful generations concern not us: we have had our day; now let the children have theirs. The flowers jilt us, and we are old bachelors, with our ridiculous tenderness.¹

The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them. The waving of the bough in the storm is new to me, and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.² Next to the household faces, is not the visible world the earliest existence that we know, the last we lose sight of in our earthly sojourn? All his life long man is encompassed with it, and never gets beyond its reach. He lies an infant in the lap of Nature before he has awakened to any consciousness. When conscious-

¹ Emerson.

² Ibid.

ness does awaken within him, the external world is the occasion of the awakening, the first thing he learns to know at the same time that he learns his mother's look and his own existence. For the growing boy she is the homely nurse that, long before schools and school-masters intermeddle with him, feeds his mind with materials, pouring into him alike the outward framework of his thought and the colors that flush over the chambers of his imagery. The expressive countenance of this earth and of these heavens, glad or pensive, stern or dreary, sublime or homely, is looking in on his heart at every hour, and mingling with his dreams. Nature is wooing his spirit in manifold and mysterious ways, to elevate him with her vastness and sublimity, to gladden him with her beauty, to depress him with her bleakness, to restore him with her calm. This quick interchange of feeling between the world without and the world within, this vast range of sympathy, so subtle, so unceasing, so mysterious, is a fact as certain and as real as the flow of the tides or the motion of the earth.¹

MIND.—A law supposes an *agent* and a *power*: for it is a mode according to which the power acts. Without the presence of such an agent, of such a power, conscious of the relations on which the law depends, producing the effects which the law prescribes, the law can have no efficiency, no existence. Hence we infer that the intelligence by which the law is ordained, the power by which it is put in action, must be present in all places where the effects of the law occur; that thus the knowledge and agency of the Divine Being pervade every portion of the universe, producing all action and passion, all permanence and change. *The laws of Nature are the laws which He in His wisdom prescribes to His own acts*; His universal presence is the necessary condition of any course of events, His universal agency the only origin of any efficient force.²

¹ Shairp.² Cocker.

And matter, seen essentially, becomes spirit in fusion trembling to organize itself. The visible world is spirit outspread before the senses, for the analysis of understanding, the synthesis of reason, and matter is spirit's confine, limning bodies to the senses.

Out of the chaos dawns in sight
The globe's full form, in orb'd light;
Beam kindles beam, kind mirrors kind,
Nature's the eye-ball of the Mind;
The fleeting pageant tells for nought
Till shaped in Mind's creative thought.¹

The ultimate problem of all philosophy and all religion is this: "How are we to conceive aright the origin and first principle of things?" The answers, it has been contended by a living author of distinguished merit, are necessarily reducible to two, between which all systems are divided, and on the decision of whose controversy all antagonist speculations would lay down their arms. "In the beginning was Force," says one class of thinkers; "force, singular or plural, splitting into opposites, standing off into polarities, ramifying into attractions and repulsions, heat and magnetism, and climbing through the stages of physical, vital, animal, to the mental life itself." "On the contrary," says the other class, "in the beginning was Thought; and only in the necessary evolution of its eternal ideas into expression does force arise—self-realizing thought declaring itself in the types of being and the laws of phenomena."²

Nature will be reported: all things are engaged in writing its history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The fallen drop

¹ A. Bronson Alcott.² James Martineau.

makes its sculpture in the sand or stone; not a footstep in the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground of memoranda and signatures; and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.¹

We see the world piece by piece, as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree; but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul. Only by the vision of that wisdom can the horoscope of the ages be read, and by falling back on our better thoughts, by yielding to the spirit of prophecy which is innate in every man, we can know what it saith. Every man's words, who speaks from that life, must sound vain to those who do not dwell in the same thought on their own part. I dare not speak for it. My words do not carry its august sense; they fall short and cold. Only itself can inspire whom it will, and behold! their speech shall be lyrical, and sweet, and universal as the rising of the wind. Yet I desire, even by profane words, if I may not use sacred, to indicate the heaven of this deity, and to report what hints I have collected of the transcendent simplicity and energy of the Highest Law.²

We find in the physical world at least two ultimate existences—Matter and Force. I believe that we know both of these by intuition, and by no process can we get rid of the one or the other. As to Force, it will be expedient to look for a moment at the grandest scientific truth established in our day—a doctrine worthy of being placed alongside that of universal gravitation—I mean that of the Conservation of Physical Force; according to which, the sum of Force, actual and potential, in the knowable universe, is always one and the same: it can not be increased,

¹ Hugh Miller.

² Emerson.

and it can not be diminished. It has long been known that no human, no terrestrial, power can add to or destroy the sum of matter in the cosmos. You commit a piece of paper to the flames, and it disappears; but it is not lost: one part goes up in smoke, and another goes down in ashes; and it is conceivable that at some future time the two may unite, and once more form paper. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of "Alexander till we find it stopping a bung-hole?" As thus: Alexander died; Alexander was buried; Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that the earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!"

As man can not create or annihilate matter, so he can not create or annihilate force. This doctrine has been scientifically established in our day by men like Mayer, Joule, Henry, and others. We now regard it as one and the same force, but under a vast variety of modifications, which warms our houses and our bodily frames, which raises the steam and impels the engine, which effects the different chemical combinations, which flashes in the lightning and lives in the plant. Man may direct the force, and make it go this way or that way; but he can do so only by means of force under a different form—by force brought into his frame by his food, obtained directly or indirectly through the animal from the plant, which has drawn it from the sun; and as he uses or abuses it, he can not lessen or augment it. I move my hand, and, in doing so, I move the air, which raises insensibly the temperature of the room, and may lead to chemical changes,

and excite electric and magnetic currents, and take the circuit of the universe without being lost or lessened. Now, the bearing of this doctrine on religion seems to be twofold: First, it furnishes a more striking manifestation than anything known before of the One God, with His infinitely varied perfections—of His power, His knowledge, His wisdom, His love, His mercy; and we should see that one Power blowing in the breeze, smiling in the sunshine, sparkling in the stars, quickening us as we bound along in the felt enjoyment of health, efflorescing in every form and hue of beauty, and showering down daily gifts upon us. The profoundest minds in our day, and in every day, have been fond of regarding this force, not as something independent of God, but as the very power of God acting in all action; so that "in Him we live, and move, and have our being." But, secondly, it shows us that in God's works, as in God Himself, there is a diversity with the unity; so that force manifests itself now in gravity, now in molecular attraction and motion, now in chemical affinities among bodies, now in magnetic and diamagnetic properties, now in vital assimilation. And we see that all these forces are correlated: so that the doctrine of the Correlation of all the varied Physical Forces stands alongside of the Conservation of the one Physical Force; and by the action of the whole, and of every part made to combine and harmonize, there arise beauteous forms and harmonious colors; the geometry of crystals; the types of the plant, and of every organ of the plant—the branches, the roots, the leaves, the petals, the pistils, the stamens—and the types of the animal, so that every creature is fashioned after its kind, and every limb takes its predetermined form, while there is an adaptation of every one part to every other—of joint to column, and joint to joint, of limb to limb, and of limb to body, of the ear to the vibrating medium, and

the nostrils to odors, and the eye to the varied undulations of light.

So much for Force, with its Correlations. But with the Forces we have the matter of the universe, in which, I believe, the Forces reside. It is maintained that the worlds have been formed out of Star Dust. Now, I have to remark as to this star dust, first of all, that it is at best an hypothesis. No human eye, unassisted, has ever seen it, as it gazed, on the clearest night, into the depths of space. It is doubtful whether the telescope has ever alighted upon it, in its widest sweeps. Lord Rosse's telescope, in its first look into the heavens, resolved what had before been reckoned as star dust into distinctly formed stars. But I am inclined to admit the existence of star dust as an hypothesis. I believe it explains phenomena which require to be explained, and which can not otherwise be accounted for. I allow it freely, that there is evidence that the planets and moons and sun must have been fashioned out of some such substance, at first incandescent, and then gradually cooling. But, then, it behooves us to look a little more narrowly into the nature of this star dust. Was it ever a mass of unformed matter, without individuality, without properties? Did it contain within itself these sixty elementary substances, with their capacities, their affinities, their attractions, their repulsions? When a meteor comes, as a stranger, within our terrestrial sphere, either out of this original star dust or out of planets which have been reduced to the state of original star dust, it is found to have the same components as bodies on our earth, and these with the same properties and affinities. The spectroscope, which promises to reveal more wonders than the telescope or microscope, shows the same elements—such as hydrogen and sodium—in the sun and stars as in the bodies on the earth's surface.

The star dust, then, has already in it these sixty elementary bodies, with all their endowments—gravitating, mechanical, chemical, magnetic. Whence these elements? Whence their correlations, their attractions, their affinities, their fittings into each other, their joint action? It is by no means the strongest point in my cumulative argument; but it does look as if, even at this stage, there had been harmonizing power at work, and displaying foresight and intelligence. As to this material, we must hold one or other of two opinions. One is, that it had from the beginning all the capacities which afterward appear in the worlds formed out of it. It has not only the mechanical, but the chemical, the electric powers of dead matter; the vital properties of plants and animals, such as assimilation, absorption, contractility; and the attributes of the conscious mind, as of perception by the senses, of memory, imagination, comparison, of the appreciation of beauty, of sorrow, of joy, of hope, of fear, of reason, of conscience, of will. These capabilities may not yet be developed; but they are there in a latent, a dormant, state in the incandescent matter; and are ready, on the necessary conditions being supplied, to rise to the instincts of animals—to the love of a mother for her offspring—to the sagacity of the dog, the horse, or the elephant—to the genius of a Moses, a Homer, a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle, a Paul, a John, a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Newton, a Leibnitz, or an Edwards. Were all this capacity in the star dust, I would be constrained to seek for a cause of it in a Power possessed of knowledge, wisdom, and beneficence, planting seeds in that soil to come forth in due season. But there is another supposition: that these qualities were not in the original matter, but were added from age to age—it may be, according to law; and, if so, they must have come from a Power out of and beyond the star dust—from a Power possessed of reason and affection. I

know not that science can determine absolutely which of these alternatives it should take. But take either; and, on the principle of effect implying cause, the mind must rise to the contemplation of a Being who must himself be possessed of intelligence, in order to impart intelligence.¹

Kepler relates that one day, when he had long meditated on atoms and their combinations, he was called to dinner by his wife, who laid a salad on the table. "Dost thou think," said he to her, "that if, from the creation, plates of tin, leaves of lettuce, grains of salt, drops of oil and vinegar, and fragments of hard-boiled eggs, were floating in space in all directions and without order, chance could assemble them to-day to form a salad?" "Certainly not so good a one," replied his fair spouse, "nor so well seasoned as this." (Claude Bertrand, "*Les Fondateurs de l'Astronomie moderne*," p. 154) In Baron d'Holbach's parlor, in a company of atheists, the witty Abbé Galiani said: "I will suppose, gentlemen, that he among you who is the most fully convinced that the world is the effect of chance is playing with three dice—I do not say in a gambling house, but in the best house in Paris. His antagonist throws sixes once, twice, thrice, four times—in a word, constantly. However short the duration of the game, my friend Diderot, thus losing his money, will unhesitatingly say, without a moment's doubt, 'The dice are loaded; I am in a bad house.' What then, philosopher? Because ten or a dozen throws of the dice have emerged from the box so as to make you lose six francs, you believe firmly that this is in consequence of an adroit manœuvre, an artful combination, a well-planned roguery; but, seeing in this universe so prodigious a number of combinations, thousands of times more difficult and complicated, more sustained and useful, you do not suspect that the dice of Nature are also loaded, and that there is

¹ M'Cosh.

above them a great rogue who takes pleasure in catching you." In a corner of his garden a Scotch philosopher, the Beattie, drew with his finger the three initial letters of his child's name, sowed the furrows with cresses, and smoothed the earth. The child was only six or seven years of age, and was learning to read, but had been taught nothing concerning God. "Ten days after," says Beattie, "the child came running to me all amazed, and told me his name had grown in the garden. I smiled at these words, and appeared not to attach much importance to what he had said. But he insisted on taking me to see what had happened. 'Yes,' said I, on coming to the place, 'I see well enough that it is so; but there is nothing wonderful in this—it is a mere accident,' and went away. But he followed me, and, walking at my side, said, very seriously: 'That can not be. Some one must have planted the seeds to make the letters.' 'You think, then, this is not the result of chance?' 'Yes,' said the boy, firmly, 'I think so.' 'Well, then, look at yourself; consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and all your members. Do they not seem to you regular in their appearance and useful in their service? Can they be the result of chance?' 'No,' was the answer, 'some one must have made them.' 'Who is that some one?' I asked him, and he replied that he did not know. I then made known to him the name of the great Being who made all the world; and the lesson was never forgotten, nor the circumstance which led to it."¹

BEAUTY.—As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of God.² "The lilies of the field," dressed finer than earthly princes, springing up there in the humble furrow-field, a beautiful *eye* looking out on you from the great inner Sea of Beauty. How could the rude Earth make these, if her Essence,

¹ Joseph Cook.² Jacobi.

rugged as she looks and is, were not inwardly Beauty? In this point of view, too, a saying of Goethe, which has staggered several, may have meaning: "The Beautiful," he intimates, "is higher than the Good; the Beautiful includes in it the Good."¹

Nature is sanitive, refining, elevating. How cunningly she hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew! Every inch of the mountains is scarred by unimaginable convulsions, yet the new day is purple with the bloom of youth and love.²

I see the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations: the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How Nature does deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams. Not less excellent, except for our less susceptibility in the afternoon, was the charm, last evening, of a January sunset. The western clouds divided and subdivided themselves into pink flakes, modulated with tints of unspeakable softness; and the air had so much life and sweetness that it was a pain to come within doors. What was it that Nature would say? Was there no meaning in the live repose of the valley behind the mill, and which Homer or Shakespeare could not reform for me in words? The leafless trees become spires of flame in the sunset, with the blue east for their background, and

¹ Carlyle.² Emerson.

the stars of the dead calices of flowers, and every withered stem and stubble rimed with frost, contribute something to the mute music.

The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and, in the same field, it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and roadsides, which makes the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants, punctual to their time, follow each other, and the year has room for all. By water-courses, the variety is greater. In July, the blue pontederia, or pickerel-weed, blooms in large beds in the shallow parts of our pleasant river, and swarms with yellow butterflies in continual motion. Art can not rival this pomp of purple and gold. Indeed, the river is a perpetual gala, and boasts each month a new ornament. But this beauty of Nature, which is seen and felt as beauty, is the least part. The shows of day, the dewy morning, the rainbow, mountains, orchards in bloom, stars, moonlight, shadows in still water, and the like, if too eagerly hunted, become shows merely, and mock us with their unreality. Go out of the house to see the moon, and 'tis mere tinsel; it will not please as when its light shines upon your necessary journey. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow

afternoon of October—who ever could clutch it? Go forth to find it, and it is gone: 'tis only a mirage as you look from the windows of diligence.¹

When storms lower and wintry winds oppress thee, Nature, dear goddess, is beautiful, always beautiful! Every little flake of snow is such a perfect crystal, and they fall together so gracefully, as if fairies of the air caught water-drops and made them into artificial flowers to garland the wings of the wind.²

What profusion is there in His work! When trees blossom there is not a single breastpin, but a whole bosomful of gems; and of leaves they have so many suits that they can throw away to the winds all summer long. What unnumbered cathedrals has He reared in the forest shades, vast and grand, full of curious carvings, and haunted evermore by tremulous music; and in the heavens above, how stars seem to have flown out of His hand faster than sparks out of a mighty forge!³

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after

¹ Ibid.² Mrs. L. M. Child.³ Beecher.

glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust—sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains

that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, ever for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the dash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.¹

Again, the Greek delighted in the grass for its usefulness; the mediæval, as also we moderns, for its color and beauty. But both dwell on it as the first element of the lovely landscape; we saw its use in Homer; we see, also, that Dante thinks the righteous spirits of the heathen enough comforted in Hades by having even the *image* of green grass put beneath their feet; the happy resting-place in Purgatory has no other delight than its grass and flowers; and, finally, in the terrestrial paradise, the feet of Matilda pause where the Lethe stream first bends the

¹ Ruskin.

blades of grass. Consider a little what a depth there is in this great instinct of the human race. Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow, sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point either, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much cared for example of Nature's workmanship, made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven—and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibers of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes and good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. It seems to me not to have been without a peculiar significance, that our Lord, when about to work the miracle which, of all that He showed, appears to have been felt by the multitude as the most impressive—the miracle of the loaves—commanded the people to sit down by companies “upon the green grass.” He was about to feed them with the principal produce of earth and the sea, the simplest representations of the food of mankind. He gave them the *seed* of the herb; He bade them sit down upon the herb itself, which was as great a gift, in its fitness for their joy and rest, as its perfect fruit, for their sustenance; thus, in this single order and act, when rightly understood, indicating for evermore how the Creator had intrusted the comfort, consolation, and sustenance of man, to the simplest and most despised of all the leafy families of the earth. And well does it fulfill its mission. Consider what we owe

merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The Fields! Follow but forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent, scented paths; the rests in noonday heat; the joy of herds and flocks; the power of all shepherd life and meditation; the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching dust; pastures beside the pacing brooks; soft banks and knolls of lowly hills; thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea; crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices—all these are summed in those simple words; and these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in our land; though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more, yet we have it but in part. Go out, in the spring-time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes, to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossoms—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up toward the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines, and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those

quiet words of the 147th Psalm, "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."¹

Beauty is an all-prevailing presence. It unfolds to the numberless flowers of the spring; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it can not lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire.²

Pantheism has perhaps never been altogether a stranger to the world. The view which makes all things God, and God all things, seems at first congenial to a poetic and religious mind. The All of things appears so beautiful to the comprehensive eye that we almost think it is its own Cause and Creator. The animals find their support and their pleasure; the painted leopard and the snowy swan each living by its own law; the bird of passage, that pursues from zone to zone its unmarked path; the summer warbler, which sings out its melodious existence in the woodbine; the flowers that come unasked, charming the youthful

¹ Ibid. ² Channing.

year; the golden fruit maturing in its wilderness of green; the dew and the rainbow; the frost-flake and the mountain snow; the glories that wait upon the morning, or sing the sun to his ambrosial rest; the pomp of the sun at noon, amid the clouds of a June day; the awful majesty of night, when all the stars come out with serene step and tread their rounds, seeming to watch, in blest tranquillity, the slumbering world; the moon waxing and waning, walking in beauty through the night; the waters roughened by winds, which come or abide at no man's bidding, rolling the yellow corn and making religious music in the pines—all these things are so fair, so wondrous, so wrapt in mystery, it is no marvel men say, This is Divine! Yes, the All is God. He is the light of the morning, the beauty of the moon, the strength of the sun. The little grass grows by His presence. He preserveth the cedars. The lilies are redolent of God. God is the mind of man. He is the Soul of All. The universe, broad, and deep, and high, is a handful of dust which God enchants. He is the mysterious magic which possesses the world.¹

ADAPTATION.—Man appears in a state of things suited to him, and evidently prepared for him, in plants and animals ready to afford him food and clothing, and shelter and defense, and also to gratify and to educate his sense of beauty. Often have I heard my lamented friend, Hugh Miller, fondly dilating on this last subject. "They tell that man's world, with all its griefs and troubles, is more emphatically a world of flowers than any of the creations that preceded it; and that as one great family, the Grasses, was called into existence, in order, apparently, that he might enter, in favoring circumstances, upon his two earliest avocations, and be in good hope a keeper of herds and a tiller of the grounds, and as another family of plants, the Rosaceæ, was

¹ Theodore Parker.

created, in order that the gardens, which it would be also one of his vocations to keep and to dress, should have their trees 'good for food and pleasant to the taste,' so flowers in general were properly produced just ere he appeared, to minister to the sense of beauty which distinguishes him from all other creatures, and to which he owes not a few of his most exquisite enjoyments." It does not appear as if the surrounding circumstances could have produced man, or that man could have produced the surrounding circumstances. . . . When human beings come on the field, a new era commences, even in Natural History. . . . The commission to them was: "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Henceforth he acts on natural agents to modify and improve them, causing the earth to wave with grain and with fruits, and substituting sheep and kine and horses for wild and destructive animals.

And as ages roll on, there is doubtless a progression in human nature. The intellectual comes to rule the physical and the moral claims to subordinate both. It is no longer strength of body that prevails, but strength of mind: while the law of God proclaims itself superior to both. There is still a Law of Natural Selection; but, under the new dispensation, the strong has met with a still stronger; and right, which is the strongest, would regulate both the strong body and the stronger mind. It may still be that the strongest, the fittest, are to prevail; but it is becoming evident that the strongest and the fittest are not physical, or even intellectual strength, but the moral forces.¹

Eyes are found in light; ears in auricular air; feet on land; fins in water; wings in air; and each creature where it was meant to be, with a mutual fitness. Every zone has its own

¹ McCosh.

Fauna. There is adjustment between the animal and its food, its parasite, its enemy. Balances are kept. It is not allowed to diminish in numbers, nor to exceed. The like adjustments exist for man. His food is cooked, when he arrives; his coal in the pit; the house ventilated; the mud of the deluge dried; his companions arrived at the same hour, and awaiting him with love, concert, laughter, and tears. These are coarse adjustments, but the invisible are not less. There are more belongings to every creature than his air and his food. His instincts must be met, and he has predisposing power that bends and fits what is near him to his use. He is not possible until the invisible things are right for him, as well as the visible. Of what changes, then, in sky and earth, and in finer skies and earths, does the appearances of some Dante or Columbus apprise us?¹

The misery of man appears like childish petulance, when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support and delight on this green ball which floats him through the heavens. What angels invented these splendid ornaments, these rich conveniences, this ocean of air above, this ocean of water beneath, this firmament of earth between, this zodiac of lights, this tent of dropping clouds, this striped coat of climates, this fourfold year? Beasts, fire, water, stones, and corn serve him. The field is at once his floor, his work-yard, his play-ground, his garden, and his bed.

"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of."

Nature, in its ministry to man, is not only the material, but is also the process and the result. All the parts incessantly work into each other's hands for the profit of man. The wind sows the seed; the sun evaporates the sea; the wind blows the vapor

¹ Emerson.

to the field; the ice, on the other side of the planet, condenses rain on this; the rain feeds the plant; the plant feeds the animal; and thus the endless circulations of the divine charity nourish man. The useful arts are reproductions, or new combinations, by the wit of man, of the same natural benefactors. He no longer waits for favoring gales, but by means of steam he realizes the fable of Æolus's bag, and carries the two-and-thirty winds in the boiler of his boat. To diminish friction, he paves the road with iron bars, and, mounting a coach, with a ship-load of men, of animals, and merchandise, behind him, he darts through the country from town to town, like an eagle or a swallow through the air. By the aggregate of these aids, how is the face of the world changed, from the era of Noah to that of Napoleon! The private poor man hath cities, ships, canals, bridges, built for him. He goes to the post-office, and the human race run on his errands; to the book-shop, and the human race read and write of all that happens for him; to the court-house, and nations repair his wrongs. He sets his house upon the road, and the human race go forth every morning and shovel out the snow, and cut a path for him.¹

Consider the structure and composition of the earth's crust in connection with the call of man to be a great artificer. If the strata of the globe had been laid even, and in the order of their heaviness, and if the metals had been made by Providence in pure masses, unmixed with ore, as coal is, or granite, the possibility of almost all the arts would have been annulled. But the comparative lawlessness of the distribution of the strata, the intermixing of material by convulsions and earthquakes, the creation of metals in the ore state so that they can be broken, handled, and artificially fused into masses compact and pure, place the globe at man's disposal, instead of making him its

¹ Ibid.

slave. The study of iron, coal, and granite, as related to civilization, and to their places in the earth's crust, opens one of the deepest, richest, and most mystic volumes that embody the beneficence of Providence. No man can help standing with uncovered soul before the organization and interests of labor, who becomes acquainted with the provisions, ages on ages before the advent of man, for the supply to the future workshops on the globe of coal and iron. The old forests of buried geological epochs, which grew when no human being could have breathed the planet's air; the play and fury of the central fires that seem, in a narrow view, only disastrous, and the lawlessness of the strata of the globe, which might be easily conceived the freak of chance, turn out eloquent witnesses of the presidency over all ages of a plan which contemplated man as the master-workman of the future.¹

What infinite wonderfulness there is in this vegetation, considered, as indeed it is, as the means by which the earth becomes the companion of man—his friend and his teacher! In the conditions which we have traced in its rocks, there could only be seen preparation for his existence—the characters which enable him to live on it safely, and to work with it easily—in all these it has been inanimate and passive; but vegetation is to it as an imperfect soul, given to meet the soul of man. The earth in its depths must remain dead and cold, incapable except of slow crystalline change; but at its surface, which human beings look upon and deal with, it ministers to them through a veil of strange intermediate being, which breathes, but has no voice; moves, but can not leave its appointed place; passes through life without consciousness, to death without bitterness; wears the beauty of youth, without its passion, and declines to the weakness of age, without its regret. And in this mystery of inter-

¹ Thomas Starr King.

mediate being, entirely subordinate to us, with which we can deal as we choose, having just the greater power as we have, the less responsibility for our treatment of the unsuffering creature, most of the pleasures which we need from the external world are gathered, and most of the lessons we need are written—all kinds of precious grace and teaching being united in this link between the Earth and Man: wonderful in universal adaptation to his need, desire, and discipline; God's daily preparation of the earth for him, with beautiful means of life. First, a carpet to make it soft for him; then, a colored fantasy of embroidery thereon; then, tall spreading of foliage to shade him from sun-heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss. Stout wood to bear this leafage: easily to be cut, yet tough and light, to make houses for him, or instruments (lance-shaft, or plow-handle, according to his temper); useless it had been, if harder; useless, if less fibrous; useless, if less elastic. Winter comes, and the shade of leafage falls away, to let the sun warm the earth; the strong boughs remain, breaking the strength of winter winds. The seeds which are to prolong the race, innumerable according to the need, are made beautiful and palatable, varied into infinitude of appeal to the fancy of man, or provision for his service: cold juice, or glowing spice, or balm, or incense, softening oil, preserving resin, medicine of styptic, febrifuge, or lulling charm; and all these presented in forms of endless change. Fragility or force, softness, and strength, in all degrees and aspects; unerring uprightness, as of temple pillars; or undivided wandering of feeble tendrils on the ground; mighty resistances of rigid arm and limb to the storm of ages, or wavings to and fro with faintest pulse of summer streamlet; roots cleaving the strength of rock, or binding the transience of the sand;

crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and lightless cave; foliage far tossing in entangled fields beneath every wave of ocean—clothing with variegated, everlasting films the peaks of the trackless mountains, or ministering at cottage doors to every gentlest passion and simplest joy of humanity.¹

This natural world is "a cupboard of food and a cabinet of pleasure," as an old poet quaintly puts it. All sorts of things are therein stored up for present or future use. On the lower shelves, which the savage man can reach to, there are the rudest things—acorns, roots, nuts, berries, wild apples, fish, and flesh. Higher up there are corn, salt, wool, cotton, stones, with fire to be beaten out of them by striking them together; then live animals of various sorts; next, metals—iron, copper, silver, gold, and the like—all ready to spring into man's hand and serve him, when he can reach up to them and take them down. A little further up there are things to adorn the body—ochre to paint the cheeks, feathers to trim the head, rubies and diamonds, and many a twisted shell, still further to ornament and set off the world; all sorts of finery for the Nootka Sound female and the Parisian woman. Still higher up are laid the winds to grind man's corn, waters to sift his meal, and above these are coals waiting to become fire, and to be made the force of oxen, winds, rivers, and men. Yet higher up lie the gases which are to light a city, or take away the grief of a wound, and make a man invulnerable and invincible to pain. Higher still are things which no man has climbed up to and looked on as yet. There they lie, shelf rising above shelf, gallery above gallery, and the ceiling is far out of the telescopic sight of the farthest-sighted man. A short savage, like King Philip, of Pokanoket, looks on the lower shelves and takes what he wants—a club, a chip of stone, a hand-

¹ Ruskin.

ful of sea-shells, a deer-skin, a bit of flesh, a few ears of corn—and is content with them, and thanks God for the world he lives in; but the civilized man, who has grown as tall as Captain Ericsson, reaches higher, and takes down cattle power, wind power, water power, steam power, lightning power, and hands them to the smaller boys—to us who have not yet grown up to reach so high. Some of the tallest-minded of the human tribe stand on tip-toe and look up as high as they can see, and then report to us the great machinery and astronomical wheel-work which keeps the sun and moon in their places, or report of the smaller machinery, the nice chemical and electrical gearing which holds the atoms of a pebble together, and whereby the great world grows grass for oxen and corn for men. This is as high as any mortal man has got as yet; and it is a great way to climb—from an acorn, on the bottom shelf, up to the celestial mechanics, on the upper shelf, which Newton and La Place are only tall enough to look over and handle.¹

LIMITATIONS.—The life of individual man is of a mixed nature. In part he submits to the free-will impulses of himself and others; in part he is under the inexorable dominion of law. He insensibly changes his estimate of the relative power of each of these influences as he passes through successive stages. In the confidence of youth he imagines that very much is under his control; in the disappointment of old age, very little. As time wears on, and the delusions of early imagination vanish away, he learns to correct his sanguine views, and prescribes a narrower boundary for the things he expects to obtain. The realities of life undeceive him at last, and there steals over the evening of his days an unwelcome conviction of the vanity of human hopes. The things he has secured are not the things he expected. He sees that a Supreme Power has been using

¹ Theodore Parker.

him for unknown ends; that he was brought into the world without his own knowledge, and is departing from it against his own will.¹

Do you want an image of the human will, or the self-determining principle, as compared with its pre-arranged and impassable restrictions? A drop of water, imprisoned in a crystal; you may see such a one in any mineralogical collection. One little fluid particle in the crystalline prism of the solid universe! . . . The fluent, self-determining power of human beings is a very strictly limited agency in the universe. The chief plans of its inclosing solid are, of course, organization, education, condition. Organization may reduce the power of the will to nothing, as in some idiots; and from this zero the scale mounts upward by slight gradations. Education is only second to nature. Imagine all the infants born this year in Boston and Timbuctoo to change places! Condition does less, but "Give me neither poverty nor riches" was the prayer of Agur, and with good reason.²

The soil on which a people dwell, the air they breathe, the mountains and seas by which they are surrounded, the skies that overshadow them—all these exert a powerful influence on their pursuits, their habits, their institutions, their sentiments, and their ideas. So that, could we clearly group, and fully grasp, all the characteristics of a region—its position, configuration, climate, scenery, and natural products—we could, with tolerable accuracy, determine what are the characteristics of the people who inhabit it. A comprehensive knowledge of the physical geography of any country will therefore aid us materially in elucidating the natural history, and, to some extent, the moral history of its population. "History," says Ritter, "does not stand *outside* of nature, but in her very heart, so that the historian only grasps a

¹ Draper.

² O. W. Holmes.

people's character with true precision, when he keeps in full view its geographical position, and the influences which its surroundings have wrought upon it."

It is, however, of the utmost consequence the reader should understand that there are two widely different methods of treating this deeply interesting subject—methods which proceed on fundamentally opposite views of man and of nature. One method is that pursued by Buckle in his "History of Civilization in England." The tendency of his work is the assertion of the supremacy of material conditions over the development of human history, and, indeed, of every individual mind. Here man is purely passive in the hands of nature. Exterior conditions are the chief, if not the *only* causes of man's intellectual and social development. So that, such a climate and soil, such aspects of nature and local circumstances being given, such a nation necessarily follows. The other method is that of Carl Ritter, Arnold Guyot, and Cousin. These take account of the freedom of the human will, and the power of man to control and modify the forces of nature. They also take account of the original constitution of man, and the primitive type of nations; and they allow for results arising from the mutual conflict of geographical conditions. And they, especially, recognize the agency of a Divine Providence controlling those forces in nature by which the configuration of the earth's surface is determined, and the distribution of its oceans, continents, and islands is secured, and a providence, also, directing the dispersions and migrations of nations—determining the times of each nation's existence, and fixing the geographical bounds of their habitation, all in view of the *moral* history and spiritual development of the race—"that they may feel after, and find the living God." The relation of man and nature is not, in their estima-

tion, a relation of cause and effect. It is a relation of adjustment, of harmony, and of reciprocal action and reaction.¹

We must accept, with all its consequences, the dictum of universal consciousness that man is *free*. He is not absolutely subject to, and molded by nature. He has the power to control the circumstances by which he is surrounded—to originate new social and physical conditions—to determine his own individual and responsible character—and he can wield a mighty influence over the character of his fellow-men. Individual men, as Lycurgus, Solon, Pericles, Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, have left the impress of their own mind and character upon the political institutions of nations, and, in an indirect manner, upon the character of succeeding generations of men. Homer, Plato, Cicero, Bacon, Kant, Locke, Newton, Shakespeare, Milton, have left a deep and permanent impression upon the forms of thought and speech, the language and literature, the science and philosophy of nations. And, inasmuch as a nation is the aggregate of individual beings endowed with spontaneity and freedom, we must grant that exterior conditions are not omnipotent in the formation of national character. Still, the free causality of man is exercised within a narrow field. "There is a strictly necessitative limitation drawing an impassable boundary line around the area of volitional freedom." The human will, "however subjectively free," is often "objectively unfree;" thus a large "uniformity of volitions" is the natural consequence. The child born in the heart of China, whilst he may, in his personal freedom, develop such traits of character as constitute his individuality, must necessarily be conformed in his language, habits, modes of thought, and religious sentiments to the spirit of his country and age. We no more expect a development of Christian thought and character in the center of Africa, un-

¹ Cocker.

visited by Christian teaching, than we expect to find the climate and vegetation of New England. And we no more expect that a New England child shall be a Mohammedan, a Parsee, or a Buddhist, than that he shall have an Oriental physiognomy and speak an Oriental language. Indeed, it is impossible for a man to exist in human society without partaking in the spirit and manners of his country and his age. Thus all the individuals of a nation represent, in a greater or less degree, the spirit of the nation. They who do this most perfectly are the *great* men of that nation, because they are at once both the product and the impersonation of their country and their age. "We allow ourselves," says Froude, "to think of Shakespeare, or of Raphael, or of Phidias, as having accomplished their work by the power of their individual genius, but greatness like theirs is never more than the highest degree of perfection which prevails widely around it, and forms the environment in which it grows. No such single mind in single contact with the facts of nature could have created a Pallas, a Madonna, or a Lear; such vast conceptions are the growth of ages, the creation of a nation's spirit; and the artist and poet, filled full with the power of that spirit, but gave it form, and nothing but form. Nor would the form itself have been attained by any isolated talent. No genius can dispense with experience. . . . Noble conceptions already existing, and a noble school of execution which will launch mind and hand upon their true courses, are indispensable to transcendent excellence. Shakespeare's plays were as much the offspring of the long generations who had pioneered the road for him as the discoveries of Newton were the offspring of those of Copernicus." The principles here enounced apply with equal force to philosophers and men of science. The philosophy of Plato was but

the ripened fruit of the pregnant thoughts and seminal utterances of his predecessors—Socrates, Anaxagoras, and Pythagoras; whilst all of them do but represent the general tendency and spirit of their country and their times.

The principles of Lord Bacon's "Instauratio Magna" were incipient in the "Opus Majus" of Roger Bacon, the Franciscan friar. The sixteenth century matured the thought of the thirteenth century. The inductive method in scientific inquiry was immanent in the British mind, and the latter Bacon only gave to it a permanent form. It is true that great men have occasionally appeared on the stage of history who, like the reformers Luther and Wesley, have seemed to be in conflict with the prevailing spirit of their age and nation, but these men were the creations of a providence — that providence which, from time to time, has *supernaturally* interposed in the moral history of our race by corrective and remedial measures. These men were inspired and led by a spirit which descended from on high. And yet even they had their precursors and harbingers. Wyckliffe and John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, are but the representatives of numbers whose names do not grace the historic page, who pioneered the way for Luther and the Reformation. And no one can read the history of that great movement of the sixteenth century without being persuaded there were thousands of Luther's predecessors and contemporaries who, like Staupitz and Erasmus, lamented the corruptions of the Church of Rome, and only needed the heroic courage of Luther to make them reformers, also. Whilst, therefore, we recognize a free casual power in man, by which he determines his individual and responsible character, we are compelled to recognize the general law, that national character is mainly the result of those geographical, ethnological, and

political and religious conditions in which the nations have been placed in the providence of God.¹

It would be a melancholy outlook for the world if its courses were simply contingent on the genius and life of a few great men, without any security from a general law behind that they should appear at the right time and place, and with the aptitudes for the needle-work. And, on the other hand, were the life of nations to be expended in nothing else than the production of its half dozen heroes—were this splendid but scanty blossoming the great and only real thing it does, there would seem to be a wasteful disproportion between the mighty forest that falls for lumber and the sparse fruit that would lie upon your open hand. There is need, therefore, of some more manifest relation between individual greatness and the collective life of humanity, and, to save us from egotism, from fatalism, from arbitrary and capricious morals, we must learn to recognize a divine method of development in both—*primarily*, in race and nation, and with authority over the *secondary* functions of personal genius.²

What we call the race are the innate and hereditary dispositions which man brings with him to the light, and which, as a rule, are united with the marked differences in the temperament and structure of the body. They vary with various peoples. There is a natural variety of men, as of oxen and horses—some brave and intelligent, some timid and dependent, some capable of superior conceptions and creations, some reduced to rudimentary ideas and inventions, some more specially fitted to special works and gifted more richly with particular instincts, as we meet with species of dogs better favored than others—these for hunting, these for fighting, these for the chase, these, again, for house dogs or shepherds' dogs. We have here a distinct force—so distinct that, amidst the vast deviations which the other two motive forces pro-

¹ Cocker.

² Martineau.

duce in him, one can recognize it still; and a race, like the old Aryans, scattered from the Ganges as far as the Hebrides, settled in every clime, spread over every grade of civilization, transformed by thirty centuries of revolutions, nevertheless manifests in its tongues, religions, literatures, philosophies, the community of blood and of intellect which to this day binds its offshoots together. Different as they are, their parentage is not obliterated—barbarism, culture and grafting, differences of sky and soil, fortunes good and bad, have labored in vain; the great marks of the original model have remained, and we find again the two or three principal lineaments of the primitive imprint underneath the secondary imprints which time has stamped above them. There is nothing astonishing in this extraordinary tenacity. Although the vastness of the distance lets us but half perceive—and by a doubtful light—the origin of species, the events of history sufficiently illumine the events anterior to history to explain the almost immovable steadfastness of the primordial marks. When we meet with them, fifteen, twenty, thirty centuries before our era, in an Aryan, an Egyptian, a Chinese, they represent the work of several myriads of centuries. For, as soon as an animal begins to exist, it has to reconcile itself with its surroundings; it breathes after a new fashion, renews itself, is differently affected according to the new changes in air, food, temperature.

Different climate and situation bring its various needs, and, consequently, a different course of actions, and this again a different set of habits, and still again a different set of aptitudes and instincts. Man, forced to accommodate himself to circumstances, contracts a temperament and a character corresponding to them, and his character, like his temperament, is so much more stable as the external impression is made upon him by more numerous

repetitions, and is transmitted to his progeny by a more ancient descent. So that at any moment we may consider the character of a people as an abridgment of all its preceding actions and sensations; that is, as a quantity and as a weight—not infinite, since everything in nature is finite, but disproportioned to the rest, and almost impossible to lift, since every moment of an almost infinite past has contributed to increase it, and because, in order to raise the scale, one must place in the opposite scale a still greater number of actions and sensations. Such is the first and richest source of these master faculties from which historical events take their rise; and one sees at the outset that if it be powerful, it is because this is no simple spring, but a kind of lake, a deep reservoir, wherein other springs have, for a multitude of centuries, discharged their several streams.¹

Man may be regarded either in his organism or in his dynamism: in the functions which constitute his physical life, or in the operations which constitute his mental life. Are both of these forms of life subject to the law of heredity? are they subject to it wholly, or only in part? and, in the latter case, to what extent are they so subject? . . . The first thing that attracts the attention, even of the unobservant, is the heredity of the external structure. This is a fact of every-day experience, and nothing is more common than to hear that such and such a child is the image of its father, mother, or grandparents. . . . Heredity regulates the proportions of the nervous system. It is evident in the general dimensions of the brain, the principal organ of that system; it is very often apparent in the size, and even in the form, of the cerebral convolutions. This fact was observed by Gall, who thereby accounted for the transmission of mental faculties. . . . It is now generally understood that longevity depends far less on race,

¹ Taine.

climate, profession, mode of life or food, than on hereditary transmission.¹

Who does not see that the terrific seriousness of the laws of hereditary descent, instead of being an injustice, is a proclamation to every man to institute a reform? Who does not see that the sternness of what is done on the left hand pushes humanity into the softness of the right hand? Who does not see that God makes all his chastisements like the mother's tossing of her infant upon her knees? This is for the sake of health. He makes them to be like obstacles laid down in the path of a child learning to walk. A little clambering is an education. If, after all their allurements of promise and their threat of doom, there is at last no hope of reform, what do the laws of hereditary descent do? They put an end to the earthly existence of the transgressor. When I meditate on the severity of the laws of hereditary descent, I am relieved by remembering that the earthly career of vice is short. Before the eyes of exact observation in this world, the thoroughly vicious family is at last burned up. So much we know beyond a peradventure as to the fires of the universe. One of the greatest curses pronounced alike by the Scriptures and natural law upon evil is that it shall have no name long in the earth. You say that often evil dispositions are inherited through many generations. Sometimes people who are half vicious and half virtuous, if such expressions may be allowed, puzzle the world in families that live century after century. Yes; in spite of the severity of the laws of hereditary descent, God gives every half-breed a chance. He suffers long with a man who has received burdens out of the ancestral spaces, and comes weighted into life. He gives him an opportunity, and puts by his side these laws of heredity reversional, collateral, pre-

¹ Ribot.

marital, pre-natal, and initial. Direct heredity does not choke him. Five other laws of heredity stand by him, if natural law is obeyed. . . . When the Supreme Power sees that no chance is improved, then it allows the laws of heredity to shut down upon the transgressors, and they are removed from the earth. What good does that riddance or removal do? It has been justly said that the ages are kept from being insane by the cradles and by death. If we could not get rid of disordered human organizations, what would happen to the centuries? Oliver Wendell Holmes remarks that most people think that any difficulty of a physical sort can be cured if a physician is called early enough. "Yes," he replies, "but early enough would commonly be two hundred years in advance." Concerning the terrific earnestness of Nature, it is certain that she means well, even in her severities, and that we must treat her as we would a kind commonwealth.¹

The gross lines are legible to the dull. The cabman is phrenologist so far: he looks in your face to see if his shilling is sure. A dome of brow denotes one thing; a pot-belly another; a squint, a pug-nose, mats of hair, the pigment of the epidermis, betray character. People seem sheathed in their tough organization. Ask Spurzheim, ask the doctors, ask Quetelet, if temperaments decide nothing, or if there be anything they do not decide? Read the description in medical books of the four temperaments, and you will think you are reading your own thoughts which you had not yet told. Find the part which black eyes and which blue eyes play severally in the company. How shall a man escape from his ancestors, or draw off from his veins the black drop which he drew from his father's or his mother's life? It often appears in a family, as if all the qualities of the progenitors were potted in several jars—some ruling

¹ Cook.

quality in each son or daughter of the house—and sometimes the unmixed temperament, the rank, unmitigated elixir, the family vice, is drawn off in a separate individual, and the others are proportionally relieved. We sometimes see a change of expression in our companion, and say, His father or his mother comes to the windows of his eyes, and sometimes a remote relative. In different hours a man represents each of several of his ancestors, as if there were seven or eight of us rolled up in each man's skin—seven or eight ancestors, at least—and they constitute the variety of notes for that new piece of music which his life is.¹

The laws of Material Organization are not the only laws to which mind is subject. Obscure as these laws are, there are others which are obscurer still. What we can not see in detail we can see in the gross; what we can not recognize in ourselves we are able to recognize in others. We can see that the actions and opinions of men, which are the phenomena of mind, do range themselves in an observed order, upon which order we can found, even as we do in the material world, very safe conclusions as to the phenomena which will follow upon definite conditions. And when we go back to former generations—to the history of nations and the progress of the human race—we can detect still more clearly an orderly progress of events. In that order the operation of great general causes becomes at once apparent. On the recognition of such causes the philosophy of history depends, and upon that recognition depends not less the possibility of applying to the exigencies of our own time, and of our own society, a wise and successful legislation.²

FATE.—Whatever limits us we call Fate. If we are brute and barbarous, the fate takes a brute and dreadful shape. As we refine our checks become finer. If we rise to spiritual culture, the antagonism takes a spiritual form. In the Hindoo

¹ Emerson.

² Duke of Argyll.

fables Vishnu follows Maya through all her ascending changes, from insect and crawfish up to elephant. Whatever form she took, he took the male form of that kind, until she became at last woman and goddess, and he a man and a god. The limitations refine as the soul purifies, but the ring of necessity is always perched at the top.¹

If we must accept Fate, we are not less compelled to affirm liberty, the significance of the individual, the grandeur of duty, the power of character. This is true, and that other is true; but our geometry can not span these extreme points and reconcile them. What to do? By obeying each thought frankly, by harping, or, if you will, pounding on each string, we learn at last its power. By the same obedience to other thoughts we learn theirs, and then comes some reasonable hope of harmonizing them. We are sure that, though we know not how, necessity does comport with liberty, the individual with the world, my polarity with the spirit of the times.²

To offset the drag of temperament and race, which pulls down, learn this lesson—namely, that by the cunning co-presence of two elements which is throughout nature, whatever lames or paralyzes you draws in with it the divinity, in some form, to repay. A good intention clothes itself with sudden power. When a god wishes to ride, any chip or pebble will bud and shoot out winged feet, and serve him for a horse. Let us build altars to the Blessed Unity which holds nature and souls in perfect solution, and compels every atom to serve an universal end. I do not wonder at a snow-flake, a shell, a summer landscape, or the glory of the stars, but at the necessity of beauty under which the universe lies; that all is and must be pictorial; that the rainbow, and the curve of the horizon, and the arch of the blue vault, are only results from the organism of the eye. There is

¹ Emerson.² Ibid.

no need for foolish amateurs to fetch me to admire a garden of flowers, or a sun-gift cloud, or a waterfall, when I can not look without seeing splendor and grace. How idle to choose a random sparkle here or there, when the indwelling necessity plants the rose of beauty on the brow of chaos, and discloses the central intention of Nature to be harmony and joy!¹

The government of the world is accomplished by immutable law. Such a conception commends itself to the intellect of man by its majestic grandeur. It makes him discern the eternal through the vanishing of present events, and through the shadows of time. From the life, the pleasures, the sufferings of humanity, it points to the impassive; from our wishes, wants, and woes, to the inexorable. Leaving the individual beneath the eye of Providence, it shows society under the finger of law. And the laws of Nature never vary; in their application they never hesitate, nor are wanting. But in thus ascending to primordial laws, and asserting their immutability, universality, and paramount control in the government of this world, there is nothing inconsistent with the free action of man.

The appearance of things depends altogether on the point of view we occupy. He who is immersed in the turmoil of a crowded city sees nothing but the acts of men, and, if he formed his opinion from his experience alone, must conclude that the course of events altogether depends on the uncertainties of human volition. But he who ascends to a sufficient elevation loses sight of the passing conflicts, and no longer hears the contentions. He discovers that the importance of individual action is diminishing as the panorama beneath him is extending. And if he could attain to the truly philosophical, the general point of view, disengaging himself from all terrestrial influences and entanglements, rising high enough to see the whole globe at a glance, his

¹ Emerson.

acutest vision would fail to discover the slightest indication of man, his free will, or his works. In her resistless, onward sweep, in the clock-like precision of her daily and nightly revolution, in the well-known pictured forms of her continents and seas, now no longer dark and doubtful, but shedding forth a planetary light, well might he ask what had become of all the aspirations and anxieties, the pleasures and agony of life. As the voluntary vanished from his sight, and the irresistible remained, and each movement became more and more distinct, well might he incline to disbelieve his own experience, and to question whether the seat of so much undying glory could be the place of so much human uncertainty—whether beneath the vastness, energy, and immutable course of a moving world, there lay concealed the feebleness and imbecility of man. Yet it is none the less true than these contradictory conditions co-exist—Free-will and Fate, Uncertainty and Destiny; and all are watched by the sleepless eye of Providence. It is only the point of view that has changed; but on that how much has depended! A little nearer we gather the successive ascertainments of human inquiry; a little farther off we realize the panoramic vision of the Deity. Well has a Hindoo philosopher remarked, that he who stands by the bank of a flowing stream sees, in their order, the various parts as they successively glide by, but he who is placed on an exalted station views, at a glance, the whole as a motionless silvery thread among the fields. To the one there is the accumulating experience and knowledge of man in time; to the other there is the instantaneous and unsuccessive knowledge of God.¹

¹ Draper.



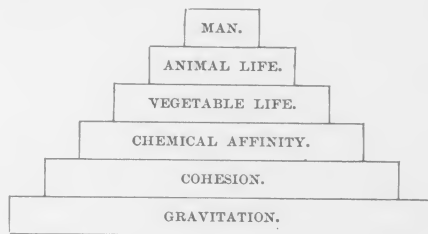
JOSEPH ADDISON

CHAPTER II.

THE NATURE OF MAN.

For man is a plant, not fixed in the earth, nor immovable, but heavenly, whose head, rising, as it were, from a root upward, is turned toward heaven. — PLUTARCH.

THE book of Nature is a book of Fate. She turns the gigantic pages, leaf after leaf, never returning one. One leaf she lays down, a floor of granite; then a thousand ages, and a bed of slate; a thousand ages, and a measure of coal; a thousand ages, and a layer of marl and mud: vegetable forms appear; her first misshapen animals, zoophyte, trilobium, fish; then saurians—rude forms, in which she has only blocked her future statue, concealing under these unwieldy monsters the fine type of her coming king. The face of the planet cools and dries, the races meliorate, and man is born.¹



In this figure we see the different steps of the creation as it went up, taking with it all that was below, and adding some-

¹ Emerson.

thing at every step. At first we have only Gravitation, then Cohesion; but every particle that coheres also gravitates. Then we have Chemical Affinity; but every particle united by that also coheres and gravitates, and so on upward till we reach man. In him we find at work Gravitation, Cohesion, Chemical Affinity, that Organic Life which belongs to the vegetable, a Life that is merely animal, and also that higher Rational, Moral, and Spiritual Life, which is peculiar to himself. Everything is carried up, and then something is added; it is not developed from what is below, or caused by it, but added to it, till we reach man at the top. Man is there by the possession of everything that is below him, and something more—that something being that which makes him man.¹

It is evident that there is a manifest progress in the succession of beings on the surface of the earth. This progress consists in an increasing similarity to the living fauna, and among the vertebrates, especially in their increasing resemblance to man. But this connection is not the consequence of a direct lineage between the faunas of different ages. There is nothing like parental descent connecting them. The fishes of the Palæozoic age are in no respect the ancestors of the reptiles of the Secondary age; nor does man descend from the mammals which preceded him in the Tertiary age. The link by which they are connected is of a higher and immaterial nature; and their connection is to be sought in the view of the Creator Himself, whose aim in forming the earth, in allowing it to undergo the successive changes which geology has pointed out, and in creating successively all the different types of animals which have passed away, was to introduce man upon the surface of our globe. Man is the end toward which all the animal creation has tended from the first appearance of the first Palæozoic fishes.²

¹ Mark Hopkins, LL.D.

² Agassiz.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For man is every thing,
And more. He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is or should be more.
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere:
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow;
Nothing we see but means our good
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.¹

The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself
“I”—ah, what words have we for such things?—is a breath of

¹ Herbert.

Heaven; the Highest Being reveals himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all as a vesture for that Unnamed? "There is but one temple in the universe," says the devout Novalis, "and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!" This sounds much like a mere flourish of rhetoric, but it is not so. If well meditated, it will turn out to be a scientific fact; the expression, in such words as can be had, of the actual truth of the thing. *We* are the miracle of miracles—the great inscrutable mystery of God. We can not understand it, we know not how to speak of it; but we feel and know, if we like, that it is verily so.¹

The physical man stands at the apex of the pyramid of matter—all the juices, flavors and fatness of the world converging to enrich his blood and renew his flesh, and incarnate themselves in his organism; all the forces of nature—light, heat, atmosphere, electricities, chemical affinities, magnetisms—circulating around him and refreshing his strength; all the subtle arts of matter playing in the secretions and the mysteries of his moving laboratory of life. Your spirit steps into your body to ride and wield the harnessed forces of the world. And now within the material home is the intellectual structure of a man, which mental philosophies for ages have been trying to measure and report in its large and graceful proportions of reason, sentiment, passion, will. And interpenetrating and towering over this is the beauty that belongs to the human being; not the mere physical beauty which hides and yet shines in the fashioning of the limbs, and which glows in the glorious marble of the Apollo, but the splendor of intellectual strength that showers

¹ Carlyle.

from the eye, the calm that sleeps mysteriously upon a brow, the majesty that enthrones itself over an eyebrow, and lowers from the bony circle an inch or two in sweep, built for an eye like Webster's—a majesty which, when Nature tries to intimate with physical material, she splits a notch in the New Hampshire mountains, and bars the awful walls with a bare precipice of granite—a pride of power like that shed from the chest of Goethe—a commanding, all-potent presence that swathed the form of Washington. And above all these insignia of meaning and mystery are the spiritual forces that live and work deeper and deeper in a human being, playing even through his flesh as visibly as chemical processes leave their traces there. For, at the same moment that the powers of the stomach are sending the flush of physical health to the cheek, a force of Heaven is writing there, with delicate pencil more subtle than a sunbeam, and more enduring than a graver's steel, a line of expression, telling of reward for some good deed or noble sacrifice. And while the brandy a man takes immoderately is publishing itself in the hue of his countenance, a brush from the pit is reaching up to leave the stain of a passion, or the coarse turn of a habit and a sin. Every power of this universe is at work upon every man—all the science, all the beauty, all the forces of the realm of intellect, all the pencils of the regions of heaven and hell. Every sphere surrounds each human frame. Our feet are in the dust, but we rise through all climates, zones, kingdoms, and there is no one of us whose base is not in the world of darkness, and the summit of whose being does not pierce at times to the secret heavens.¹

EVIL OF PUTTING A LOW ESTIMATE ON MAN.—It is of dangerous consequence to represent to man how near he is to the level of beasts, without showing him at the same time his

¹ Thomas.

greatness. It is likewise dangerous to let him see his greatness, without his meanness. It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both.¹

Who is this small philosopher that smiles, either at the simplicity of all honest men, or at the simplicity of all honest defenders of them? He is, in the first place, a man who stands up before us, and has the face to boast that he is himself without principle. No doubt, he thinks other men as bad as himself. A man necessarily, perhaps, judges the actions of other men by his own feelings. He has no other interpreter. The honest man, therefore, will often presume honesty in another; and the generous man, generosity. And so the selfish man can see nothing around him but selfishness; and the knave, nothing but dishonesty; and he who never felt anything of a generous and self-devoting piety, who never bowed down in that holy and blessed worship, can see in prayer nothing but the offering of selfish fear; in piety, nothing but a slavish superstition. In the next place, this sneerer at all virtue and piety not only imagines others to be as destitute of principle as himself, but, to some extent, he makes them such, or makes them seem such. His eye of pride chills every goodly thing it looks upon.²

The idea which we form of man, like the idea which we form of God, is a powerful element in our civilization, either for good or ill. This idea will strongly affect the condition and character of every one. "Call a man a thief, and he will pick a pocket," is already a proverb. Convince him that he is the noblest creation of the great God, that his beauty shames these flowers at my side, and outblazons the stars of heaven—then he begins to aspire to have a history, to be a man; and this aspiration

¹ Pascal.

² Dewey.

corresponds to the great nature in him. Soon as you convince him of this nature, he takes a step forward, and puts out wings to fly upward. I look with anguish on the two schemes of thought which degrade the nature of man, hostile in many other respects—the materialism of the last or the present century, and the popular theology of all Christendom, both of which put a low estimate on man. The one makes him a selfish and mortal animal, only body and bones and brains, and his soul but a function of the brute matter he is made of; the other makes him a selfish and immortal devil, powerful only to sin, and immortal only to be eternally tormented. The popular theology of Christendom, one of the many errors which man has cast out of him, as incidents of his development, has much to answer for. It debases God, and it degrades man. It makes us think meanly of ourselves, and dreadfully of our Creator. What makes it more dangerous and more difficult is that both of these errors are taught as a miraculous revelation from God Himself, and, accordingly, not amenable to human correction. Now, self-esteem is commonly large enough in the individual man; it is but rarely that one thinks of himself less and less highly than he ought to think; for the great function to be accomplished by self-esteem is so very important that it is always, or almost always, abundantly provided for. But it is one of the commonest errors in the world to think meanly of human nature itself. It is also one of the most fatal of mistakes. Nay, individual self-esteem is often elated by the thought that general human nature is rather contemptible, and the special excellence that I have does not come from my human nature, which I have in common with every beggar in the street and every culprit that was ever hanged, but from my personal nature, and is singular to me; not the possibility of the meanest man, but the

peculiar possession of myself. A man thus gratifies his self-esteem at the expense of his real self-advancement and bliss.

Then, too, it is thought an acceptable and beautiful mode of honoring God to think meanly of his chief work—that it is good for nothing; for then, it is said, we do not exalt the creature above the Creator, but give God the glory. That is, in reality, we give God the glory of making a work that is good for nothing, and not worth the making. I could never think that I honored an artist by thinking as meanly as it was possible on trial to think of the best work which that artist had brought to pass.¹

FACULTIES.—To know, to feel, and to choose, are the most obviously distinguishable states of the soul. These are referred to three powers or faculties, which are designated as the intellect, the sensibility, and the will. No soul is truly human in which they are not present. The exercise and experience of them is necessary to every perfectly constituted and fully developed human being. They may not all be active in an infant of a few days old, but they are sure to become so, if the infant lives, and nothing interferes with its normal development. But when we say that the soul must possess these powers in order to be human, we do not assert that any two human beings possess them in the same proportion, or exercise them with the same energy. All men perceive, remember, and reason; but all men do not perceive with the same quickness and accuracy, nor do all men remember with the same readiness and reach, nor do they reason with equal certainty and discrimination. The sensibilities of some men are obtuse, and of others are acute. The choices and practical impulses of men differ most of all. By these, each man is pre-eminently himself, sharing in no sense his individuality with any other human being.

¹ Parker.

In these natural and original differences, the faculties are not altogether independent one of another. A powerful intellect, to be developed into its normal attainment, needs to be stimulated by strong feelings, and to be held and directed by a determined will. Nature usually provides for the possibility of such a development, by proportioning the several endowments of the soul to one another. Hence, a man superior in intellect is usually superior in the capacity for energetic feeling and effective decisions. If there be a marked disproportion between any one and the others, we observe it as irregular and unnatural. Any such irregularity is sure to be manifest, and often to be strikingly conspicuous in the development of the powers, from the weakness and limitations of infancy up to the energy and comprehensiveness of adult years. The soul with a structure strikingly abnormal can not attain a healthy and shapely growth. Any striking predominance of the intellectual over the emotional powers, or any defect in energy of will, either prevents an even progress, or induces premature feebleness or a dwarfish stature.¹

INTELLECT.—And the thinking principle—or, at least, that rather than any other—must be considered to be each man's self.²

Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature; but he is a reed which thinks. The universe need not rise in arms to crush him; a vapor, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be greater than the power which killed him; for he knows that he dies, and of the advantage which the universe has over him the universe knows nothing.³

Man is that compound being, created to fill that wide hiatus that must otherwise have remained unoccupied between the

¹ Dr. Noah Porter.

² Aristotle.

³ Pascal.

natural world and the spiritual. . . . Possessing earth, but destined for heaven, he forms the link between the two orders of beings, and partakes much of the grossness of the one, and somewhat of the refinement of the other. Reason, like the magnetic influence imparted to iron, gives to matter properties and powers which it possessed not before, but without extending its bulk, augmenting its weight, or altering its organization: it is visible only by its effects, and perceptible only by its operations. Reason, superadded to man, gives him peculiar and characteristic views, responsibilities and destinations, exalting him above all existences that are visible but which perish, and associating him with those that are invisible but which remain. Reason is that Homeric and golden chain descending from the throne of God even unto man, uniting heaven with earth, and earth with heaven. For all is connected, and without a chasm: from an angel to an atom, all is proportion, harmony, and strength.¹

Every substance is negatively electric to that which stands above it in the chemical tables, positively to that which stands below it. Water dissolves wood, and iron, and salt; air dissolves water; electric fire dissolves air, but the intellect dissolves fire, gravity, laws, method, and the subtlest unnamed relations of nature, in its resistless menstruum. Intellect lies behind genius, which is intellect constructive. Intellect is the simple power anterior to all action or construction. Gladly would I unfold in calm degrees a natural history of the intellect, but what man has yet been able to mark the steps and boundaries of that transparent essence? The first questions are always to be asked, and the wisest doctor is graveled by the inquisitiveness of a child. How can we speak of the action of the mind under any divisions, as of its knowledge, of its ethics, of its

¹ C. Ron.

works, and so forth, since it melts will into perception, knowledge into act? Each becomes the other. Itself alone is. Its vision is not like the vision of the eye, but is union with the things known. Intellect and intellection signify to the common ear consideration of abstract truth. The consideration of time and place, of you and me, of profit and hurt, tyrannize over most men's minds. Intellect separates the fact considered from *you*, from all local and personal reference, and discerns it as if it existed for its own sake. Heraclitus looked upon the affections as dense and colored mists. In the fog of good and evil affections, it is hard for man to walk forward in a straight line. Intellect is void of affection, and sees an object as it stands in the light of science, cool and disengaged. The intellect goes out of the individual, floats over its own personality, and regards it as a fact, and not as I and *mine*. He who is immersed in what concerns person or place can not see the problem of existence. This the intellect always ponders. Nature shows all things formed and bound. The intellect pierces the form, overleaps the wall, detects intrinsic likeness between remote things, and reduces all things into a few principles.¹

SENSIBILITY.—We all instinctively feel that a man of pure intellect, however grand and powerful that intellect may be—a man in whom the rational too completely predominates over the emotional—is incomplete and unsatisfactory. He is *inharmooniously developed*. We shrink from these incarnations of mind as something portentous and unnatural, and leave them alone in their desolate and solitary grandeur.²

The capacity of a man, at least for understanding, may almost be said to vary according to his powers of sympathy. Again, what is there that can counteract selfishness like sympathy? Selfishness may be hedged in by minute watchfulness and self-

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¹ Emerson. — ² W. R. Greg.

denial, but it is counteracted by the nature being encouraged to grow out and fix its tendrils upon foreign objects.

The immense defect that want of sympathy is may be strikingly seen in the failure of the many attempts that have been made in all ages to construct the Christian character, omitting sympathy. It has produced numbers of people, walking up and down one narrow plank of self-restraint, pondering over their own merits and demerits, keeping out, not the world exactly, but their fellow-creatures, from their hearts, and caring only to drive their neighbors before them on this plank of theirs, or to push them headlong. Thus, with many virtues and much hard work at the formation of character, we have had splendid bigots or censorious small people.

But sympathy is warmth and light, too. It is, as it were, the moral atmosphere connecting all animated natures. Putting aside, for a moment, the large differences that opinions, language and education make between men, look at the innate diversity of character. Natural philosophers were amazed when they thought they had found a newly-created species. But what is each man but a creature such as the world has not before seen? Then think how they pour forth in multitudinous masses, from princes, delicately nurtured, to little boys on scrubby commons, or in dark cellars! How are these people to be understood, to be taught to understand each other, but by those who have the deepest sympathies with all? There can not be a great man without large sympathy. There may be men who play loud-sounding parts in life without it, as on the stage, where kings and great people sometimes enter, who are only characters of secondary import—deputy great men; but the interest and the instruction lie with those who have to feel and suffer most.¹

A man without large power of feeling is not good for much

¹ Arthur Helps.

as a man. He may be a good mathematician, a very respectable lawyer, or doctor of divinity, but he is not capable of the high and beautiful and holy things of manhood. He can not even comprehend them; how much less do and become! It is power of feeling, as well as thought, which furnishes the substance wherewith the orator delights and controls and elevates the mass of men. Thought alone is never eloquent; it is not enough, even for the orator's purpose; he must stand on the primeval rock of human consciousness, must know by experience the profoundest feelings of men, their love, their hate, their anger, their hope, their fear, and, above all things, their love of God, and unspeakable trust therein. Feeling, he must make others feel. Mere thought convinces; feeling always persuades. If imagination furnish the poet with wings, feeling is the great, stout muscle which plies them, and lifts him from the ground. Thought sees beauty, emotion feels it. Every great poet has been distinguished as much for power of emotion as power of thought. Pope had more wisdom than Burns, Pollok as much as Wordsworth; but which are the poets for the man's heart and his pillow? In great poets like Homer, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare—noblest of them all—there is a great masterly power of feeling joined to a great masterly power to think. They see and feel, too, and have the faculty divine of telling what they feel. Poetry and Eloquence are twin sisters; Feeling is their mother, Thought is the father. One is directed more to beauty; sits still in the house, her garlands and singing robes about her all the day. The other is devoted more to use, cumbered with much serving, wears a workday suit. But they have the same eye, the same face, the same family likeness. Every great artist, painter or sculptor must likewise have great power to feel. Half the odds between Raphael and a Chinese painter is in the

power of feeling. But few men are poets, orators, sculptors or painters. I only mention these to show how, for the high modes of intellectual activity, feeling is necessary.

It is equally necessary for the common life of men. Thought and feeling both must go to housekeeping, or it is a sad family. The spiritual part of human beauty, man's or woman's, is one-fifth an expression of thought, four-fifths of feeling. The philosopher's face is not handsome. Soerates, John Locke, John Calvin, and Emanuel Kant are good enough types of mere thought—hard thought, without emotion. It is the power of feeling which makes the wise father attractive, the strong-minded mother dear. This joins relatives nearer than kindred blood; it makes friendship actual; it is the great element in philanthropy; it is the fountain whence flows forth all that which we call piety. Philanthropy is feeling for men, friendship is feeling with men, and piety is feeling with God. All great religious leaders have been men of great power of emotion—Mahomet, Luther, Loyola, Wesley, Whitefield; and what we admire most in Jesus is not His masterly power of thought, but His genius for love, power of feeling in its highest modes. His intellectual character is certainly of great weight, His footprints are very deep; but most men do not think of Jesus as a great-minded, a great-thoughted man. "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more;" "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" thought alone had not reached up so high as that in that age and in this young man, but a great mountain of spontaneous human feeling pressed on Him, and drove that fount up to such heights of sparkling piety.¹

Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid, *upright stem of understanding*,

¹ Parker.

but very poor things, if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.¹

WILL.—Our wills are creators. As we will, we come into possession of ourselves; we were not selves, but *things*, without these. The will is Personal. The having a will differences man from animals.²

If the will, which is the law of our nature, were withdrawn from our memory, fancy, understanding, and reason, no other hell could equal, for a spiritual being, what we should then feel from the anarchy of our powers. It would be conscious madness—a horrid thought!³

And what shall we say of the will? which says to the wilderness, bloom, and it is as the garden of Eden; which says to the mountain, be open, and the bowels of the rock are blasted out; which makes a path through the sea, and a pillar of cloud and fire, or an iron pathway through the desert; which tameth the tiger, and maketh a plaything of the lion; which grasps the impending thunderbolt, and hides its powerless flash in the bosom of the earth? And O what awful power does the will sometimes exert within the dominions of the soul! See that martyr laid upon the rack! Every limb is stretched, and every nerve thrills with agony. A single word, and the prisoner will be relieved and restored to his friends. How shall we avoid uttering it? Will not his *intellect* rebel? Will not his *heart* cry out? Will not his *tongue*, for an instant, break loose? Wait and see. Hark! the heavy instrument falls, and a bone is broken, and the sharp fragments pierce through the quivering flesh. An interval follows—a dreadful interval—and, in the midst of the agony, the executioner demands the word of recantation; but that tongue, which utters forth groans that make a city shudder, lisps not a syllable. Slowly the instrument de-

¹ John Foster.

² Alcott.

³ Milton.

seeds again, and another bone is broken, and another, till every limb is in fragments, and the whole body lies lacerated and bleeding; and now the executioner approaches, and the dews of death are upon the martyr's brow, and though the tongue speaks sweetly and freely of Jesus, and of the land where the weary rest, it is mute as the grave as to recantation. Zeno, on the rack, lest his tongue should betray him, bit it off, and spit it out in the face of his judge. The human will is, perhaps, the most sublime of all things. That power which wields the lightning and moves the storm, which scatters worlds through space as the husbandman casts seed into the furrow, which by a look of terror could blast the universe, suffers the will of man to rise up against itself. How terrible looks the fabled Atreus, glutted with his banquet of revenge, when the justice of the gods comes down upon the feast! Bolt after bolt falls on every side, yet the untamed will of the rebel, as if in triumph, looks up from the sea of fire, and cries, "Thunder, ye powerless gods! I am avenged!" And such a scene—yea, and more dreadful—do we see every day enacted in the sinner's breast, where the will sits amid the ruins of the soul, an outcast from God, and, though on earth, like Satan in the pit, saying, in its desolation as it approaches the tomb,

"Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor."¹

What constitutes strength of will? It is that quality of the mind which is prompt to decide, and, having decided, can not be moved from its purpose, but holds on through evil report and good report; overcomes obstacles; shrinks from no diffi-

¹ Bishop Thomson.

culty; relies on its own judgment; does not yield to fashion—and so presses to its mark always.

Strength of will is the power to resist, to persist, to endure, to attack, to conquer obstacles, to snatch success from the jaws of death and despair. It is the most vital element in character. It is essential to excellence; for of him who has it not it must be said: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." A man of weak will is at the mercy of the last opinion; is unable to make up his mind, or, having made it up, to keep to it. He is undecided, and can not decide. He sees the right, and drifts toward the wrong. He determines on a course of conduct, and then quits it on the first temptation. Weak as a breaking wave, a helpless idler, wax to take a stamp from anything stronger than himself, if he adopts a right course, it is only by accident; and if he is virtuous, it is only a piece of good luck.¹

MORAL SENSE.—Assuredly it is not intellect or reason merely in its purely cognitive and speculative form which makes a man a man, and not a monkey—a creature with a certain power of shaping his own destinies and realizing his own self-projected ideal. Man is essentially a practical animal; he grows naturally up into a state and a church, and every variety of organized action; and to be practical he must be moral, for practice without morality is only another name for confusion, anarchy, and self-destruction.²

Man is made of two parts—the physical part, and the moral. The former he has in common with the brute creation. Like theirs, our corporeal pains are very limited and temporary. But the sufferings which touch our moral nature have a wider range, and are infinitely more acute, driving the sufferers sometimes to the extremities of despair and distraction. Man, in his moral nature, becomes, in his progress through life,

¹ James Freeman Clarke. ² Blackie.

a creature of prejudice, a creature of opinions, a creature of habits, and of sentiments growing out of them. These form our second nature, as inhabitants of the country and members of the society in which Providence has placed us.¹

There is a moral sense by which we perceive the distinction between good and bad, right and wrong, just as by the physical sense we perceive the distinction between black and white. The idea of right and wrong is universal. There is no man so bad as not to recognize evil in another, if not in himself. All the world over, in all lands and all languages, men use the words "duly," "justice," "right," "wrong," "ought," "ought not." Everywhere there is found in man traces of conscience, rewarding him when he does what he believes to be right, punishing him with remorse when he does what he thinks to be wrong. People differ as to what is right and what is wrong. The standard varies, the law differs. Yet there has never been a nation or race which did not approve courage, truth, generosity, honesty; did not despise cowardice, falsehood, selfishness, dishonesty. A North American Indian, a Spanish inquisitor, a Southern slaveholder, or an absolute despot, will torture human beings from pleasure, from principle, or, as he thinks, from necessity; but not one of them approves cruelty in others, or in general. So men will lie in business, for their religion, for their friends, for their own safety; but no one approves of lying in itself. Each man disapproves it in every one but himself, and in every case except his own case.

In all souls there is this instinctive sense of right and wrong. If there were not, morality could not exist, and society would be impossible. For morality is nothing if it is not respect for right and duty, apart from all rewards they may bring. A man who only does right because he is afraid of punishment if he

¹ Burke.

does wrong, or because he hopes for some reward here or hereafter for doing right, does not act conscientiously at all; he merely acts selfishly. Society is held together by conscience. See that laborer, uneducated, poor, who has been working ten hours a day since he was a child, and can only just support himself. What makes him industrious, temperate, honest, orderly, instead of being an idle wretch, ready for any crime? Is it the fear of the police and the prison? No. The great mass of men support order and law because they think it right to do so; because conscience tells them to do so. A few scoundrels are kept from being too scoundrelly by the police and the prison; the great mass of men never think of the police or prison, but do right because duty tells them to. It is an evil for a nation when conscience takes the side of rebellion, when law seems tyranny! The deep corner-stone of republican institutions is faith in a universal conscience. You give all the power to the majority of the people. What is to prevent them from tyrannizing over you? The majority are poor; only a minority are rich. What is to prevent them from voting themselves your houses and lands? Nothing but conscience, the instinct of right. Now, we have proved in this country that there are no institutions so stable as a democracy. In proving this, we have at the same time proved transcendentalism: that is, that all men have a conscience.¹

Society is an organism, as much as a plant or an animal, and, as such, exists only by the cohesive power of certain moral laws, the cessation of whose action would instantly be followed by its resolution into an aggregate of hostile, confounding, and mutually exterminating elements. One does not require to travel to Bulgaria, or to be familiar with Turkish misgovernment, or no government, in any part of the world, to be made startlingly

¹ Clarke.

alive to the fact that the normal state of human gregariousness, which we call society, may at any moment cease when the cement of society, which we call sympathy, ceases to act, and the controlling power of justice or practical reason is disowned. Man is man essentially and characteristically by his consistent, reasonable action in relation to his fellows; in other words, by acknowledging the moral law. The moment he throws this law aside he becomes a beast, a tiger or a fox, or a combination of the two, with the addition of intellectual ingenuity to make the ferocity of the tiger more systematic, and the cunning of the fox more treacherous. And thus, as Mephistopheles says in *Faust*, he becomes "more brutish than any brute can be"—becomes transformed, in fact, into a fiend, a demon or a devil, in the fashion of which the records of our criminal courts, and the lives of unbridled men, drunk with power and pleasure in high places, furnish only too numerous examples. There can be no doubt, therefore, that man is by the constitution of his nature essentially a moral animal.¹

The same law of evolution, which we have seen governing the history of speculative thought, may also be traced as determining the progress of ethical inquiry. In this department there are successive stages marked, both in the individual and the national mind. There is, first, the simplicity and trust of childhood, submitting with unquestioning faith to prescribed and arbitrary laws; then the unsettled and ill-directed force of youth, questioning the authority of laws, and asking reasons why this or that is obligatory; then the philosophic wisdom of riper years, recognizing an inherent law of duty, which has an absolute rightness and an imperative obligation. There is first a dim and shadowy apprehension of some lines of moral distinction, and some consciousness of obligation, but these rest mainly upon an

¹ Blackie.

outward law—the observed practice of others, or the command of the parent as, in some sense, the command of God. Then, to attain to personal convictions, man passes through a stage of doubt; he asks for a ground of obligation, for an authority that shall approve itself to his own judgment and reason. At last he arrives at some ultimate principles of right, some immutable standard of duty; he recognizes an inward law of conscience, and it becomes to him as the voice of God. He extends his analysis to history, and he finds that the universal conscience of the race has, in all ages, uttered the same behest.¹

Man is but a little thing in the midst of the objects of nature. Yet, by the moral quality radiating from his countenance, he may abolish all considerations of magnitude, and, in his manners, equal the majesty of the world.²

GENIUS.—The whole difference between a man of genius and other men, it has been said a thousand times, and most truly, is that the first remains in great part a child, seeing with the large eyes of children, in perpetual wonder, not conscious of much knowledge—conscious, rather, of infinite ignorance, and yet infinite power; a fountain of eternal admiration, delight, and creative force within him meeting the ocean of visible and governable things around him.³

What we call genius may, perhaps, with more strict propriety, be described as the spirit of discovery. Genius is the very eye of intellect and the wing of thought. It is always in advance of its time. It is the pioneer for the generation which it precedes. For this reason it is called a seer; and hence its songs have been prophecies.⁴

But, on the whole, "genius is ever a secret to itself;" of this old truth we have, on all sides, daily evidence. The Shakespeare takes no airs for writing *Hamlet* and the *Tempest*; under-

¹ Cocker.

² Emerson.

³ Ruskin.

⁴ Simms.

stands not that it is anything surprising: Milton, again, is more conscious of his faculty, which, accordingly, is an inferior one. On the other hand, what cackling and strutting must we not often hear and see, when, in some shape of academical profusion, maiden speech, review article, this or the other well-fledged goose has produced its goose-egg, of quite measurable value, were it the pink of its whole kind, and wonders why all mortals do not wonder!¹

The advent of genius is like what florists style the *breaking* of a seedling tulip into what we may call high-caste colors—ten thousand dingy flowers, then one with the divine streak; or, if you prefer it, like the coming up in old Jacob's garden of that most gentlemanly little fruit, the seekel pear, which I have sometimes seen in shop windows. It is a surprise—there is nothing to account for it. All at once we find that twice two makes *five*.²

Genius is that power of man which by deeds and actions gives laws and rules. When any one rushed into the world on foot without knowing precisely why or whither, it was called a journey of a genius; and when any one undertook some absurdity without aim or advantage, it was a stroke of genius.³

The man of genius invents and originates, making new forms out of the commonest material. He finds general laws in facts that have been familiar to everybody since the world was. All the neighbors in Crotona twenty-three hundred years ago heard the two village blacksmiths beat the anvil, one with the great hammer, and the other with the small one; Pythagoras took the hint from that rhythmic beat, and brought the harmonic scale of music out from the blacksmith's "ten pound ten." Every boy sees that, in a right-angled triangle, the largest side is opposite the square angle; but Pythagoras discovered that if you draw

¹ Carlyle.² O. W. Holmes.³ Goethe.

three square figures, each as long as the three several sides of this triangle, the largest square will be as big as both the others. It was one of the grandest discoveries of mathematical science. Every priest in the Cathedral of Pisa two hundred and seventy years ago, and all the women and children at Christmas, saw the great lamps which hung from the ceiling, some by a longer, and some by a shorter chain; they saw them swing in the wind that came in with the crowd, as the Christmas doors, storied all over with mediæval fictions, were opened wide. None but the genius of Galileo saw that the motion of these swinging lamps was always uniform and in proportion to the length of the chains, the lamp with the longest chain swinging slowest, and that with the shortest completing quickest its vibration. He alone saw that the swinging lamps not only distributed light, but also kept time, and each was a great clock, whereof he alone had the dial, and the hand pointed to the hour in his mind. Nay, for five hundred years in that great Cathedral these lamps, swinging slowly to and fro, had been proclaiming the law of gravitation, but Galileo was the first man who heard it. All the farmers in Cambridgeshire saw apples fall every autumn day, and a hundred astronomers scattered through Europe knew that the earth moved around the sun; but only one man, by his genius, saw that the earth moved and apples fell by the same gravitation, and obeyed the same universal law. There were two or three thousand ministers in England two hundred years ago—educated men—and they were preaching with all their might, and trying to make the popular theology go down with the reluctant Anglo-Saxon people, who hate nonsense. How dull their sermons—telling the people that man was a stranger and pilgrim on earth, with their talk about Abraham's faith, and their quotations from the Epistle to the Hebrews! How dead they are

now, those dreadful sermons of the seventeenth century—save here and there a magnificent word from Jeremy Taylor or Robert South! How dead they were then—abortive sermons, that died before they were spoken! But a common tinker, with no education, often in low company, hated for being religious, and for more than twelve years shut up in jail, writes therein the “*Pilgrim’s Progress*,” which makes Calvinism popular, and is still the most living book which got writ in that century of England’s great men, when Shakespeare, and Milton, and Herbert, and Bacon, and Taylor, were cradled in her arms. Adam Smith takes the common facts known to all gazetteers, the national income and expenditures, the exports and imports, manufactures, the increase of population, etc., and by his genius sees the law of political economy, and makes national housekeeping into science. Shakespeare picks up the common talk of the village, what happens to everybody—birth, love, hope, fear, sorrow, death—and then what marvelous tragedies does he make out of the drama of every man’s life! They tell a story of a man in Greece who, one day, walking along the seashore, picked up the empty shell of a tortoise, with a few of the tendons still left, and found it gave a musical note as he touched it; he then drew threads across it from side to side, and out of the corded shell invented musical instruments. Fire and water are as old as creation, and have been in man’s hands some thirty or forty thousand years, I suppose; there was not a savage nation in Asia or America but had them. Men have married these two antagonistic elements together for many a thousand years, and water boils. But from these two Robert Fulton breeds a giant who is the mightiest servant of mankind, altering the face of nature and the destination of man. Every chemist knew that certain substances were sensitive to light, and changed their color

by day; nay, every farmer’s daughter knew that March wind and May sun made cloth white and faces brown. But Niepce and Daguerre had such genius that they took advantage of this fact, and set the sun to paint pictures in forty seconds. King Charlemagne, not being able to write when called upon to sign his name, daubed his palm from the ink-horn, and put his hand on the document, the great sign-manual of that giant emperor. Nay, five hundred years before Moses, kings had seals with their names engraven thereon, and stamped them on wax. Thirty-five hundred years later, the genius of Faustus puts together a thousand of these seals, a letter on each, and therefrom makes a printed Bible. How hard they tugged at the bow-string and plied the catapult to knock down the walls of a town in the middle ages! Schwartz makes gunpowder, and cross-bows and catapults go out of fashion.

These are men of genius; men of talent could never have accomplished these results which I have mentioned. These are the men who really command the world, the original thinkers. There are not a great many of them. It seems necessary that seven-eighths of man’s life shall be routine, doing to-day what we did yesterday; the same old thing over and over again. But now and then the great God raises up one man of genius in a million, who shovels away the snow, and makes a path where all men can walk, clean-footed and dry-shod. Let us reverence these men. Speaking practically, genius is power of construction—power to originate and create new forms out of old matter, new matter out of human nature. Speaking philosophically, or by analysis, genius is great power of instinct, spontaneous intuition. That is the element of necessity, as it were, in genius. It is, next, great power of conscious reflection, great imagination in its greatest forms, great attention, the power to bend all the facul-

ties to the special task in hand. This is the element of freedom in genius. Genius knows the thing which it works upon and produces; not always does it know itself. The same man is seldom synthetic to create, and analytic to explain the process of creation. Homer and Shakespeare know how to make poetry, but not how they make it; the art, not the analytic explanation. Yet others have the genius for self-knowledge, power of analytic consciousness; but it is not often that the poet and the philosopher lodge in the same body. This human house of clay is not large, nor strongly walled enough, nor nice enough, to entertain two such royal guests. Human nature is too great to be made perfect, all parts of it, in a single man:

"One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

As, analytically speaking, genius is power of instinctive intuition, and power of conscious reflection, so, practically, it is the highest power of work, power of spontaneous work, power of voluntary work; and it is this which unites the womanly intuition with manly reflection. Genius is God's highest gift to man.¹

Genius is religious. It is a larger imbibing of the common heart. It is not anomalous, but more like, and not less like, other men. There is, in all great poets, a wisdom of humanity which is superior to any talents they exercise. The author, the wit, the partisan, the fine gentleman, does not take place of the man. Humanity shines in Homer, in Chaucer, in Spenser, in Shakespeare, in Milton. They are content with truth. They use the positive degree. They seem frigid and phlegmatic to those who have been spiced with the frantic passion and violent coloring of inferior but popular writers.²

¹ Parker. ² Emerson.

And what is Genius but finer love—a love impersonal, a love of the flower and perfection of things, and a desire to draw a new picture or copy of the same? It looks to the cause and life; it proceeds from within outward, whilst Talent goes from without inward. Talent finds its models, methods, and ends in society, exists for exhibition, and goes to the soul only for power to work. Genius is its own end, and draws its means and the style of its architecture from within, going abroad only for audience and spectator, as we adapt our voice and phrase to the distance and character of the ear we speak to. All your learning of all literatures would never enable you to anticipate one of its thoughts or expressions; and yet each is natural and familiar as household words. Here about us coils forever the ancient enigma, so old and so unutterable. Behold! there is the sun, and the rain, and the rocks: the old sun, the old stones. How easy were it to describe all this fitly! yet no word can pass. Nature is a mute, and man, her articulate speaking brother, lo! he also is a mute. Yet when Genius arrives, its speech is like a river; it has no straining to describe, more than there is straining in nature to exist. When thought is best, there is most of it. Genius sheds wisdom like perfume, and advertises us that it flows out of a deeper source than the foregoing silence; that it knows so deeply and speaks so musically, because it is itself a mutation of the thing it describes. It is sun and moon and wave and fire in music, as astronomy is thought and harmony in masses of matter.¹

TALENT.—Every man can not say, write, discover something new. Nature, that loving mother, has sown original genius of that sort very sparingly, and if in a century, on any special subject, more than one springs up, it may be regarded as a miracle. But to collect, arrange, boil, and roast, what has once

been brought forward, so that it may be well flavored and easily digested by this man and that, plenty of people are found, who of their kind are not born in vain.¹

There is one class of uncommon persons who have more of what everybody has a little. They differ from the rest in quantity, not in kind. They do as other men, but better and stronger. They create nothing new, originate nothing; but they understand the actual, they apply another man's original thought, develop and improve the old, execute much, invent little. They say what somebody else said and thought originally. They say what the great mass of the people think and can not yet say. A man of this sort comes very close to the outside of men. That is the man of talent. Speaking practically, talent is executive power in its various modes; it is ability to adapt means to ends. On analysis, you find it is not superior power of instinct and spontaneous intuition, but only superior power of conscious reflection, power to know by intellectual process, to calculate, and to express the knowledge and the calculation. It is a great gift, no doubt. It is men of great talent who seem to control the world, for they occupy the headlands of society. In a nation like ours, they occupy the high positions of trade and politics, of literature, church, and state. Talent is as variable in its modes of manifestation as the occupations and interests of men. There may be talent for war, for productive industry, for art, philosophy, politics, also for religion. There are always a few men of marked talent in every community. With the advance of mankind, the average ability continually greatens; it is immensely more in New England to-day than it was in Palestine two thousand years ago; but the number who overpass the broad level which mankind stands upon, I suppose, bears about the same ratio at all seasons to the whole mass.²

¹ George Forster.

² Parker.

Genius is of the soul, talent of the understanding. Genius is warm, talent is passionless. Without genius there is no intuition, no inspiration; without talent, no execution. Genius is interior, talent exterior; hence genius is productive, talent accumulative. Genius invents, talent accomplishes. Genius gives the substance; talent works it up under the eye, or, rather, under the feeling of genius. Genius is emotional, talent intellectual; hence genius is creative, and talent instrumental. Genius has insight, talent only oversight. Genius is always calm, reserved, self-centered; talent is often bustling, officious, confident. Genius gives the impulse and aim as well as the illumination, talent the means and implements. Genius, in short, is the central, finer essence of the mind, the self-lighted fire, the intuitional gift. Talent gathers and shapes and applies what genius forges. Talent is ever approaching, and yet never reaches, that point whence genius starts. Genius is often entirely right, and is never wholly wrong; talent is never wholly right. Genius avails itself of all the capabilities of talent, appropriates to itself what suits and helps it. Talent can appropriate to itself nothing; for it has not the inward heat that can fuse all material, and assimilate all food, to convert it into blood; this only genius can do. Goethe was a man of genius, and, at the same time, of immense and varied talents; and no contemporary profited so much as he did by all the knowledges and discoveries and accumulations made by others. For full success the two, genius and talent, should co-exist in one mind in balanced proportions, as they did in Goethe's, so that they can play smoothly together in effective combination. In Walking Stewart, says De Quincey, genius was out of all proportion to talent, and thus wanted an organ for manifesting itself.¹

DUALITY.—As there is much beast and some devil in man,

¹ G. H. Calvert.

so is there some angel and some God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but, in this life, never wholly destroyed.¹

Now the basest thought possible concerning man is, that he has no spiritual nature; and the foolishness misunderstanding of him possible is, that he has, or should have, no animal nature. For his nature is nobly animal, nobly spiritual—coherently and irrevocably so; neither part of it may, but at its peril, expel, despise, or defy the other.²

There are none of us but must be living two lives—and the sooner we come to recognize the fact clearly the better for us—the one life in the outward material world, in contact with the things which we can see, and taste, and handle, which are always changing and passing away; the other in the invisible, in contact with the unseen—with that which does not change or pass away, which is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.³

Man's twofold nature is reflected in history. "He is of earth," but his thoughts are with the stars. Mean and petty his wants and his desires; yet they serve a soul exalted with grand, glorious aims, with immortal longings, with thoughts which sweep the heavens, and "wander through eternity." A pigmy standing on the outward crust of this small planet, his far-reaching spirit stretches outward to the infinite, and there alone finds rest. History is a reflex of this double life. Every epoch has two aspects—one calm, broad, and solemn, looking toward eternity; the other agitated, petty, vehement, and confused, looking toward time.⁴

There is in man a continual conflict between his reason and his passions. He might enjoy tranquillity to a certain extent, were he mastered by either of these singly. If he had reason without passion, or passion without reason, he might have some

¹ Coleridge.² Ruskin.³ Thomas Hughes.⁴ Carlyle.

degree of peace; but, possessing both, he is in a state of perpetual warfare: for peace with one is war with the other: he is divided against himself. If it be an unnatural blindness to live without inquiring into our true constitution and condition, it proves a hardness yet more dreadful to believe in God and live in sin.¹

Whenever the human character is portrayed in colors altogether dark, or altogether bright; whenever the misanthrope pours out his scorn upon the wickedness and baseness of mankind, or the enthusiast lavishes his admiration upon their virtues, do we not always feel that there needs to be some qualification—that there is something to be said on the other side?²

Nay, more; do not all the varying representations of human nature imply their opposites? Does not virtue itself imply that sins and sinful passions are struggled with and overcome? And, on the contrary, does not sin in its very nature imply that there are high and sacred powers, capacities, and affections, which it violates?

In each of us, even in the very seat of our being, there are—as in Jacob—two, nay, sometimes three or five, separate characters striving for the mastery. It is that conflict between two contending principles—that dialogue, as it were, between "the two voices"—which is one of the profoundest mysteries of our nature, but which the Bible itself fully acknowledges. We see it in the dark struggle within the single mind of the author of Ecclesiastes. We see it in the dramatic form of the Book of Job and the Song of Solomon. We see it not only in the twofold character of Jacob, but in the double, treble, quadruple character of David. We see it in the multiplied demons—one, two, seven—mounting till their name is Legion, which,

¹ Pascal.² Dewey.

however we explain the phrase, took possession of their victims in the Gospel history. We see it in the flux and reflux of the better mind of Peter, described in a few successive verses as the Rock of the Church, and as Satan, its deadly enemy. We see it in the distractions and divisions in the mind of Paul in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. We see it through the long history of mankind and of Christendom: the mixture of the hypocrite and the saint; the union of the coward with the hero; the fool lurking in the innermost chambers of the mind of the wisest; the filthy thought ensconcing itself in the crystal heart of the purest; the versatile genius with his hundred hands and hundred faces. We see it in what Colbert called the official conscience of the Sorbonne and the natural conscience of the man and the citizen. We see it in the old barbarian Adam lurking within the folds of the new civilized Adam of later days. We see it in the old theological Adam striving to maintain his own against the new, Christian, spiritual Adam in each successive generation. It surely is not without cause that we call attention to this doctrine of the double side of human nature thus running through the Bible and through historical experience. Commonplace, obvious as it is, it has been a thousand times overlooked, and yet it is at least as important as the theory of Pelagius or the theory of Augustine. It is the true antidote to those indiscriminating judgments, which have been the bane of ecclesiastical history and of theological speculation. It bids us to refuse, on the very threshold of any Church, or any system, its claim to be either all good or all evil—to be either Christ or Anti-Christ. It renounces at the outset the possibility of an unerring oracle lodged in any human institution, or of absolute allegiance to any human party. It commands us unhesitatingly to admire the admirable, to detest the detest-

able, even in the same individuals, in the same party, in the same Church or nation.¹

CONTRADICTIONS.—Human nature I always thought the most useful object of human reason, and to make the consideration of it pleasant and entertaining I always thought the best employment of human wit; other parts of philosophy may, perhaps, make us wiser, but this not only answers that end, but makes us better, too. Hence it was that the oracle pronounced Socrates the wisest of all men living, because he judiciously made choice of human nature for the object of his thoughts, an inquiry into which as much exceeds all other learning as it is of more consequence to adjust the true nature and measures of right and wrong than to settle the distances of the planets, and compute the times of their circumvolutions.

One good effect that will immediately arise from a near observation of human nature is, that we shall cease to wonder at those actions which men are used to reckon wholly unaccountable; for, as nothing is produced without a cause, so, by observing the nature and course of the passions, we shall be able to trace every action from its first conception to its death. We shall no more admire at the proceedings of Catiline or Tiberius, when we know the one was actuated by a cruel jealousy, the other by a furious ambition; for the actions of men follow their passions as naturally as light does heat, or as any other effect flows from its cause; reason must be employed in adjusting the passions, but these must ever remain the principles of action.

The strange and absurd variety that is so apparent in men's actions shows plainly they can never proceed immediately from reason; so pure a fountain emits no such troubled waters. They must necessarily arise from the passions, which are to the mind as the winds to a ship; they only can move it, and they too

¹ Dean Stanley.

often destroy it; if fair and gentle, they guide it into the harbor; if contrary and furious, they overset it in the waves. In the same manner is the mind assisted or endangered by the passions. Reason must then take the place of pilot, and can never fail of securing her charge, if she be not wanting to herself. The strength of the passions will never be accepted as an excuse for complying with them; they were designed for subjection; and if a man suffers them to get the upper hand, he then betrays the liberty of his own soul.

As Nature has framed the several species of beings, as it were, in a chain, so man seems to be placed as the middle link between angels and brutes. Hence he participates both of flesh and spirit by an admirable tie, which in him occasions perpetual war of passions; and, as a man inclines to the angelic or brute part of his constitution, he is then denominated good or bad, virtuous or wicked: if love, mercy, and good nature prevail, they speak him of the angel; if hatred, cruelty, and envy predominate, they declare his kindred to the brute. Hence it was that some of the ancients imagined, that as men, in this life, inclined more to the angel or the brute, so, after their death, they should transmigrate into the one or the other, and it would be no unpleasant notion to consider the several species of brutes into which we may imagine that tyrants, misers, the proud, malicious, and ill-natured, might be changed.

As a consequence of this original, all passions are in all men, but all appear not in all: constitution, education, custom of the country, reason, and the like causes, may improve or abate the strength of them, but still the seeds remain, which are ever ready to sprout forth upon the least encouragement. I have heard a story of a good, religious man, who, having been bred with the milk of a goat, was very modest in public, by a careful

reflection he made on his actions; but he frequently had an hour in secret wherein he had his frisks and capers; and if we had an opportunity of examining the retirement of the strictest philosophers, no doubt but we should find perpetual returns of those passions they so artfully conceal from the public. I remember Machiavel observes, that every state should entertain a perpetual jealousy of its neighbors, that so it should never be unprovided when an emergency happens; in like manner should the reason be perpetually on its guard against the passions, and never suffer them to carry on any design that may be destructive of its security; yet, at the same time, it must be careful that it don't so far break their strength as to render them contemptible, and, consequently, itself unguarded.

The understanding being of itself too slow and lazy to exert itself into action, it is necessary it should be put in motion by the gentle gales of the passions, which may preserve it from stagnation and corruption; for they are necessary to the health of the mind, as the circulation of the animal spirits is to the health of the body—they keep it in life, and strength, and vigor; nor is it possible for the mind to perform its offices without their assistance. These motions are given us with our being; they are little spirits that are born and die with us. To some they are mild, easy, and gentle; to others, wayward and unruly, yet never too strong for the reigns of reason and the guidance of judgment.

We may generally observe a pretty nice proportion between the strength of reason and passion. The greatest geniuses have commonly the strongest affections, as, on the other hand, the weaker understandings have generally the weaker passions; and 'tis fit the fury of the coursers should not be too great for the strength of the chariotceer. Young men, whose passions are not a little unruly, give small hopes of their ever being considerable. The

fire of youth will of course abate, and is a fault, if it be a fault, that mends every day; but surely, unless a man has fire in his youth, he can hardly have warmth in old age. We must, therefore, be very cautious, lest, while we think to regulate the passions, we should quite extinguish them, which is putting out the light of the soul; for to be without passion, or to be hurried away with it, makes a man equally blind. The extraordinary severity used in most of our schools has this fatal effect; it breaks the spring of the mind, and most certainly destroys more good geniuses than it can possibly improve. And surely it is a mighty mistake that the passions should be so entirely subdued; for little irregularities are sometimes not only to be borne with, but to be cultivated, too, since they are frequently attended with the greatest perfections. All great geniuses have faults mixed with their virtues, and resemble the flaming bush which has thorns among lights.

Since, therefore, the passions are the principles of human actions, we must endeavor to manage them so as to retain their vigor, yet keep them under strict command; we must govern them rather like free subjects than slaves, lest, while we intend to make them obedient, they become abject, and unfit for those great purposes to which they were designed. For my part, I must confess, I could never have any regard for that sect of philosophers who so much insisted upon an absolute indifference and vacancy from all passions; for it seems to me a thing very inconsistent for a man to divest himself of humanity in order to acquire tranquillity of mind, and to eradicate the very principles of action because it's possible they may produce ill effects.¹

CLASSIFICATIONS.—There are not more differences in men's faces, and the outward lineaments of their bodies, than there are in the makes and tempers of their minds; only there is this difference, that the distinguishing characters of the face, and the

¹ Pope.

lineaments of the body, grow more plain with time, but the peculiar physiognomy of the mind is most discernible in children.¹

Men in their several professed employments, looked at broadly, may be properly arranged under five classes:

1. Persons who see. These, in modern language, are sometimes called sight-seers, that being an occupation coming more and more into vogue every day. Anciently, they used to be called, simply, seers.

2. Persons who talk. These, in modern language, are usually called talkers, or speakers, as in the House of Commons, and elsewhere. They used to be called prophets.

3. Persons who make. These, in modern language, are usually called manufacturers. Anciently, they were called poets.

4. Persons who think. There seems to be no very distinct modern title for this kind of person, anciently called philosophers; nevertheless, we have a few of them among us.

5. Persons who do: in modern language, called practical persons; anciently, believers.²

The ancient moralists distinguished three kinds of life, according as pleasure, action, or contemplation, was looked on as the end of man; they thought that a choice must be made between the three. They all, or nearly all, agreed in placing the life of pleasure in the lowest rank; but they long discussed the question whether the active life or the contemplative were preferable. This discussion is infinite, for every man decides according to his tastes, his temperament, and his habits. Men of action and men of thought contribute, each in his own way, to the common weal—the former sway the present, and the latter prepare the future. The distinction, however, which lies at the base of this discussion, is founded on a true observation of human nature.

¹ Locke.

² Ruskin.

Except the mere sensualist, every man, from the highest to the lowest, is either active or contemplative; every one is a Cæsar or a Plato, as far as his intellect will allow. He who in some obscure village, in some remote land, takes trouble to conduct some small business, is akin to those who govern great states, or who win great battles. He who prefers leisure, who loves to dream and meditate, who aspires to some rude education as his ideal, is akin to great thinkers and great poets. The more closely we study men, the better we see that they may be brought under these two categories. Even where the contrast is not striking, it still exists, and we detect it when we observe more deeply.¹

Practical men admit only those faculties in a man whose effects they can appreciate. They make much of a good stomach, of strong limbs, of the five natural senses, and of that common sort of understanding which, when it is cold on a December evening, conjectures that it will freeze during the night. But as to faculties more refined and elevated in nature, they either despise them, or deny their existence; they have no use for them whatever, and very possibly do not possess them at all.

They consider as foolish the men in whom such faculties are strongly developed and active. A poet, a painter, a religious man, a metaphysician, an algebraist, a literary man, are, to them, strange monsters.

They consider as idle stories all the products of these faculties. A volume of Lamartine, a dialogue of Plato, an academic memoir on inscriptions, a formula of Laplace, a landscape of Poussin, a beautiful passage of historical writing, are to them mere trifles, which may amuse, perhaps, the eccentric, but are quite unworthy, because offering nothing solid to attract the attention of a practical mind. Canals, railroads, steamboats, prices, labor, agricult-

¹ Ribot.

ure, commerce, whatever has value and is salable—these, and these alone, have real worth and importance. . . .

The elevated and impulsive emotions, which act upon our nature and influence in so great a degree our conduct, have no real existence for the practical man; he sees them not, or despises them, and leaves them to women and children. . . .

The only interests he can appreciate are such as are palpable, and can be touched, measured, weighed. He could not comprehend Epicurus, even if he should read him; but he does not read him, for he was a philosopher and an ancient; he doubts even whether such a man ever existed—for who can tell what happened two thousand years ago?

Morality is for him a matter of calculation; and it is by sums of addition and subtraction that he judges in each case of the propriety of a course of conduct. As a practical man is his standard of comparison, it seems to him as if all the world were governed by the spirit of calculation. He neither believes in nor doubts of a Deity; he does not think about the subject at all; it is too refined and abstract for him. And, confined in his own narrow round of ideas, he is positive, confident, unhesitating, and content.

Practical men are entirely persuaded that they govern the world, because they everywhere float on the surface; they make the laws and administer them; they manufacture, and buy, and sell; they are the consumers. But they never seem to be aware that this world, which they suppose is under their direction, is a mighty force, that, in its movement, is sweeping them onward.

The outward and apparent revolutions in society, which are the only ones apparent to them, conform to their ideas, while the movers of them are hidden from their view; and thus they take the mill-wheel for the water that forces it to turn.¹

¹ Jouffroy.

Some men seem to be sent into the world for purposes of action only. Their faculties are all strung up to toil and enterprise; their spirit and their frame are alike redolent of energy. They pause and slumber like other men, but it is only to recruit from actual fatigue; they occasionally want quiet, but only as a refreshment to prepare them for renewed exertion—not as a normal condition to be wished for or enjoyed for itself. They need rest, not *repose*. They investigate and reflect, but only to estimate the best means of attaining their ends, or to measure the value of their undertaking against its cost; they think—they never *meditate*. Their mission, their enjoyment, the object and condition of their existence, is *WORK*. They could not exist here without it; they can not conceive another life as desirable without it. Their amount of vitality is beyond that of ordinary men; they are never to be seen doing nothing; when doing nothing else, they are always sleeping. Happy souls! Happy *men*, at least!

There are others who skim over the surface of life, reflecting just as little as these and not reposing much oftener; whose sensibilities are quick, whose temperaments are cheerful, whose frames are naturally active but not laborious; on whom nature and the external world play as on a stringed instrument, sometimes drawing out sweet sounds, sometimes discordant ones, but whom the inner world seldom troubles with any intimation of its existence; men whom the interests of the day suffice to occupy; the depths of whose souls are never irradiated by gleams or stirred by breezes “from a remoter life.” They, too, are to be envied. The bees and the butterflies are alike happy.

“Happy the many to whom Life displays
Only the flaunting of its Tulip-flower;
Whose minds have never bent to scrutinize
Into the maddening riddle of the Root—
Shell within shell, dream folded over dream.”

There are other spirits whom God has cast in a different mold, or framed of less harmonious substance—men gifted with that contemplative faculty which is a blessing or a curse according as it is linked with a cheerful or a melancholy temperament; according as it is content to busy itself only with derivative and secondary matters, or dives down to the hidden foundation of things; according as it assumes and accepts much, or is driven by its own necessity to question everything; according as it can wander happily and curiously among the flowers and fruit of the Tree of Life, or as it is dangerously impelled to dig about its roots and analyze the soil in which it grows. To such men existence is one long note of interrogation, and the universe a store-house of problems all clamorous for solution. The old fable of the Sphinx is true for them: life is the riddle they have to read, and death, sadness, or the waste of years, is the penalty if they fail to interpret it aright. A few, perhaps, may find the key, and reach “the peace that passeth understanding.” A large number fancy they have found it, and are serene in their fortunate delusion. Others retire from the effort, conscious that they have been baffled in the search, but, partly in weariness, partly in trust, partly in content, acquiescing in their failure. Others, again, and these too often the nobler and the grander souls, reach the verge of their pilgrimage still battling with the dark enigma, and dying less of age or malady than of the profound depression that must be the lot of all who have wasted life in fruitless efforts to discover how it should be spent and how regarded; and which even a sincere belief in the flood of life which lies behind the great black curtain of Death can not quite avail to dissipate.¹

IMPORTANCE OF THE INDIVIDUAL.—The worth of a state, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.²

¹ Greg.

² J. S. Mill.

Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his design; and posterity seems to follow his steps as a train of clients. A man Cæsar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man—as Monachism, of the Hermit Antony; the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called "the height of Rome;" and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons. Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper, in the world which exists for him.¹

The termination of the world in a man appears to be the last victory of intelligence. The universal does not attract us until housed in an individual. Who heeds the waste abyss of possibility? The ocean is everywhere the same, but it has no character until seen with the shore or the ship. Who would value any number of miles of Atlantic brine bounded by lines of latitude and longitude? Confine it by granite rocks, let it wash a shore where wise men dwell, and it is filled with expression; and the point of greatest interest is where the land and water meet. So must we admire in man, the form of the formless, the concentration of the vast, the house of reason, the cave of memory. See the play of thoughts! what nimble, gigantic creatures are these! what saurians, what palaiotheria, shall be named with these agile movers? The great Pan of old, who was clothed in a leopard skin to signify the beautiful variety of things, and the firmament

¹ Emerson.

his coat of stars, was but the representative of thee, O rich and various Man! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain, the geometry of the City of God; in thy heart, the bower of love and the realms of right and wrong. An individual man is a fruit which it cost all the foregoing ages to form and ripen. The history of the genesis or the old mythology repeats itself in the experience of every child. He, too, is a demon or God thrown into a particular chaos, where he strives ever to lead things from disorder into order. Each individual soul is such, in virtue of its being a power to translate the world into some particular language of its own; if not into a picture, a statue, or a dance—why, then, into a trade, an art, a science, a mode of living, a conversation, a character, an influence.¹

In a crowded city you see the multitude of men going to and fro, each on his several errand of business or pleasure; you see the shops, so busy and so full; the ships, so many and of such great cost, going so far and sailing so swift; you are told so many thousand men lodge each night underneath the city roofs, and every morning so many thousand more come here to join the doing and the driving of the town, and depart thence at night. You look at all this manifold doing and driving, the great stream of activity that runs up and down the streets and lanes, and you think how very unimportant, insignificant even, is any one man. Yonder dandy, say you, who has just blossomed out of the tailor's window, a summer tulip transplanted to the sidewalk, might drop through and never be missed; so might that little shrinking maiden, sober as a violet, going to her work in a milliner's or a bookbinder's shop. Who would ever miss these two grains of dust if they got blown off? You think of the conventions to make constitutions, of the general assemblies,

of the million of men who compose Massachusetts, then of the courts and congresses and laws of this nation—its three and twenty millions of men—and how insignificant appears the little village we stand in. You think of the whole world of nations, with its fleets, armies, cities, towns, the enormous amount of property which belongs to the world—for mankind is a rich old fellow; you think of all the laws and constitutions, democratically writ on parchment, or else despotically incarnated in a Nicholas or a grand Turk; you think of the ten hundred millions of men on the earth—and what is America, the individual nation? It is one drop in the pitcher; it might drop out, and nobody would miss it. What is Boston, an individual town? It might eave in to-morrow, and the world care nothing for the loss—only one farthing gone out of the inexhaustible riches of the human race. What am I, say you, an individual man? I might die outright, and what odds would it make to the world? Of what consequence is it to mankind that I am faithful or not? whether I sell brandy or bread? whether I kidnap men or make honest neat's leather into honest shoes? I am one hundred and fifty thousandth part of Boston, one twenty-three millionth part of America, one thousand millionth part of the whole human race—what a contemptible vulgar fraction of humanity is that, at its best estate! If all the world of men were brought together, who would miss me when the poll of the human race was taken? I shall never much influence the general product of mankind, let God add, or subtract, or multiply, or divide me as he sees fit. What a ridiculous figure am I! I have a few faculties: a little wit, a little justice, a small amount of benevolence, reaching to my next neighbor, and a little beyond; a modicum of trust in God. What are these amongst so many? Let me give up. Man has no need of this one thou-

sand millionth part of the family, and God will never miss me. The individual is nothing in this vast sum of forces, social, ecclesiastical, political, and human.

It does seem so at first. The individual man seems of very small consequence; and so a man loses himself in a great city, cares little for his own individuality, and is content to be a fraction of the mass; so much of the Whig party, so much of the Democratic party, so much of some other party; a little fraction of America, and a little vulgar fraction of the human race.

When you come home and look into the cradle, or on her who sits at its side; when you meet your gray-haired father, or your mother venerable and old; when you take brother and sister by the hand, or put your arm about one best beloved, then all this is changed, and the individual seems of importance, and the greatest mass only the tool thereof. "What a nice world it is!" says young Romeo to younger Juliet, as he gives her the first evening primrose of the summer. "The world was made for you and me," sweetly coo they to one another, "on purpose to produce this very primrose." To each Lorenzo, what is all the crowd of Venice, what are its palaces and works of art, its laws, or its commercial hand that reached through the world, compared with his single individual Jessica? To him they seem but servants to attend her. Even the moonlight which "sleeps upon the bank," and the "heaven thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," seem only designed by Heaven to serve and comfort her. "The golden atoms of the day" are only powders to enrich her hair.

When you study the action and the final result of this doing and driving in a great, busy town like Boston—the shops so many and so full, the ships so costly, going so far and so fast—

of the thousands that lodge under the roof-tree of the town, and the thousands more that do business in its streets; when you think of the laws, the social and political machinery, and all the riches of this wealthy world, you see that the ultimate function of it all is to produce an individual man, and to serve him. For this do men build the sovereigns of the seas and the kings of the clippers—enormous ships, nobody comprehends how big. Such is the end of all this wonderful apparatus, the institutions and customs of the community, the constitutions and laws of the state, the dogmas and rituals of the church. For this men build great halls to regale matron and man and maid with music; for this swells up the great dome of St. Peter's, or Strasburg Cathedral lifts its finger-tower clear up into the sky. All is to report its progress, and the final result, at the fireside and the cradle, and it is valuable or worthless just as it tells in the consciousness and the character of the individual man. Even young Mr. Tulip, the dandy, is of more consequence than all the gaudy garments he has bought at his tailor's; and modest Miss Violet is worth more than the velvets of Genoa and Lyons, all the laces ever made at Mechlin, Brussels, and Louvain. They are her tools to serve her; she is not for them. Omnipotence works for every man, age out and age in, century after century. Mr. Erskine said the highest function of the English Parliament was to put twelve honest men in a jury-box. He might have brought it to the smallest point, and said the highest function of the English Parliament, and every other legislative and executive body, is to make John and Jane the best man and woman it is possible for them to be.¹

THE CYCLE OF MAN.—The record of life runs thus: Man creeps into childhood; bounds into youth; sobers into manhood; softens into age; totters into second childhood, and slum-

¹ Parker.

bers into the cradle prepared for him, thence to be watched and cared for.¹

The body of man is a fragile, ever-renewed cover, which at last can no longer be renewed. But his spirit works on earth only in and with the body. We think ourselves self-existing, and yet are dependent on everything in nature. Entwined in a chain of wonderful things, we must follow the laws of their succession, which are no other than beginning, existing, and ending. A loose thread binds the race of men, which breaks every moment, to be again renewed. The old man, with his wisdom, disappears in the grave, that his successor may begin as a child, may destroy, perhaps, like a fool, the works of his predecessor, and leave to one who comes after him the same useless labor, with which he, too, consumes his life. Thus days are bound to each other; thus races and kingdoms are bound to each other. The sun sets, that night may come, and men may again rejoice over a new dawn.²

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,

¹ Henry Giles.

² Herder.

With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances.
 And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
*Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.*¹

We have a brief description of seven stages of life by a remarkably good observer. It is very presumptuous to attempt to add to it, yet I have been struck with the fact that life admits of a natural analysis into no less than fifteen distinct periods. Taking the five primary divisions—infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, old age—each of these has its own three periods of immaturity, complete development, and decline. I recognize an *old* baby at once—with its “pipe and mug” (a stick of candy and a porringer)—so does everybody; and an old child shedding its milk-teeth is only a little prototype of the old man shedding his permanent ones. Fifty or thereabouts is only the childhood, as it were, of old age; the gray-beard youngster must be weaned from his late suppers now. So you will see that you have to make fifteen stages, at any rate, and that it would not be hard to make twenty-five—five primary, each with five secondary divisions.

The infancy and childhood of commencing old age have the same ingenuous simplicity and delightful unconsciousness about them as the first stage of the earlier periods of life shows. The great delusion of mankind is in supposing that to be individual

¹ Shakespeare.

and exceptional which is universal and according to law. A person is always startled when he hears himself seriously called an old man for the first time.

Nature gets us out of youth into manhood, as sailors are hurried on board of vessels in a state of intoxication. We are hustled into maturity reeling with our passions and imaginations, and we have drifted far away from port before we awake out of our illusions. But to carry us out of maturity into old age, without our knowing where we are going, she drugs us with strong opiates, and so we stagger along with wide open eyes that see nothing until snow enough has fallen on our heads to rouse our comatose brains out of their stupid trances.¹

Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body, and, forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission appears. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed to pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanquished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious Mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are leveled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the Earliest Van. But

¹ Holmes.

whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God to God.¹

*"We are such stuff
As Dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!"*

¹Carlyle.



HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER III.

MAN IN ACTION.

The devil never tempted a man whom he found judiciously employed.—SPURGEON.

IN life," as the great Pascal observes, "we always believe that we are seeking repose, while, in reality, all that we ever seek is agitation." It is ever the contest that pleases us, and not the victory. Thus it is in play; thus it is in hunting; thus it is in the search of truth; thus it is in life. The past does not interest, the present does not satisfy, the future alone is the object which engages us. . . . The man who first declared that he was not a *σοφός*, or possessor, but a *φιλόσοφος*, or seeker of truth, at once enounced the true end of human speculation, and embodied it in a significant name. Under the same conviction, Plato defines man "the hunter of truth;" for science is a chase, and in a chase the pursuit is always of greater value than the game. "The intellect," says Aristotle, in one passage, "is perfected, not by knowledge, but by activity;" and in another, "The arts and sciences are powers, but every power exists only for the sake of action; the end of philosophy, therefore, is not knowledge, but the energy conversant about knowledge." The profoundest thinkers of modern times have emphatically testified to the same great principle. "If," says Malebranche, "I held truth captive in my hand, I should open my hand and let it fly, in order that I might again pursue and capture it." "Did the Almighty,"

says Lessing, "holding in his right hand *Truth*, and in his left hand *Search after Truth*, deign to tender me the one I might prefer—in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request *Search after Truth*."¹

Day by day the sun arises, the darkness of night goes, and then "man goeth forth to his work, and to his labor, until the evening." As sure as the blank daylight struggles through wintry clouds and rain, and even before it comes; as sure as the morning sunshine of summer brightens green fields and green trees, man, in town and country, willingly or unwillingly, cheerfully or despondingly, takes to his work—hand-work or head-work—and, with less or more of intermission, toils on till the evening bids him cease. This has been well called the work-day world. It has, indeed, its blinks of leisure and recreation—though most men, to retain the healthy spring of body and mind, ought to have a great deal more of these; and there is one blessed day—the inestimable gift of perfect understanding of us and thorough sympathy with us—on which common labors cease, and which can not be too carefully kept free from the intrusion of work-day thoughts and cares. Yet, in the main, you may read in the Psalmist's words, "the story of our lives from year to year."²

GIFTS.—You open the king's casket, and you see jewels of all sizes, shapes, and colors. The king says to the sultan, who has come to visit him: "That is a topaz! That is an amethyst! That is a pearl! That is a koh-i-noor!" So God's jewels are very different—different in history, different in taste, different in education, different in preference. Do not worry because God made you different from others. Do not worry because you don't have the faith of that man, or the praying qualities of this, or the singing qualities of another. It were as unwise as for a

¹ Sir William Hamilton.

² Country Parson.

cornelian to blush deeper because it is not a diamond, or a japonica to fret all the color out of its cheek because it is not a rose. God intended you to be different.¹

Differences are from God; He made us to differ, and he appointed this difference for wise ends. I sometimes think that the wisest axiom in the world, the saying that goes further than any other toward explaining the universe, is that popular proverb: "It takes all sorts of people to make a world." This proverb expresses the wonderful fullness and richness of the world, its thousandfold varieties, all working together in one grand harmony of adaptations. Attractions and repulsions, loves and hates, co-operations and competitions, rivalry and oppositions on the one side, partnerships and associations on the other, all result at last in an orb and beautiful whole. If any of us had made the world, what a very stupid one it would probably have been! Utilitarians would have excluded poets and artists; poets would have shut out utilitarians; conservatives would banish reformers, and reformers would exclude conservatives. The orthodox dogmatists would have prevented all heretics from making their appearance, and *vice versa*. But God lets them all come in, and, in His hospitable world, provides room and place for all. The poor Bushman, the Hottentot, the wild Australian, the idolatrous and heathen multitudes who worship Boodh, or who bow to a Fetish—He lets them all in, just as He admits spider and snake, hippopotamus and rhinoceros, tiger and monkey. So, in our society, He gives room for the conceited pedant, the foolish fop, the shallow prattler, the buffoon, the bully, the blackleg, the border ruffian, the repudiator, the empty-headed communist, and the political wire-puller. It takes them all to make God's world; and all have their uses, however we might wish, in our haste, to exclude them. "For God hath chosen the

¹ Talmage.

foolish things of the world to confound the mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought the things which are."

Let us, also, firmly believe that each of us has His gift. Let us not imagine that we are disinherited by our heavenly Father—any one of us. Let us be ourselves, as God has made us; then we shall be something good and useful.

One star differs from another star in glory, but every star contributes to the splendor of the winter's night. The man who has one talent must not bury it in the earth; the man who is called at the eleventh hour is equal in fidelity, if he works that one hour, to those who have labored all the day.¹

Genius appears in as many diverse forms as there are human occupations and interests. Some have a genius for war, and are great fighters—the Alexanders, Hannibals, Cæsars, Attilas, Fredericks, Napoleons, and the rest of the masters in this dreadful art to kill. It was once the most honored of all; it is far too much honored to-day. Others have genius for practical industry, the creation of use; genius for agriculture, cattle-keeping, mechanic arts, navigation, and commerce. This form of genius has hitherto been but little honored, but is now getting the respect of the most enlightened nations. Some have a genius for art, the creation of beauty—music, painting, sculpture, architecture. These are forms of genius which get honored long before the power of productive industry is much respected, for man adorns himself before he provides for his comfort, tattoos his skin before he weaves a coat to cover it. This class of men, who have a genius for art, are the most honored to-day by the educated portion of mankind, the world round. Then there is another department of genius—for philosophy, physics in its various

¹ James Freeman Clarke.

departments, metaphysics, and theology. There is a progressive veneration for the great philosophers. Once they, like Anaxagoras, fled out of the city, or, like Socrates, were poisoned in it; for as they were the bane of tyrants, so they were the prey of tyrants, all round the world. Others have genius for politics—the application of ideas to human affairs, the organization of masses of men, and the administration of that organization. This is a very high mode of genius, always valued from the earliest days, and never too much. Lastly, there is genius for religion; for piety, to feel and know God; for morality, to know and keep his laws.¹

A man is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no luster as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors. There is no adaptation or universal applicability in man; but each has his special talent; and the mastery of successful men consists in adroitly keeping themselves where and when *that* turn shall need oftenest to be practiced.²

Whatever nature intended you for, that be, if only a counter or tail-piece. Never desert your true sphere, your own line of talent. If Providence qualified you only to write couplets for sugar-horns, or to scribble editorials for the Bunkumville Spread-Eagle, stick to the couplets or the editorials; a good couplet for a sugar-horn is more respectable than a villainous epic poem in twelve books.³

Play boldly your game with few or many counters, according to your company and skill. Some have one, some two, others three or more; to one here and there are given the whole seven, with the ability to play with them as becomes the gifted and great. But you may not expect to match beyond the number challenged. The mind is a casket containing the seven counters,

¹ Parker.

² Emerson.

³ Mathews.

corresponding to your talents, and you play a round game only with him who has as many at command as yourself. The multitude play with three, for the most part no more than four, knowing not nor suspecting the full complement hidden in the casket slides, and theirs for the finding.

"God's greatest gift is common sense."¹

CALLINGS.—The crowning fortune of a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit, which finds him in employment and happiness.²

I can not repeat too often that no man struggles perpetually and victoriously against his own character; and one of the first principles of success in life is so to regulate our career as rather to turn our physical constitution and natural inclination to good account, than to endeavor to counteract the one or oppose the other.³

If there is any fact demonstrated by experience, it is that no man can succeed in a calling for which Providence did not intend him. Of course, it is easy to exaggerate this doctrine. There are some men who, though they succeed best in a particular sphere, yet have a marvelous flexibility, versatility, and power of adaptation, which enables them to thrive in almost any pursuit they may choose. It has been even said that "the most unhandy person is a sort of Robinson Crusoe; plant him in a desolate island, and he would sprout a twenty-bladed penknife." But, in spite of exceptional cases, it may be affirmed that there is a work to which each person is fitted, to which he is called by his talents and endowments. As Emerson says: "He is like a ship in a river: he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea."⁴

¹ Alcott.

² Emerson.

³ Bulwer.

⁴ Mathews.

Every one has his special gift and calling predetermined by descent and temperament, subject, of course, to slight modification by choice or training, and intimating for what he is specially fitted. Only mediocrity can follow his attempt to attain success in other lines of effort. If estimating wisely his cast of gifts, he may perceive that mediocrity is his destiny, and so spare himself the mortification of failure in attempting what he is not fitted by birth and temperament to achieve. Necessity may balk the following his destined employment, and life be wasted in the effort to live. Education may work wonders as well in warping the genius of individuals as in seconding it, and civilization degrade the many to exalt the few. But the sense of degradation is strong in noble natures, and asserts itself with an emphasis unmistakable. It behooves communities to furnish suitable employment for all its members, or else recreation and amusement. Man must have some recognized stake in society and affairs to knit him lovingly to his kind, or he is wont to revenge himself for wrongs, real or imagined. "'Tis a sure omen of the revolutionary spirit when the people have been driven by hereditary injustice or neglect to study the fundamental principles of society, and to bring the artificial institutions of antiquity to the rigorous ordeal of common sense and unsophisticated and injured hearts."¹

The choice of a profession or occupation is a hard one to handle practically or speculatively. So many are forced into work, and take that nearest at hand; so many drift into an occupation because the time has come; so many are set to work too early for choice, that few seem left who can make a careful selection. It is a sad thing that any should be defrauded of this natural prerogative. It may be quite right to train a boy to a calling, but never to the exclusion of his personal choice; if for the

¹ Alcott.

ministry, and he deliberately prefers to become a machinist, or a farmer, or an editor, it must be suffered. A call, or calling, is a divine thing, and must be obeyed. Pitt was trained from his earliest years for the great place he filled, but for the most part great men have chosen for themselves. But one should settle the matter only after very thorough consideration. Dr. Bushnell once said to a young man who was consulting him on this point, "Grasp the handle of your being"—a most significant and profound piece of advice. There is in every one a taste or fitness that is as a handle to the faculties; if one gets hold of it, he can work the entire machinery of his being to the best advantage. Before committing one's self to a pursuit, one should make a very thorough exploration of himself, and get down to the core of his being. The fabric of one's life should rest upon the central and abiding qualities of one's nature—else it will not stand. Hence a choice should be based on what is within rather than be drawn from without. Choose your employment because you like it, and not because it has some external promise. The "good opening" is in the man—not in circumstances. An ill-adaptation will nullify any good promise, while aptitude creates success. All true life and success are from within. God so made the world and things in it—"seed within itself" is the eternal law. I do not mean that every boy has an inborn taste for some specific work—type-setting, or blacksmithing, or editing.

Aptitudes are generic; if one follows his general taste, he will probably succeed in several kindred pursuits. While we can not well go contrary to nature, there is a certain play and oscillation of our faculties—as of the planets that yet keep to the appointed journey. The mechanical eye covers a large variety of employments. A spirit of ministration is fundamental to at

least two of the great professions. One of an intensely reflective disposition should not make existence a long battle by binding himself to a life of external activity; and many a man pines and shrivels in the study who would exult in a life upon the soil. But having got into some occupation or line of pursuit that is fairly congenial, running in the direction of your inmost taste and aptitude, hold fast to it. If it is altogether distasteful after fair trial, throw it aside, and start again. No one can row against the stream all his life and make a success of it. It is fundamental that there should be in the main accord between the man and his work. I do not mean that one is absolutely to do the same thing—shove the plane, beat the anvil, tend the loom, measure land, sell goods—to the end, but that he should continue in the same general department, thus utilizing previous aptness and experience. The work first undertaken may be too restricting; one should be always looking for its higher forms. One may climb by a steady purpose as well as by a persistent iteration of the same thing, but it must be in a related field of effort. Successful life is commonly of one piece; and it comes of intelligent purpose—never by chance.¹

It is a true and wise saying, one that throws more light on the principle that should guide us than any other I know—"Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities." What a lad sighs to be, and strives toward, shows for what he is fittest. The liking is prompted by instinctive aptitude, and goes far toward securing success. Ferguson's wooden clock; Davy's laboratory at Penzance; Faraday's electric machine, made with a bottle; Brown of Haddington's working at Greek while a shepherd; John Leyden's turning the country church into a secret study, were hints of the future men. First love is commonly last love, as well, in pursuits, as in all things.²

Heard are the Voices,
 Heard are the Sages,
 The Worlds and the Ages:
 "Choose well, your choice is
 Brief and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you,
 In Eternity's stillness:
 Here is all fullness,
 Ye brave, to reward you;
 Work, and despair not."¹

MISDIRECTION.—Many a failure in life may be traced directly to the arbitrary choice of a career, by others, for a young man. To suit a parent or guardian's fancies, perhaps kind, perhaps willful and stupid, many are sacrificed to pursuits for which they have no taste. In an ungenial occupation, life is spent in attempts at change, or in dispirited pining. How many abandon the employment on which the precious years of youth have been wasted, before finally fixing their course in life! To have to plow down spring crops, and sow again for a harvest, is a calamity to be, to the utmost, avoided. It is always hard to know what to do with ourselves in early youth: our inexperience; our indecision; our very position, leaving us often ill able to take the best course. . . . D'Israeli's epigram has too much truth in it, that "Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret;" and from no cause more frequently than a wrong start.²

One man, perhaps, proves miserable in the study of the law, who might have flourished in that of physic or divinity; another runs his head against the pulpit, who might have been serviceable to his country at the plow; and a third proves a very dull and heavy philosopher, who possibly would have made a good

¹ Goethe.² Geikie.

mechanic, and have done well enough at the useful philosophy of the spade or anvil.¹

Young persons are exceedingly apt to overrate their abilities or to mistake their quality; and you will, perhaps, cite the scores of prosaic youths who annually come to town, with their carpet-bags bursting with romances or epics in twenty-four books, or will, perhaps, ask, Did not Liston imagine that he was born to play "Macbeth?" and did not Douglas Jerrold project a treatise on natural philosophy? Did not David, the painter, fancy he was cut out for a diplomatist? Did not Jonquil, who painted flowers and fruits so exquisitely, begin with enormous cartoons? And where is the Jones who has spouted in a debating club that does not imagine himself an embryo Clay, destined to electrify the United States Senate by his tremendous outbursts against some future Jackson or Van Buren? Doubtless mistakes are made, even more egregious than these; yet, after all deductions, the general truth remains that men are designed for particular callings, and that it is unwise to neglect those callings for others. Some boys are fitted for mechanical pursuits, others just as evidently for commercial. Scholastic pursuits disgust some, who yawn over every book in spite of the pedagogue's frown, while others, having no taste for farming, or trading, or mechanical labor, are all alive when bending over a volume of history, or following pious Æneas in his wanderings, or watching the revelations of the microscope. Even where nature's indications are obscure, it is not safe to neglect them. The proclivities of the mind may be none the less strong, though latent, and it is the parent's duty to watch long and patiently till he is certain what they are.²

It is a matter of great importance to find what our proper gift is. — A man who might be extremely useful in one situation goes

¹ South.² Mathews.

into a place and work he has no talent for, and so loses his labor, and his life is of no profit. He has mistaken his calling, we say. That word "calling" indicates the old religious feeling about occupation; it expresses that we should do that work which we are called to do, not the work we choose ourselves. Well would it be for young men entering life to fall back on this old idea. Now a young man selects the business which he thinks will give him the best chance of making a fortune, of getting a good position in society, of leading an easy and comfortable life. He does not ask: "To what business am I called? For what has God given me capacity? In what can I be the most useful to the world and do the most good? What occupation suits my special gift and power?" But, not asking such questions, he not only throws away usefulness, but happiness with it.

Let every one be himself, and not try to be some one else. God, who looked on the world He had made, and said it was all good, made each of us to be just what our own gifts and faculties fit us to be. Be that, and do that, and so be contented. Reverence, also, each other's gifts; do not quarrel with me because I am not you, and I will do the same. God made your brother as well as yourself. He made you, perhaps, to be bright; he made him slow; he made you practical; he made him speculative; he made one strong and another weak, one tough another tender; but the same good God made us all. Let us not torment each other because we are not all alike, but believe that God knew best what he was doing in making us so different. So will the best harmony come out of seeming discords, the best affection out of differences, the best life out of struggle, and the best work will be done when each does his own work, and lets every one else do and be what God made him for.¹

If you desire to represent the various parts in life by holes

¹ James Freeman Clarke.

in a table of different shapes—some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong—and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, while the square person has squeezed himself into the round hole.¹

THE MERCHANT.—The infatuation which induces parents to convert their sons into "clerks," in which capacity wearisome poverty must always be their lot; the delusion that sitting on a stool and adding up columns of figures is more honorable work than "pushing" a large business or carrying on a respectable trade, or than the higher forms of manual labor, must always remain inexplicable. We have met with a very vivid sketch of the ordinary life of a banker's clerk, and have every reason to believe in its accuracy. It does not represent the position as one of epicurean ease or divine independence. He is born, says the writer, to a high stool. He is taught vulgar fractions, patience and morals, in a suburban academy. At fourteen he shoulders the office quill or "Gillott's Commercial." He copies letters from morning till night, receiving no salary; but he is to be remembered at Christmas. He is out in all weathers; and at twenty is, or is required to be, thoroughly impervious to rain, snow and sunshine. At last he gets forty pounds per annum. He walks five miles to business and five miles home. He never stirs out without his umbrella. He never exceeds twenty minutes for his dinner. He runs about all day with a big chain round his waist and a gouty bill-book in his breast-pocket. He marries, and asks for an increase of salary. He is told "the house can do without him." He reviews every day a large array of ledgers, and has to "write up" the customers' books before he leaves. He reaches home at nine o'clock, and falls asleep over

¹ Sydney Smith.

the yesterday's paper, borrowed from the public-house. He reaches eighty pounds a year. He fancies his fortune is made; but small boots and shoes and large school-bills stop him on the highroad to independence, and bring him no nearer to Leviathan Rothschild. He tries to get "evening employment," but his eyes fail him. He grows old, and learns that the firm never pensions. One morning his stool is found to be unoccupied, and a subscription is raised amongst his old companions to pay the expenses of his funeral.¹

The slow, plodding, illiterate, chicken-hearted merchant has had his day. The man who would be rich, and attain to eminence in his calling, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, must discard the old-fashioned methods of getting on in the world, and be abreast with the times. A new epoch has been inaugurated, and all things are in a state of metamorphosis and revolution. Around us, on every side, the new is crowding aside the old, and "improvement" is the watchword of the day. Machinery deemed the perfection of ingenuity is transformed into old iron by new inventions; the new ship dashes scornfully by the naval prodigy of last year, and the steamer laughs at them both. The railroad engine, as it rushes by the crumbling banks of the canal, once regarded as a marvel, screams out its mockery at the barge rotting piecemeal. The cable of the electric telegraph reaches from continent to continent, and men's thoughts speed their lightning-like course below the monsters of the deep, and through realms where neither light nor sound has ever penetrated. Commerce has been leavened with the influences which have marked these mighty changes, and from a limited and easily comprehended has become a complicated and vast affair. It is no longer a mere dollar-and-cent traffic, requiring no apprenticeship; but a matter tasking the mind

¹ W. H. Adams.

to the utmost, to be mastered only by the highest sagacity, and after the profoundest study of facts, circumstances, and prospects.

The growth of society, acting on the interests of trade, exacts from the merchant the broadest and severest culture. No judge or juror in civil or criminal case ever had to unravel testimony, to sift and weigh conflicting statements, more carefully than a great merchant has now to balance probabilities, and decide what and when it is best to buy and sell. Only the sharpest sagacity, the most far-reaching penetration, and the soundest judgment, will now enable one to discriminate between profitable and ruinous schemes of investment. A hundred things now affect the price of wheat, tobacco, sugar, cotton, wool, that once had no influence on their value. Within a few years articles are unknown, or deemed worthless, such as petroleum, ice, guano, etc., have created a new trade; and who can tell how far the list may yet be extended?

The day has gone by when mere sagacity, dexterity and tact would qualify a man to be a first-rate merchant. A knowledge of geography, political economy, the manners and customs of foreign countries, and a hundred other things, is indispensable; and heaven-born genius in turned-down collars is at a discount. The times demand men of large, liberal, energetic souls; and the man who insists upon doing business in the old-fashioned, jog-trot, humdrum way, is as much out of place as he who insists on traveling with an ox-team instead of by railway, or upon getting news by the old stage-coach instead of by the lightning telegraph. Under these circumstances, who can wonder that so many men who plunge into business without talents, training or knowledge, fail to get on.¹

I think it is rare to find very bad men among thorough busi-

¹ Mathews.

ness men. I do not mean to say that a good business man is necessarily religious, or even necessarily without vices. I mean, simply, that it is difficult to be strictly honest in business, and sensitive in all matters pertaining to business engagements, and thoroughly punctual in the fulfillment of all business obligations, and at the same time to be loose in morals and dissipated in personal habits. I have great respect for those rigid laws of the counting-room which regulate the dealings between man and man, and which make the counting-room as exact in all matters of time and exchange as a banking-house; which ignore friendship, affection, and all personal considerations whatsoever; which place neighbors and brothers on the same platform with enemies and aliens, and which make an autocrat of an accountant, who is, at the same time, strictly an obedient subject of his own laws. I say it is hard for a man to enter as a perfectly harmonious element into this grand system of business, and submit himself to its rigid rules, and maintain his position in it with perfect integrity and, at the same time, be a very bad man. To a certain extent he bows to and obeys a high standard of life. He may not always recognize fully the moral element which it embodies. He may take a selfish view of the whole matter, but he can not be entirely insensible to the principle of personal honor which it involves, or fail to be influenced by the personal habits which it enforces. Some of the best business men I have ever known have been the most charitable men I have ever known. Men who have acquired wealth by rigid adherence to business integrity, and who have sometimes been deemed harsh and hard by those with whom they have had business relations, have shown a liberality and a generosity toward objects of charity which have placed them among the world's benefactors. Men who have exacted the last fraction of a cent with one hand,

in the way of business, have disbursed thousands of dollars with the other, in the way of charity.¹

THE LAWYER.—Mr. Jones has recently commenced the practice of a profession of which I possess no intimate knowledge. I know, generally, that it is a respectable profession, which requires in those who successfully pursue it the best style of intellectual power, thorough industry, and a vast amount of special learning. I know that it is a profession which, in times of peace, attracts to itself the most ambitious young men, because it affords the best opportunities for rising to positions of influence and power. I know, also, that while it is prostituted to the basest uses—as any profession may be—it fills a want in the establishment of justice between man and man, and occupies a legitimate and an important place in society. I can very honestly congratulate him on his connection with his profession and his prospects in it. Will he kindly read what an outsider has to say of its dangers and duties?

The principal—perhaps the only—dangers which lie in his way relate to his personal character. I regard him as a Christian young man, and I find him in a profession which necessarily brings him into contact with the meanest and the vilest elements in the community. Almost every day of his life he finds himself in communication with men whose motives are vile and whose characters are base. He is obliged to associate with them. He not unfrequently finds his interests and sympathies engaged in their behalf. Almost the whole education of the court-room—to say nothing of the office—is an education in the ways of sin. It is there that murder and robbery, and adultery and swindling, and cruelty, and all the forms of crime and vice, are exposed to their minutest details, and, as a lawyer, he is necessarily absorbed by these details. There is not a form of vice with which he is

¹ Dr. Holland.

not bound to become familiar. All the meanness and all the rottenness of human nature and human character, and all the modes of their exhibition, must come into contact with him and leave their mark. How this can be done without the blunting of his sensibilities, I do not know. How this can be done without damaging, if not destroying, his moral sense, is beyond my comprehension. I have heard very good lawyers talk about the most shocking cases in a shockingly professional way, and witnessed their amusement with the details of some beastly case that had found its way into the court-room. I should be very sorry to think that our young lawyer could ever acquire such moral indifference, yet I know that he may, and believe that he will, if he does not guard himself particularly against it.

It seems to me quite impossible that a man should have a professional interest in the details of a case of crime without losing something of the moral repugnance with which the case would naturally inspire him. I suppose that this loss of moral sensibility may not necessarily be accompanied by actual depravity. Yet it is, nevertheless, an evil, for it destroys one of the barriers to depravity. Any influence which familiarizes the mind with sin and crime to such an extent that sin and crime cease to fill the soul with horror or disgust, is much to be deprecated. If he had a young son or a young daughter, he would regard any event which would bring their minds into familiarity with crime as a calamity. It would probably be a greater calamity to them than to him, but why it should be different in kind, I can not tell. I think he has only to look around him, among his own profession, to find men who have received incurable damage through their professional intimacy with sin. He must know numbers of lawyers who take an interest which is anything but professional

in the details of a case of shame that ought to fill them with an abhorrence so deep that they would gladly fly from it.

Again, constant familiarity with the weak and the erring side of human nature destroys respect for human nature itself. The more Mr. Jones learns of the members of the legal profession, the more he will learn that great numbers of them have ceased to respect human nature. This seems to me to be one of the greatest calamities that can befall any man. I do not wonder at this effect at all. There is no class of people in the world that see so great cause to hold human nature in contempt as the legal. They come into contact with men whom the world calls honorable and good, and find in them such traits of meanness, and such hypocrisy and dishonor, and such readiness to be crippled under temptation, and such untruthfulness under the pressure of self-interest, that they naturally enough conclude that one man is about as bad as another, and that no man is to be relied upon where his appetites or his selfish interests are concerned. I say that I do not wonder at this, but it is much to be deprecated; and I know of no way to avoid it, except by free association with good men and innocent women and children. When a man has lost his respect for human nature, he has lost, necessarily, his respect for himself; for, whether he wills it or not, he goes with his kind.

But there is another danger still which will assail him, more subtle and more damaging than professional interest in crime, or professional intimacy with the worst side of human nature, and this is professional interest in criminals themselves. I am sorry to say it, but he will find himself the professional defender of men whom he knows to be the foes of society—of thieves, pickpockets, gamblers, murderers, seducers, swindlers. He will find himself either lying or tempted to lie, in order to shield from

justice men whom he knows ought to be punished. He will find himself arrayed against law and order, against the peace of the commonwealth, against the purity of society, against morals and religion, in the defense of a man whom he knows to be guilty of the crime charged against him, and deserving of the punishment attached to it by the laws of the land. I say "he," because I suppose he will naturally follow in the track of the principal members of his profession. Every criminal is defended to the utmost by men who are zealous in their attempt to prove him innocent, and to shield him from punishment. Great professional reputations are sometimes acquired by saving from the gallows a man whom everybody is morally certain ought to be hanged. A triumph of crime like this is quoted admiringly by the profession, and regarded with complacent triumph by the professional victor. I have heard men talk by the hour to prove that to be true which they and everybody else knew, in all moral certainty, to be false, and to demonstrate the innocence of a man whom they knew to be guilty. Indeed, this mode of proceeding has become a part of the machinery of the law, and is recognized as entirely legitimate. We hear, occasionally, of cases so bad that the counsel engaged in the defense throw them up in disgust; but these are very rare, and I doubt whether such a surrender is regarded as a fair thing by the profession.

Now, I ask him, before professional usage has had time to warp his common sense, what must be the effect upon the mind of an advocate of throwing the entire sum of his personal power into the defense of a man who, he has good reason to believe, is a foe to law and order, and justly deserving of punishment for a breach of both? What must be the effect of identifying his own personal and professional reputation with the success of a criminal, in his attempt to shield himself from justice? What

must be the effect upon his mind of a triumph over the law for himself, and for him who has trampled it under his feet? I know that there is specious style of argument in use in his profession which takes the decision of a case out of the hands of a criminal's professional defender, and gives it to the jury before which he is to be tried. The lawyers will say that an advocate has no right to decide on the guilt of a man on trial—that his work is to defend; and that twelve men, whose business under the law it is, will make the decision. This is strictly professional talk—the talk of men who make a distinction between law and justice—the talk of men who stand by that which is simply legal, and let justice and right take care of themselves. These men would say that if they were engaged in the defense of a person who they were morally certain was guilty of the crime charged upon him, they would not be excusable did they not do what they could to save him; by a resort to every legal trick and quibble of which they might be the masters. This is precisely what they do. They personally rejoice in the defeat of justice. Whenever justice is defeated, and right denied or destroyed, in "a court of justice," there is always present one lawyer to rejoice personally over the fact—a lawyer whose sympathies and success are identified with the triumph of the wrong-doer.

I remember, when a lad, witnessing an interview between a couple of young lawyers—each of whom has come to great personal and political honor since then—which, to my unsophisticated moral sense, was quite shocking. One had been attending a term of court in an adjoining county, for the management of an important case in which both were interested. The returning lawyer greeted his associate with a triumphant flourish of his riding stick, and exclaimed: "We've beaten them! we've

beaten them!" Thereupon they gleefully talked the matter over. It seemed very strange to me that they could rejoice at having "beaten them," without the slightest reference to the matter of justice and right. If the man had been engaged in a personal fight or a horse-race, and had come off the winner, he would have expressed his triumph in the same way, and with just as little reference to the moral aspects and relations of the case. This was a professional triumph, and it did not matter, apparently, whether justice had shared the victory with him or had been vanquished with his opponents in the suit. This professional indifference to justice and to right, acquired by the identification of his own personal success with the safety and success of those whom he knows, or believes, to be criminals, is what I warn our young lawyers against. I tell him that this can not be indulged in without injury to him, and were it not an ungrateful and offensive task, I could refer him to illustrious instances of legal depravity, induced by earnest defense of the wrong. I could point him to eminent lawyers, with whom lying is as easy as breathing—men who do not scruple to misrepresent, misconstrue, prevaricate, cheat, resort to all mean and unworthy subterfuges, suppress, make use of all available means to carry a point against law and good society and pure morals, in favor of ruffians who deserve nothing better than the halter or the prison. A lawyer has only to do this thing to a sufficient extent, with sufficient earnestness, to lose both his sense of and respect for the right, and to become morally worthless. . . .

The fact that the money of thieves and scoundrels will buy the best legal service to be had, is notorious, and it is but a short time ago that it appeared in evidence, in a court of justice, that a certain crime was committed by a man who, calculating his chances for detection, relied upon a certain lawyer to "get him

off." Was that lawyer practically a friend or a foe to society? Had he a right professionally, or in any way, so to conduct himself as to encourage the commission of crime?

But I leave this point for one closely related to it. The whole tendency of the legal profession, as it seems to me, is a substitution of a human for a divine rule of action. I think that a lawyer naturally comes to view every action and every man from a legal standpoint. All his practical dealings with men are on a legal basis. If there be a hole in the law, large enough to let through his criminal client, the lawyer will pull him through. A flaw in an indictment will spoil a case legally, while morally and rationally it is not touched at all. The lawyer feels justified to do anything that is legal to favor his client or his cause. His conscience has come to identify that which is legal with that which is right. The law of the Lord is perfect; the law of man is imperfect; and the lawyer's constant association with the latter naturally crowds the other out of sight. He measures the actions of men by that prescriptive red tape of his, and the standard of right within his own soul is degraded.¹

Sir Mathew Hale, whenever he was convinced of the injustice of any cause, would engage no more in it than to explain to his client the grounds of that conviction; he abhorred the practice of misreciting evidence, quoting precedents in books falsely or unfairly, so as to deceive ignorant juries or inattentive judges; and he adhered to the same scrupulous sincerity in his pleadings which he observed in the other transactions of life. It was as great a dishonor as a man was capable of, that for a little money he was hired to say otherwise than he thought.²

The law is a science of such vast extent and intricacy, of such severe logic and nice dependencies, that it always tasked the highest minds to reach even its ordinary boundaries. But emi-

¹ Dr. Holland.

² Whately.

nence in it can never be attained without the most laborious study, united with talents of a superior order. There is no royal road to guide us through its labyrinths. These are to be penetrated by skill, and mastered by a frequent survey of landmarks. It has almost passed into a proverb that the lucubrations of twenty years will do little more than conduct us to the vestibule of the temple; and an equal period may well be devoted to exploring the recesses.¹

THE POLITICIAN.—Every thorough politician in the world—every man in whom love of party is stronger than love of country—every man in whom the love of power is the predominant motive—is a possible traitor. It matters not what party he may belong to. I make the proposition broad enough to embrace all parties, and believe in it, as I believe in any fundamental truth of the universe. A politician is a man who looks at all public affairs from a selfish standpoint. He loves power and office, and all that power and office bring of cash and consideration. Public measures are all tried by the standard of party interest. A measure which threatens to take away his power, or to reduce his personal or party influence, is always opposed. A measure which promises to strengthen his power or that of the party to which he is attached, is always favored. The good of his country is a matter of secondary consideration. His venality and untruthfulness are as calculable, under given circumstances, as if he were Satan himself. I know of no person so reliably unconscientious as the thorough politician, and there is no politician of any stripe that I would trust with the smallest public interest if I could not see that his selfishness harmonized with the requirements of the service. Therefore, I say that every politician is a possible traitor. There is not a man in America who loves his party better than his country, or who permits party

¹ Joseph Story.

motives to control him in the discharge of his duties as a citizen, who would not betray his country at the call of his party. . . .

Theoretically, we are a self-governing nation; practically, we are governed by designing politicians. Theoretically, the people select their own candidates for office, and elect them; practically, every candidate for office is selected by the politicians, the candidate himself being of the number, and the people are only used for voting, and for confirming the decrees of their political leaders. For fifty years this country has not been governed in the interest of patriotism, or been governed by the people. For fifty years patriotism has not ruled in Washington, or in any of the political centers of the nation. Occasionally, a true patriot has been placed in power, but it has always been a matter of accident. Occasionally, a patriot has been "available" for carrying out the purposes of the politicians, in their strife for power. But often imbecility and rascality have been found "available," and politicians have not failed to take advantage of the fact. Selfish party men have ruled the country, and selfish party men are trying to ruin it. It is beyond dispute that the political leaders of the people of this country have uniformly been men without religion, and without even the pretension of religion. When a political man or a candidate for office has been found to be religious, the fact has been advertised as a remarkable one. Let us look at the great political leaders; then at the lesser ones; then at the whole brood of petty politicians who are their tools and the recipients of their favors. There can not be found in all the country a class of men less regardless of Christian obligations, or more thoroughly the devotees of selfish interest. . . .

How is it with Mr. Jones? I remember the time when he was not only a patriot, but professedly a Christian. I remember

when he first held office; and of the Christian patriotism which actuated him in his first party strife, I never had a doubt. He worked faithfully and well for what he believed to be the right. The selfish crowd with whom he now associates looked upon him with approval, because he helped them; but they regarded him as verdant, and knew with measurable certainty that his generous zeal would soon find rest in calculating selfishness. His term of office expired, and he was in want of office again, and then he found himself in the hands of those who, he had already learned, were unprincipled. They had called upon him for money for party purposes—money which he knew would be spent in an unchristian way, and he had given it to them. He became aware that they had placed a market value on his Christian character, and had calculated on the amount that his patriotic unselfishness would add to their capital. He learned then to scheme with them. He grew unscrupulous in the use of means. He learned to regard politics as a game, and he determined to become a player. It took but a short time for him to become an adept, and when he had conquered the political trade thoroughly, he had become a demoralized man. I do not think him a debauchee, or a thief, or a murderer; but he has lost his sincerity, his moral honesty, his Christian purpose, and his patriotism. I can hardly imagine a character more utterly valueless than his. He has come to measuring everything by a party standard. He looks upon every public question, every matter of policy, and every event, as a party man. He belongs to that hellish brood of political buzzards who can not hear of a battle, or scent a rumor of war, or of peace even, without calculating first what party advantage can be gained from it.¹

If there be a man on earth whose character should be framed of the most sterling honesty, and whose conduct should conform

¹ Dr. Holland.

to the most scrupulous morality, it is the man who administers public affairs. The most romantic notions of integrity are here not extravagant. As, under our institutions, public men will be, upon the whole, fair exponents of the character of their constituents, the plainest way to secure honest public men is to inspire those who make them with a right understanding of what political character ought to be. Young men should be prompted to discriminate between the specious and the real, the artful and the honest, the wise and the cunning, the patriotic and the pretender.¹

THE PHYSICIAN.—There is no profession for which a man can have a heartier liking than for the medical profession. For while it may be said in the rough that the law feeds and fattens upon the vices and passions of humanity, the medical profession pursues a godlike, beneficent mission in administering to our diseases and unhappiness. We may now and then hear of a medical man who evidently makes lucre his chief object, and acts severely toward the poor, but, as a rule, the medical man constantly relinquishes his just and hardly earned gains, and in many a household is an angel of help and consolation. It is a matter of regret that medicine is not a profession in which a man has a clear field and no favor. The man who wishes to be a consulting physician must wait long and spend much money, and drive about in a carriage to enable him to keep one. It is to be hoped that medical education and medical degrees will be put upon a better footing than has for some time been the case. It is lamentable to think of the young men who, by a process of cram, can pass their examinations, and forthwith obtain a license to kill, slay, and destroy. At the same time, it is satisfactory to know that the profession abounds with able and deserving men, and that they contrive to do well in the long run. They do not

¹ Beecher.

make fortunes, but they get good incomes. Even the poorest man can struggle to the front. He walks the hospital to some purpose—becomes house-surgeon; perhaps he is only an apothecary, but collects a connection and sinks the shop; perhaps he is assistant to a practitioner, obtains some public appointment, and gets into general practice. Perhaps there are as really good men in the provinces or in the East End of London as among the famous or titled physicians of the West End. Of all the professions that a man can practice, setting aside the ministerial—which may be considered the most important, but in which we can rarely trace visible results—there is none more glorious or elevating than the medical profession.¹

I have abundant reason to hold this gentleman in profound and tender respect. His devotion to me in sickness, his benevolent self-sacrifice among the poor, his sympathy for the young and the weak, his uniform kindness and politeness among all classes of people, and the Christian spirit and the Christian counsel that he has been able to bear through all those scenes of suffering among which his life is mainly passed, have won my reverent affection. I have never heard him utter a coarse word in the presence of a woman, or jest with coarse women upon themes with which his profession makes him unpleasantly familiar. He is a Christian gentleman; and may God bless him for all the comfort and courage which he has borne to a thousand beds of suffering and dying, for all the pleasant words he has spoken to the tender and the young, and for the excellent personal example which, throughout all his life of ministry, has made every act an exhortation to noble endeavor and his presence a constant benediction. . . .

Why should Dr. Jones and his associates set up for exclusive possessors of medical wisdom? They know very well that all

¹ Rev. Frederick Arnold.

medicine is empiricism, and that medicine has made advances only by empiricism. Their true policy is to take into their hands, and honestly and faithfully try, all those remedies which have received the indorsement of any considerable number of intelligent men. Their duty is to have their eyes constantly open for improvement, and to take it when and where they can get it. Almost every system of quackery under heaven has been found to have in it some good—some basis of truth, some valuable power or principle—which it has always been the business of the regular profession to seek out and incorporate into their system. No man of sense believes in universal remedies; but because a remedy is not universal, it is not, therefore, valueless. Cold water can not cure every ill that flesh is heir to, but the fact that it can cure a great many of them is just as well established as any fact in natural philosophy. The regular profession, however, will not use cold water, because cold water is used by quacks, and because cold water is claimed by some quacks to be a universal remedy. . . .

Dr. Jones and his professional brethren have a very hearty contempt for homeopathy, but homeopathy is to do him and his friends good, in spite of themselves. No man of sense believes that allopathy is all wrong and homeopathy is all right, but a man must be an idiot to suppose that a system of medicine which has won to itself large numbers of skillful men from the regular profession, and secured the approval, when compared directly with the regular practice, of as intelligent people as can be found in this or any other country, has nothing of good in it. For them, without experiment, without observation, without careful study, to call homeopathy a system of unmitigated quackery, and to hold those in contempt who practice and patronize it, is a piece of the most childish arrogance. This is neither

the way of true science nor liberal culture. They may be measurably certain that there is something in homeopathy worthy, not only of their examination, but of incorporation into their system of practice. It has already modified their practice while they have been talking and acting against it. They are not exhibiting to-day a third as much medicine as they did before homeopathy made its appearance. It has killed the old system of large dosing forever. This is a fact; and what they call "no medicine at all" has at least shown itself to be better than too much medicine, even when administered in the regular way. They say that a homeopathic dose can not affect the human constitution, in any appreciable degree. A million men and women stand ready to-day to swear that, according to their honest belief and best knowledge, they have themselves been sensibly affected by homeopathic doses, and that, on the whole, they prefer homeopathic to allopathic practice in their families, judging from a long series of results.

Now, what is the regular profession going to do with facts like these? They can not dismiss them with a contemptuous paragraph, and a wave of the hand, and maintain their reputation as candid men. If they are free men, and not under bondage to the most contemptible old fogysm that the world ever gave birth to, they will act as free men. They will permit no man to limit their field of experiment and inquiry, and allow no society or clique to prevent them from extending medical science over all the facts of medical science, wherever they may find them. I am a champion of no one of the thousand "pathies" that occupy the field of irregular practice, and I have alluded to two of them only because they are prominent. I speak of Dr. Jones simply as a searcher after truth; and I declare my belief that the profession to which he belongs has failed to keep

pace with other professions—that medical science has lagged behind all the other sciences of equal importance to mankind—simply because it would not accept truth when it has been associated with the error and the pretension that is so apt to accompany the advent of truth in every field. The science of medicine embraces, or should embrace, all the facts of medicine, and when he or his friends proudly decline to entertain a fact because it was discovered by an irregular empiric, they are not only false to science, but false to humanity.

Dr. Jones can not help but notice a growing tendency in the public mind to break away from the regular practice, and to embrace some of the numberless forms of irregular practice. He notices this with pain, and so do I, because I know that if the regular profession were to pursue a different policy, the fact would be otherwise. He must notice with peculiar pain that this defection is not confined to the ignorant and the superstitious, and that, more and more, it takes from him the intelligent and the learned. Why will he be so stupid as not to see that this waning of respect for the regular practice is owing to the bigotry and intolerance of the regular practitioners? He assumes to be the sole possessor of the medical wisdom of the world. Every man who does not practice in his way, though he may have been a graduate of a regular medical college, he assumes the privilege of condemning as a quack; and he denies to him not only professional but social position. He places all matters of social and professional etiquette before the simplest humanities, and intends by his policy to coerce the public into his support. The rules of his medical associations are intended to hold their members to the regular field, to compel them to fight all irregular practitioners out of the field, and to force the public into the exclusive support of the regular practice. It is

a thorough despotism, and intended to be so; and is so discordant with the free spirit of the time that the public rebel, and many are driven into extremes of opposition.

Does he ask me if I am a medical "Eclectic?" No; I am nothing of the kind. I am a catholic, with every prejudice, predilection, and sympathy of my mind clinging to the regular practice. I have a contempt which I can not utter for all these "completed systems" of irregular practice, which are built upon some newly discovered or newly developed fact in medicine. I have only contempt for the broad claims of quackery in every field. When a man tells me that the regular practice is murder, and that drugs are never administered in allopathic doses with benefit, I know simply that he is a fool. And when an adherent of the allopathic school tells me that such and such things can not be, in the range of irregular practice, which I know have been and are, I know he is a fool.

I write in my present strain to him, because I believe that through what is called the regular practice the future substantial advances of medicine are to be made. Medical science can only go about as fast as the regular profession permits it to go. It is too well organized, it has too many schools, it has too much power, to permit any outside organization to get the lead, and to become the standard authority of the world. My doctrine is that the regular profession should become the solvent of all the systems, and not the uniform and bitter opponent of everything that claims to be a system. They should make their system one with universal science, one with humanity, and not build a wall around it. When a man gets so bigoted that he can say that a thing can not be true because it is not according to his system, he has become too narrow for the intelligent practice of any profession. . . .

I am aware that I am quite likely to be misunderstood and misconstrued by Dr. Jones, and by those of his professional brethren who may read this paper. They have been so much in the habit of calling all irregular practitioners quacks and charlatans and mountebanks—of looking upon them all as either ignorant or knavish, or both together, that they will be quite apt to charge me with favoring charlatanry and quackery. I ask them to associate with no knave or ignorant pretender. No man can more heartily despise a pretender in medicine than I do, either in or out of the regular profession, and I am sure that the question is yet to be decided as to which side holds the preponderance of ignorance and pretension. As between licensed and unlicensed ignorance and pretension, I have no choice. I simply ask the profession to admit the fact that there are just as good, true, scientific, honorable, and able men outside of the regular profession as there are in it; that all improvements in medicine must come through empiricism; that medical science is one in its interests, aims, and ends, and that the people have a right to demand that the profession which has its most precious interests in charge shall not place before those interests its own partisan purposes and prejudices.¹

THE JOURNALIST.—The public journal, at once the echo and the prompter of the public mind, is constantly enlarging its power and widening its scope. As a means of swaying the minds of men, which is the essence of power—as an instrument for elevating society, which is the object of goodness—in the directness, strength, and persistence of its influence, it has no equal among all the agencies of human utterance. Not only is it becoming the common people's encyclopedia—its school, lyceum, and college—but the educated classes are looking to it more and more as their oracle.²

¹ Dr. Holland.

² Mathews.

As periodical literature is that which reaches the greatest number of minds, its worth is exactly proportionate to the number of able and well-instructed men who contribute to produce it. Journalism, which reaches the million, is the very last kind of literary production that should be abandoned to feeble, shallow thinkers and vulgar writers, who lack capacity for more enduring work. It should be the work of minds of the largest size and of "the divinest mettle." Who can estimate the good to the community when the leading thinkers, instead of lecturing a dozen times a year to audiences of five hundred, or publishing books to be read by a few thousands, pour out their treasures through the daily or weekly press to a hundred thousand readers? Why should the feeblest men control the tremendous power of the press? Why should the elephant be harnessed to the go-cart and the mouse to the load of hay?¹

The daily paper has now become a visitor in every family of ordinary intelligence. It has become the daily food of children and youth all over our country, and it ought never to hold a record which would naturally leave an unwholesome effect upon their minds. If crime is recorded, it should be recorded as crime, and with a conscientious exclusion of all details that the editor would exclude were he called upon to tell the story to his boy upon his knee, or to his grown-up daughter sitting at his side. The way in which nastiness and beastliness are advertised in criminal reports is abominable. It is not necessary; it is not on any account desirable. A thousand things of greater moment and of sweeter import pass unnoticed by the press every day. The apology that the press must be exact, impartial, faithful, literal, etc., is a shabby one. A press is never impartial, when, by the predominance it gives to crime in its reports, it conveys the impression that crime is the most important thing to be

¹ Ibid.

reported, when, in truth, it is the least important. Its records do not hinder crime, do not nourish virtue, do not advance intelligence, do not purify youth, do not build up the best interests of society; and the absorption of the columns of the public press by them is a stupendous moral nuisance that ought to be abated.

We do not expect the press to be very much in advance of the people, either in morality or intelligence. It is quite as much the outgrowth as the leader of our civilization, but it ought to be an emanation from the best American spirit and culture, and not the worst. We shall have, probably, so long as crime exists, professional scavengers who follow in its way to glean and gorge its uncleanness. We have such now, and a beastly brood who glean after them even; but why a press, claiming to be respectable, should deem it its duty to assist in their dirty work, surpasses our comprehension. We repeat, it is not necessary; it is not on any account desirable.¹

THE PREACHER.—That a man stand and speak of spiritual things to men! It is beautiful—even in its great obscuration and decadence, it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the earth. This speaking Man has, indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point; has alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the point; yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? Of all public functionaries boarded and lodged on the industry of Modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has? A man even professing, and, never so languidly, making still some endeavor, to save the souls of men: contrast him with a man professing to do little but shoot the partridges of men! I wish he could find the point again, this Speaking One, and stick to it with tenacity—with deadly energy, for there is need of him yet! The Speaking Function—

¹ Dr. Holland.

this of Truth coming to us with a living voice, nay, in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar; this, with all our Writing and Printing Functions, has a perennial place. Could he but find the point again—take the old spectacles off his nose, and, looking up, discover, almost in contact with him, what the *'real'* Satanas and soul-devouring, world-devouring *Devil* now is!¹

The age in which we live demands not only an enlightened but an earnest ministry, for it is an age of earnestness and excitement. Men feel and think at present with more energy than formerly. There is more of interest and fervor. We learn now from experience what might have been inferred from the purposes of our Creator—that civilization and refinement are not, as has been sometimes thought, inconsistent with sensibility; that the intellect may grow without exhausting or overshadowing the heart. The human mind was never more in earnest than at the present moment. The political revolutions, which form such broad features and distinctions of our age, have sprung from a new and deep working in the human soul. Men have caught glimpses, however indistinct, of the worth, dignity, rights and great interests of their nature; and a thirst for untried good and impatience of long-endured wrongs have broken out wildly, like the fires of Etna, and shaken and convulsed the earth. It is impossible not to discern this increased fervor of mind in every department of life. A new spirit of improvement is abroad. The imagination can no longer be confined to the acquisitions of past ages, but is kindling the passions by vague but noble ideas of blessings never yet attained. Multitudes, unwilling to wait the slow pace of that great innovator, Time, are taking the work of reform into their own hands. Accordingly, the reverence for antiquity and for age-hallowed establishments, and the passion for change and amelioration, are now arrayed against

¹ Carlyle.

each other in open hostility, and all great questions affecting human happiness are debated with the eagerness of party. . . .

Now, religion ought to be dispensed in accommodation to this spirit and character of our age. Men desire excitement, and religion must be communicated in a more exciting form. It must be seen not only to correspond and to be adapted to the intellect, but to furnish nutriment and appeals to the highest and profoundest sentiments of our nature. It must not be exhibited in the dry, pedantic divisions of the scholastic theology; nor must it be set forth and tricked out in the light drapery of an artificial rhetoric, in prettinesses of style, in measured sentences with an insipid floridness, and in the form of elegantly feeble essays. No; it must come from the soul in the language of earnest conviction and strong feeling. Men will not now be trifled with. They listen impatiently to great subjects treated with apathy. They want a religion which will take a strong hold upon them; and no system, I am sure, can now maintain its ground, which wants the power of awakening real and deep interest in the soul.¹

Knowledge is the means, power the end. The former, when accumulated, as it often is, with no strong action of the intellect, no vividness of conception, no depth of conviction, no force of feeling, is of little or no worth to the preacher. It comes from him as a faint echo, with nothing of that mysterious energy which strong conviction throws into style and utterance. His breath, which should kindle, chills his hearers, and the nobler the truth with which he is charged the less he succeeds in carrying it far into men's souls. We want more than knowledge. We want force of thought, feeling and purpose. What profits it to arm the pupil with weapons of heavenly temper, unless his hands be nerved to wield them with vigor and success? The

¹ Channing.

word of God is indeed "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword;" but when committed to him who has no kindred energy, it does not and can not penetrate the mind. Power is the attribute which crowns all a minister's accomplishments. It is the center and grand result in which all his studies, meditations and prayers should meet, and without which his office becomes a form and a show. And yet how seldom is it distinctly and earnestly proposed as the chief qualification for the sacred office! How seldom do we meet it! How often does preaching remind us of a child's arrows shot against a fortress of adamant! How often does it seem a mock fight! We do not see the earnestness of real warfare; of men bent on the accomplishment of a great good. We want powerful ministers—not graceful declaimers, not elegant essayists, but men fitted to act on men, to make themselves *felt* in society.¹

Preaching is the expression of the moral sentiment in application to the duties of life. In how many churches, by how many prophets, tell me, is man made sensible that he is an infinite soul; that the earth and heavens are passing into his mind; that he is drinking forever the soul of God? Where now sounds the persuasion, that by its very melody impardises my heart, and so affirms its own origin in heaven? Where shall I hear words such as in elder ages drew men to leave all and follow—father and mother, house and land, wife and child? Where shall I hear these august laws of moral being so pronounced as to fill my ear, and I feel ennobled by the offer of my uttermost action and passion? The test of the true faith, certainly, should be its power to charm and command the soul, as the laws of nature control the activity of the hands—so commanding that we find pleasure and honor in obeying. The faith should blend with the light of rising and of setting

¹ Ibid.

suns, with the flying cloud, the singing bird, and the breath of flowers. But now the priest's Sabbath has lost the splendor of nature; it is unlovely; we are glad when it is done; we can make, we do make, even sitting in our pews, a far better, holier, sweeter, for ourselves.

Whenever the pulpit is usurped by a formalist, then is the worshiper defrauded and disconsolate. We shrink as soon as the prayers begin, which do not uplift, but smite and offend us. We are fain to wrap our cloaks about us, and secure, as best we can, a solitude that hears not. I once heard a preacher who sorely tempted me to say I would go to church no more. Men go, thought I, where they are wont to go, else had no soul entered the temple in the afternoon. A snow-storm was falling around us. The snow-storm was real, the preacher merely spectral, and the eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him, and then out of the window behind him, into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain. He had no one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended, or cheated, or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted, we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession—namely, to convert life into truth—he had not learned. Not one fact in all his experience had he yet imported into his doctrine. This man had plowed, and planted, and talked, and bought, and sold; he had read books; he had eaten and drunken; his head aches; his heart throbs; he smiles and suffers; yet was there not a surmise, a hint, in all the discourse that he had ever lived at all? Not a line did he draw out of real history. The true preacher can be known by this, that he deals out to the people his life—life passed through the fire of thought. But of the bad preacher, it could not be told from his sermon what age of the world he fell in; whether he

had a father or a child; whether he was a freeholder or a pauper; whether he was a citizen or a countryman, or any other fact of his biography. It seemed strange that the people should come to church. It seemed as if their houses were very unentertaining, that they should prefer this thoughtless clamor. It shows that there is a commanding attraction in the moral sentiment, that can lend a faint tint of light to dullness and ignorance, coming in its name and place. The good hearer is sure he has been touched sometimes; is sure there is somewhat to be reached, and some word that can reach it. When he listens to these vain words he comforts himself by their relation to his remembrance of better hours, and so they clatter and echo unchallenged. . . .

Let me admonish you, first of all, to go alone, to refuse the good models, even those which are sacred in the imagination of men, and dare to love God without mediator or veil. Friends enough you shall find who will hold up to your emulation Wesleys and Oberlins, Saints and Prophets. Thank God for these good men, but say, "I also am a man." Imitation can not go above its model. The imitator dooms himself to hopeless mediocrity. The inventor did it because it was natural to him, and so in him it has a charm. In the imitator, something else is natural, and he bereaves himself of his own beauty, to come short of another man's.

Yourself a new-born bard of the Holy Ghost, cast behind you all conformity, and acquaint men at first hand with Deity. Look to it first and only, that fashion, custom, authority, pleasure, and money are nothing to you—are not bandages over your eyes, that you can not see—but live with the privilege of the immeasurable mind. Not too anxious to visit periodically all families and each family in your parish connection, when

you meet one of these men or women be to them a divine man; be to them thought and virtue; let their timid aspirations find in you a friend; let their trampled instincts be genially tempted out in your atmosphere; let their doubts know that you have doubted, and their wonder feel that you have wondered. By trusting your own heart, you shall gain more confidence in other men. For all our penny-wisdom, for all our soul-destroying slavery to habit, it is not to be doubted that all men have sublime thoughts; that all men value the few real hours of life; they love to be heard; they love to be caught up into the vision of principles. We mark with light in the memory the few interviews we have had, in the dreary years of routine and of sin, with souls that made our souls wiser; that spoke what we thought; that told us what we knew; that gave us leave to be what we inly were. Discharge to men the priestly office, and, present or absent, you shall be followed with their love as by an angel.

And, to this end, let us not aim at common degrees of merit. Can we not leave to such as love it the virtue that glitters for the commendation of society, and ourselves pierce the deep solitudes of absolute ability and worth? . . .

In such high communion, let us study the grand strokes of rectitude—a bold benevolence, an independence of friends, so that not the unjust wishes of those who love us shall impair our freedom, but we shall resist, for truth's sake, the freest flow of kindness, and appeal to sympathies far in advance; and, what is the highest form in which we know this beautiful element, a certain solidity of merit, that has nothing to do with opinion, and which is so essentially and manifestly virtue that it is taken for granted that the right, the brave, the generous step will be taken by it, and nobody thinks of commending it. You would

compliment a coxcomb doing a good act, but you would not praise an angel. The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world, is the highest applause. Such souls, when they appear, are the Imperial Guard of Virtue, the perpetual reserve, the dictators of fortune. One needs not praise their courage—they are the heart and soul of nature. O, my friends, there are resources in us on which we have not drawn! There are men who rise refreshed on hearing a threat; men to whom a crisis which intimidates and paralyzes the majority—demanding not the faculties of prudence and thrift, but comprehension, immovableness, the readiness of sacrifice—comes graceful and beloved as a bride. Napoleon said of Massena, that he was not himself until the battle began to go against him; then, when the dead began to fall in ranks around him, awoke his powers of combination, and he put on terror and victory as a robe. So it is in rugged crises, in unweariable endurance, and in aims which put sympathy out of question, that the angel is shown. But these are heights that we can scarce remember and look up to without contrition and shame. Let us thank God that such things exist.

And now let us do what we can to rekindle the smoldering, nigh-quenched fire on the altar. The evils of the church that now is are manifest. The question returns, What shall we do? I confess, all attempts to project and establish a Cultus with new rites and forms, seem to me vain. Faith makes us, and not we it, and faith makes its own forms. All attempts to contrive a system are as cold as the new worship introduced by the French to the goddess of Reason—to-day, pasteboard and filigree, and ending to-morrow in madness and murder. Rather let the breath of new life be breathed by you through the forms already existing. For, if once you are alive, you shall find they shall

become plastic and new. The remedy to their deformity is, first, soul, and second, soul, and evermore, soul. . . .

I look for the hour when that supreme Beauty, which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and chiefly of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also. The Hebrew and Greek scriptures contain immortal sentences, that have been bread of life to millions. But they have no epical integrity; are fragmentary; are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher, that shall follow so far those shining laws, that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy.¹

THE TEACHER.—Parents can not do the whole work of education. Their daily occupation, the necessity of labors for the support of their families, household cares, the duty of watching over the health of their children, and other social relations, render it almost impossible for parents to qualify themselves for much of the teaching which the young require, and often deny them time and opportunity for giving instruction to which they are competent. Hence the need of a class of persons who shall devote themselves exclusively to the work of education. In all societies, ancient and modern, this want has been felt, the profession of teachers has been known; and to secure the best helps of this kind to children is one of the first duties of parents, for on these the progress of their children very much depends. . . . There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, character of the child. No office should be regarded with

¹ Emerson.

greater respect. The first minds in the community should be encouraged to assume it. . . .

We know not how society can be aided more than by the formation of a body of wise and efficient educators. We know not any class which would contribute so much to the stability of the state and to domestic happiness. Much as we respect the ministry of the Gospel, we believe that it must yield in importance to the office of training the young. In truth, the ministry now accomplishes little for want of that early intellectual and moral discipline by which alone a community can be prepared to distinguish truth from falsehood, to comprehend the instructions of the pulpit, to receive higher and broader views of duty, and to apply general principles to the diversified details of life. . . .

We have spoken of the office of the education of human beings as the noblest on earth, and have spoken deliberately. It is more important than that of the statesman. The statesman may set fences round our property and dwellings; but how much more are we indebted to him who calls forth the powers and affections of those for whom our property is earned and our dwellings are reared, and who renders our children objects of increasing love and respect? We go further: We maintain that higher ability is required for the office of an educator of the young than for that of a statesman. The highest ability is that which penetrates furthest into human nature; comprehends the mind in all its capacities; traces out the laws of thought and moral action; understands the perfection of human nature and how it may be approached; understands the springs, motives, applications, by which the child is to be roused to the most vigorous and harmonious action of all its faculties; understands its perils, and knows how to blend and modify the influences

which outward circumstances exert on the youthful mind. The speculations of statesmen are shallow compared with these. It is the chief function of the statesman to watch over the outward interests of a people; that of the educator to quicken its soul. The statesman must study and manage the passions and prejudices of the community; the educator must study the essential, the deepest, the loftiest principles of human nature. The statesman works with coarse instruments for coarse ends; the educator is to work by the most refined influences on that delicate ethereal essence, the immortal soul. . . .

The mark of a good teacher is not only that he produces great effort in his pupils, but that he dismisses them from his care, conscious of having only laid the foundation of knowledge, and anxious and resolved to improve themselves. One of the sure signs of the low state of instruction among us is that the young, on leaving school, feel as if the work of intellectual culture were done, and give up steady, vigorous effort for higher truth and wider knowledge. Our daughters at sixteen, and our sons at eighteen or twenty, have *finished* their education. The true use of a school is to enable and dispose the pupil to learn through life; and if so, who does not see that the office of teacher requires men of large and liberal minds and of winning manners?—in other words, that it requires as cultivated men as can be found in society. If to drive and to drill were the chief duties of an instructor—if to force into the mind an amount of lifeless knowledge, to make the child a machine, to create a repugnance to books, to mental labor, to the acquisition of knowledge, were the great objects of the school-room, then the teacher might be chosen on the principles which now govern the school committees in no small part of our country. Then the man who can read, write, cipher, and whip, and will exercise his gifts at the

lowest price, deserves the precedence which he now too often enjoys. But if the human being be something more than a block or a brute—if he have powers which proclaim him a child of God, and which were given for noble action and perpetual progress, then a better order of things should begin among us, and truly enlightened men should be summoned to the work of education.¹

Put a man in a factory, as ignorant how to prepare fabrics as some teachers are to watch the growth of juvenile minds, and what havoc would be made of the raw material!²

There is nothing more frightful than for a teacher to know only what his scholars are intended to know.³

The spirit only can teach. Not any profane man, not any sensual, not any liar, not any slave, can teach, but only he can give who has; he only can create who is. The man on whom the soul descends, through whom the soul speaks, alone can teach. Courage, piety, love, wisdom, can teach; and every man can open his door to these angels, and they shall bring him the gift of tongues. But the man who aims to speak as books enable, as synods use, as the fashion guides, and as interest commands, babbles. Let him hush.⁴

The Christian teacher of a band of children combines the office of the preacher and the parent, and has more to do in shaping the mind and the morals of the community than preacher and parent united.

The teacher who spends six hours a day with my child spends three times as many hours as I do, and twenty-fold more time than my pastor does. I have no words to express my sense of the importance of having that office filled by men and women of the purest motives, the noblest enthusiasm, the finest culture, the broadest charities, and the most devoted Christian purpose. A

¹ Channing.² Horace Mann.³ Goethe.⁴ Emerson.

teacher should be the strongest and most angelic man that breathes. No man living is intrusted with such precious material. No man living can do so much to set human life to a noble tune. No man living needs higher qualifications for his work.¹

WHICH?—The question of the choice of a profession is intensely important, and the choice is a veritable turning point. It ought carefully to be kept in view for years in advance. Life is very like a battle or a game of chess, and there ought to be some plan of the campaign. These are especially days in which a man must make up his mind to be *something*. Men will go to the army or to the bar, if only that they may be able to give the world some account of themselves. Those few men who do not enter a profession belong to a class which has the leisure and independence conferred by the possession of means and position, a class which has great duties imposed on it, and is so a profession in itself. A wise parent will watch his child carefully to see what his bias or tendency may be. Dr. Johnson has defined genius as strong, natural talent, accidentally directed in a particular direction. To say the least, this definition is not exhaustive. Great natural ability will doubtless enable a man to excel in almost any direction, but genius more ordinarily supposes a combination of abilities in a special direction. I believe a great deal is done in a child's education if you can discover a bias, and give shape and direction to it. Of course, the preferences of youth are often imaginary, and are often subjected to revision. Still, it is a great thing to get a lad to feel a distinct preference for any pursuit, to map out, even in outline, anything like a chart of the future. It is pre-eminently the misfortune of the present day that so many young men are devoid of enthusiasm, and have no object in life.

¹ Dr. Holland.

Let, however, a few words be said here which may assuage some anxious thoughts. I do not think that it really matters whether a young fellow has shining abilities or not. Of course, there are some branches of life for which a man should have strong abilities and a strong bias, if he would indulge with fairness any high expectations of success. Such is authorship as a profession, or the artist's calling. The most money-getting departments of human life are those in which shining ability is not so much required as probity and common sense. In most departments of life we have nothing more to expect than the manful performance of duty and its competent discharge. If a boy is not clever, this is a hint from nature to the parents not to assign him a path of life where superlative excellence is required, with a view to success, but to find him an avocation amid the—

"Girdles of the middle mountain, happy realms of fruit and flower;
Distant from ignoble weakness, distant from the height of power."¹

To do that which you know you *can* do, and which your heart *wishes* you to do, that is the secret of success. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote:

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall;"

and elicited his Queen's prompt and unanswerable retort:

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

In determining on your future profession, you must not allow your judgment to be overborne by irrational fears. You must not be deterred from climbing by anything else than a mature conviction that if you rose beyond a certain height you would be certain to lose your footing. Timidity, however, is not the usual weakness of young men. Youth is generally bold, because

¹ Rev. F. Arnold.

it does not see consequences; and Phaetons are much commoner character than Dædaluses. To know the exact limit of our powers is a piece of knowledge which we gain too frequently only after bitter experience. Listen to Robert Downing:

The common problem yours, mine, every one's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be, but finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair,
Up to our means—a very different thing!

Hazlitt says that if a youth who shows no aptitude for languages dances well, we should abandon all thought of making him a scholar, and hand him over to the dancing-master. This is an exaggerated way of stating a sound principle. How much precious effort is constantly wasted in the vain attempt to convert into musicians young ladies who have no feeling for "the concord of sweet sounds!" How many admirable mechanics have been spoiled by the efforts of ambitious parents to educate them into physicians, or clergymen, or lawyers! . . .

In choosing a pursuit in life, it is necessary, then, that we should consult what we may call our "natural instinct," and that we should also endeavor to ascertain the exact limit of our powers. But we are liable to be influenced—and it is well that we should be influenced—by certain external causes or circumstances, such as our home training and the example of our friends. These so mold and fashion the character that they can not be otherwise than important factors in our calculations. Sometimes they will educe or foster the natural instinct; sometimes, perhaps, they will overrule and depress it. However this may be, their power can not be denied. "The childhood shows the man," says Milton, "as morning shows the day."¹

¹ W. H. Adams.

ONE'S STAR.—There lives not a man on earth, out of a lunatic asylum, who has not in him the power to do good. What can writers, haranguers, or speculators do more than that? Have you ever entered a cottage, ever traveled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom, and not found that each of those men had a talent you had not, knew some things you knew not? The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club or counted the vermin on his rags, under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is, not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.¹

The hero—the reformer—your Brutus—your Howard—your republican, whom civic storm—your genius, whom poetic storm impels; in short, every man with a great purpose, or even with a continuous passion (were it but that of writing the largest folios)—all these men defend themselves by their internal world against the frosts and heats of the external, as the madman, in a worse sense, does; every fixed idea, such as rules every genius and every enthusiast, at least periodically, separates and raises a man above the bed and board of this earth—above its dog's grottoes, buckthorns, and devils' walls; like the bird of paradise, he slumbers flying; and on his outspread pinions oversleeps unconsciously the earthquakes and conflagrations of life in his long, fair dream of his ideal motherland.²

Follow the star of promise first seen in your early morning, nor desist, though you find the labor toilsome and your guides mislead. In the ardor of his enthusiasm, a youth set forth in quest of a man of whom he might take counsel as to his future, but, after a long search and many disappointments, he came near relinquishing the pursuit as hopeless, when suddenly it occurred to him that one must first be a man to find a man,

¹ Bulwer.² Richter.

and, profiting by this suggestion, he set himself to the work of becoming himself the man he had been seeking so long and fruitlessly. When last heard from, he was still on the stretch, near the end of his journey, the goal in his eye, his star blazing more brightly than when he first beheld it.¹

It is one of the gracious features of our nature that we are capable of forming high and noble purposes. The mind overleaps its ignorance, and fixes upon what is the wisest and best. A child is always planning noble things before its "life fades into the light of the common day." There may not always be congruity in these early ambitions, but they are nearly always noble. A friend of mine set out in life with the complex purpose of becoming "a great man, a good man, and a stage-driver." He has not yet achieved greatness, and I doubt if he has ever held a four-in-hand or knows what *tandem* means, except in its Latin sense; but he has not failed in the other part, being the worthy pastor of a church, over which he presides with a dignity and wisdom that are the proper outcome of his early conceptions. The weaker element naturally passed away, and the nobler ones took up his expanding powers.

Nor does this distinction divide men according to good and bad; for, while an aimless man can not be said to be good, he may cherish a very definite aim without ranking amongst the virtuous. Few men ever held to a purpose more steadily than Warren Hastings, having for the dream and sole motive of his youth and manhood to regain the lost estates and social position of his family; but he can hardly be classed amongst good men. He is a fine example, however, of how a clearly conceived purpose strengthens and inspires a man. The career of Beaconsfield—the most brilliant figure amongst modern English statesmen—is another illustration of how a definite purpose carries a man on

¹ Alcott.

to its fulfillment. When the young Jew was laughed and jeered into silence in his first attempt to address the House of Commons, he remarked: "The time will come when you will hear me;" speaking not out of any pettishness of the moment, but from a settled purpose to lead his compeers. The rebuff but whetted the edge of his grand ambition.

I do not mean to say that a purpose, if cherished with sufficient energy, will always carry a man to its goal—for every man has his limitations—but rather that it is sure to carry him on toward some kind of success; often it proves greater than that aimed at. Shakespeare went down to London to retrieve his fortune—a very laudable purpose—but the ardor with which he sought it unwittingly ended in the greatest achievements of the human intellect. Saul determined to crush out Christianity, but the energy of his purpose was diverted to the opposite and immeasurably nobler end. It would be absurd for me to assure you that if you aim and strive with sufficient energy to become great statesmen, or the heads of corporations, or famous poets or artists, or for any other specific high end, you will certainly reach it; for, though there are certain great prizes that any man may win who will pay the price, there are others that are reserved for the few who are peculiarly fortunate, or have peculiar claims. The Providence that, blindly to us, endows and strangely leads, apportions the great honors of existence; but Providence has nothing good or high in store for one who does not resolutely aim at something high and good. A purpose is the eternal condition of success.¹

CITY AND COUNTRY.—Cities force growth, and make men talkative and entertaining, but they make them artificial.²

The union of men in large masses is indispensable to the development and rapid growth of the higher faculties of men.

¹ Munger.

² Emerson.

Cities have always been the fire-places of civilization, whence light and heat radiated out into the dark, cold world.¹

The conditions of city life may be made healthy, so far as the physical constitution is concerned; but there is connected with the business of the city so much competition, so much rivalry, so much necessity for industry, that I think it is a perpetual, chronic, wholesale violation of natural law. There are ten men that can succeed in the country, where there is one that can succeed in the city.²

A great city is a huge living creature, with life and breath and motives, and power and pride and destiny. Its being is just as distinct as that of a man. If we could be lifted above it, and obtain, not a bird's-eye view, but a God's-eye view of it, we should see its arteries throbbing with the majestic currents of life, pushed out from its center to its remotest circumference, and returning through a multitude of avenues; fleets of winged messengers and ministers hanging and fluttering upon its wave-washed borders like a fringe; breath of steam and smoke rising from its lungs; food received by cargoes, and offal discharged by countless hidden estuaries into the all-hiding and all-purifying sea; grand forces of animal life and grander forces of art and nature harnessed to ceaseless service; couriers of fire flashing forth on their way to other cities, or returning from them with freights of life and treasure at their heels; and, over all, a robe of august architectural beauty, brodered with the thoughts of the ages, and garnished with the greenery of parks and lawns. And this body, embracing all the varieties of human and animal life, and all the matter and material forces whose form and movement are apparent to the eye, is a living organism, and has a soul. Descending into it, we shall find it the subject of laws which it makes, and laws which it does not make. We shall

¹ Parker.

² Beecher.

find it a network of interests, with congeries of interests, acting and reacting upon one another. We shall find it with a moral character and a moral influence. We shall find it with a heart, will, and culture, peculiarities of disposition and genius and taste, just as distinct among the great cities of the world as those of a great man among the great men of the world. What a contrast of individuality and character do the two words London and Paris suggest! Light and darkness convey ideas hardly more diverse. . . .

It is said that the particles in the human body are changed every seven years. This can almost be said of a city, regarding men and women as the constituent units. Certainly these units are changed every generation, but still the city lives. A man falls dead upon the sidewalk, or dies quietly in his bed. Does the city feel it? His funeral will make part of the life of to-morrow. A few tears around a bier, a few clods upon a grave, a little family draped in black, a new life rushes to fill the place made vacant by his departure! Day brings its roar and night its rest, and there is no pause; there is not even a shudder at the extinction of a life. Twenty generations will pass away, and the great city which we see to-day will be greater still. The giant will be more gigantic, though not a life remains that even remembers the life of to-day.¹

At the present moment, there is a general disposition to shun labor, and this ought to be regarded as a bad sign of our times. The city is thronged with adventurers from the country, and the liberal professions are overstocked, in the hope of escaping the primeval sentence of living by the sweat of the brow; and to this crowding of men into trade, we owe not only the neglect of agriculture, but, what is far worse, the demoralization of the community. It generates excessive competition, which, of

¹ Dr. Holland.

necessity, generates fraud. Trade is turned to gambling, and a spirit of mad speculation exposes public and private interests to a disastrous instability. It is, then, no part of the philanthropy which would elevate the laboring body to exempt them from manual toil. In truth, a wise philanthropy would, if possible, persuade all men of all conditions to mix up a measure of this toil with their other pursuits. The body, as well as the mind, needs vigorous exertion, and even the studious would be happier were they trained to labor as well as thought. Let us learn to regard manual toil as the true discipline of a man. Not a few of the wisest, grandest spirits have toiled at the work-bench and the plow.¹

If we could know the real motive that brings the reputable people of a city together, we should, very generally, find it to be the desire to win wealth without producing it, and without paying in labor the full price for it. The able-bodied farmer's boy leaves the hoe for the yard-stick to save his back from labor; and there are hundreds of thousands of men in our larger cities who have relinquished manly employment, manly aims and ambitions, and manly independence, for the sole purpose of securing the results of the labor of others at a cheap rate. I do not say that they accomplish their object, for there is great competition in shirking, and pretty hard work is made of it sometimes. I am talking simply of their motive and their aim.

You will not understand me to have any reference to the legitimate commerce and the useful professions and callings which engage large and honorable numbers in every city, when I say that the shirks of the city are very great curses of the country. They have contrived to make labor disreputable, or, at least, unfashionable. They have erected a false standard of

¹ Channing.

respectability. They have helped to establish the opinion that the laborer—the producer and the artificer of the wealth of the nation—can not possibly be a gentleman, and that the only gentle pursuits are those of trade and commerce, and the professions and callings which more immediately serve them. It is in these false ideas—offspring of pretentious laziness—that American productive labor is educated; and it is sad to think how much of it grows up to despise itself, and to look upon its lot as equally severe and degrading. The city is the beautiful and haughty Estella that tells poor Pip that his hands are coarse, and poor Pip gets ashamed of his hands, and feels very sadly about himself.¹

The farmers are the founders of civilization.²

Trade increases the wealth and glory of a country, but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the land.³

He who would look with contempt upon the farmer's pursuit is not worthy the name of a man.⁴

In a moral point of view, the life of the agriculturist is the most pure and holy of any class of men; pure, because it is the most healthful, and vice can hardly find time to contaminate it, and holy, because it brings the Deity perpetually before his view, giving him thereby the most exalted notions of supreme power, and the most fascinating and endearing view of moral benignity.⁵

Since nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make are the employments of a country life. . . .

As for the necessity of this art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This

¹ Dr. Holland.

² Webster.

³ Chatham.

⁴ Beecher.

⁵ Lord Russell.

is like speech, without which the society of men can not be preserved; the others, like figures and tropes of speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many nations have lived, and some do still, without any art but this—not so elegantly, I confess, but still they live; and almost all the other arts, which are here practiced, are beholden to this for most of their materials.

The innocence of this life is the next thing for which I commend it; and if husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are so free from the temptations of iniquity. They live by what they can get by industry from the earth, and others by what they can catch by craft from men. They live upon an estate given them by their mother, and others upon an estate cheated from their brethren. They live, like sheep and kine, by the allowances of nature, and others, like wolves and foxes, by the acquisitions of rapine; and I hope I may affirm—without any offense to the great—that sheep and kine are very useful, and that wolves and foxes are pernicious creatures. They are, without dispute, of all men, the most quiet and least apt to be inflamed to the disturbance of the common wealth; their manner of life inclines them, and interest binds them, to love peace. In our late mad and miserable civil wars, all other trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole troops, and raised up some great commanders, who became famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done; but I do not remember the name of any one husbandman who had so considerable a share in the twenty years, ruin of his country as to deserve the curses of his countrymen.

And if great delights be joined with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of men not to take them here, where they are so tame and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are so wild and the chase so troublesome and dangerous. . . .

I shall only instance one delight more—the most natural and best-natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandman—and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening and others budding; to see all his fields and gardens covered with the beautiful creatures of his own industry, and to see, like God, that all his works are good:

*Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Orcades; ipsi
Agricolæ tacitum pertendant gaudia pectus.
On his heart-strings a secret joy does strike.¹*

Some familiarity with the soil seems friendly to self-respect and good citizenship. And, to the credit of humanity, most persons desire to become owner or occupant of some small spot at least, if unable to command acres. A house without a well-kept garden and surroundings almost accuses its occupant of disloyalty to himself and the community. The occupant seems unfurnished if unskilled in some handicraft by which to vary his pursuits. One's mind acquires suppleness and vigor, freshness and speed, by engaging, at intervals, in some out-door recreation. The walk, the ride, games of any kind, hardly supply the skill and dispatch which strenuous labor at intervals is sure to promote. One comes from his toil with faculties whetted for work indoors. His labors yield a satisfaction which a hireling's can not; his work is done under his eye and hand, and needs no after-touches. There is a skill caught from an early use of rake and spade which nothing else can supply. An elegant service, moreover, one's garden enables him to render his neighbor—the gift of fruits plucked from the vines by his own

¹ Cowley.

hands of a dewy morning and taken to his door. He is the sweeter and wholesomer through the day, keeping the commandments with a keener relish. Happily for him, too, if he be in the enjoyment of the products of ancestral orchards and vineyards, from which generations of his kindred had plucked the spangled fruits, the ruddy clusters—baskets for family use, for winter time, for gifts to friends, for festivals, for times of merry-making and of sorrow, fruits being always seasonable, always welcome.¹

It is a sorrowful proof of the mistaken ways of the world that the "country," in the simple sense of a place of fields and trees, has hitherto been the source of reproach to its inhabitants, and that the words "countryman," "rustic," "clown," "peasant," "villager," still signify a rude and untaught person, as opposed to the words "townsman" and "citizen." We accept this usage of words, or the evil which it signifies, somewhat too quietly; as if it were quite necessary and natural that country people should be rude, and towns-people gentle. Whereas, I believe that the result of each mode of life may, in some stages of the world's progress, be the exact reverse; and that another use of words may be forced upon us by a new aspect of facts, so that we may find ourselves saying: "Such and such a person is very gentle and kind—he is quite rustic; and such and such another person is very rude and ill-taught—he is quite urbane."

At all events, cities have hitherto gained the better part of their good report through our evil ways of going on in the world generally—chiefly and eminently through our bad habit of fighting with each other. No field, in the middle ages, being safe from devastation, and every country lane yielding easier passage to the marauders, peacefully-minded men necessarily congregated in cities, and walled themselves in, making as few

¹ Alcott.

cross country roads as possible: while the men who sowed and reaped the harvests of Europe were only the servants or slaves of the barons. The disdain of all agricultural pursuits by the nobility, and of all plain facts by the monks, kept educated Europe in a state of mind over which natural phenomena could have no power; body and intellect being lost in the practice of war without purpose, and the meditation of words without meaning. Men learned the dexterity with sword and syllogism, which they mistook for education, within cloister and tilt-yard; and looked on all the broad space of the world of God mainly as a place for exercise of horses or for growth of food.¹

The position and sphere of the independent, virtuous, contented farmer has from earliest time been painted as one of the most fortunate and healthful, mentally as well as physically, that earth can afford. Living in the immediate and visible presence of the all-embracing Heavens, directly dependent on the Author of all for whatever blesses him, he would seem to be marked out for integrity and elevation of sentiment. Nature will not be cheated; whoever shall undertake to palm upon her a single bushel of chalk for lime, for instance, will find her incapable of relishing his ingenuity. So much for so much, is her invariable law; no shams nor appearances avail anything with her—even her children, the crows, are not half so often taken in by them as the contrivers imagine. With unequalled advantages for the maintenance or attainment of health and vigor, with a thousand silent preachers of the blessedness of Temperance, Exercise, Justice, and Truth, constantly attending him, the Farmer's character would seem insensibly, irresistibly molded to probity and honor. In his vocation, a bow and a smirk avail not; that which comes not from the core is nothing, and passes for nothing. Only where he ceases to be a worker

¹ Ruskin.

and begins to be a trader in other men's labor or the fruits of his own, does the temptation to injustice and insincerity begin. Living ever in the presence of Heaven, and in direct, visible dependence on its free bounties, we should say that the Farmer's bearing should ever tell of the free, bland breezes, and his countenance reflect the stars.

And yet, on practical acquaintance, we find him quite often another being—narrow, prejudiced, and selfish; perverse, sensual, and depraved; a foe to other men's good and his own. And not this merely, but his sons have no love for his vocation; they, too, generally escape it when they can, or embrace it only because they have not the ability or detest the study necessary to make them anything else. From the noblest and richest rural homestead, you will see the youthful heir eagerly hieing to the distant city, there to consecrate years to the exhibition of sarsenets to simpering, shopping misses, or to the service of some six-by-eight subterranean money-changer's den, which a hedgehog would disdain to inhabit. Where one youth is heartily seeking the Farmer's life from choice, there are forty striving or pining to escape it. Thus are our cities overgrown and bloated with a redundant, thriftless population, who, having no legitimate sphere of exertion, underbid each other for employment, and are too often driven by want and despair into depraved and forbidden courses. Talent, knowledge, and skill, which are greatly needed in the sphere of rural life, crowd and jostle each other on the city's pavements, and often sell to Capital for a month's livelihood some happy invention or combination which should have insured a competence for life. Alas for human frailty, beset by ravening hunger or pinching frost—full-pursed depravity is enabled oft to drive still harder bargains than these! . . .

Yet the Farmer's vocation needs something more than increased efficiency and mastery of Nature to reconcile it with a lofty and generous ideal. We need a change in the man himself, and in those circumstances which *vitally* affect his character. He is now too nearly an isolated being. His world is a narrow circle of material objects he calls *his own*, within which he is an autocrat, though out of it little more than a cipher. His associates are few, and these mainly rude dependents and inferiors. His daily discourse savors of bees and swine, and the death of a sheep on his farm creates more sensation in his circle than the fall of a hero elsewhere. Of the refining, harmonizing, expanding influences of general society, he has little experience. For extensive travel or intercourse with minds which have profited by a large comparison of nations, climates, customs, he has but rare opportunities. The family circle, precious as are its enjoyments, and healthful as are its proper influences, is not alone sufficient to form the noblest character or satisfy all the aspirations of the human heart. The lofty, ingenuous soul revolts at the idea of wearing out its earthly career mainly in the rearing of brutes and the composting of manures, shut out from all free range of congenial associates and obedience to nobler impulses. It feels that a human life is ill-spent in the mere production of corn and cattle. Hence our youth of largest promise too generally escape from the drudgery of their paternal acres to court the equally repulsive slavery of the office or the counter—not because it is preferable in itself, but because it gives scope to larger hopes, suggests larger possibilities, and, at all events, is supposed to afford larger opportunities for observation, for intellectual development, and choice of companions. Here is one cause of the inferior development and progress in Agriculture, as compared with other departments of

industrial effort. The genius and intellect which should have taught us to "speed the plow" with Titanic energy has been attracted to other vocations, leaving that of the old patriarchs as sterile as some bald mountain on which every rain levies tribute to fertilize the surrounding valleys. Not till the solitary farmhouse, with its half-dozen denizens, its mottled array of mere patches of auxiliary acres, its petty flock and herd, its external decorations of piggery, stable-yard, etc., making it the focus of all noisome and villainous odors, shall have been replaced by some arrangement more genial, more expansive, more social in its aspects, affording larger scope to aspiration and a wider field for the infinite capacities of man's nature, may we hope to arrest the tendencies which make the farmer too often a boor or a clod, and the cultivation of the earth a mindless, repugnant drudgery, when it should be the noblest, the most intellectual, and the most desired of human employments.¹

"But do you contend that no American youth should *ever* migrate from the country to one of our cities?" No, sir; I do not. What I *do* maintain is this: Whoever leaves the country to come hither should feel sure that he has faculties, capacities, powers, for which the country affords him no scope, and that the city is his proper sphere of usefulness. He should next be sure that he has ability to procure a livelihood while he shall be laboring to attain that sphere which he regards as his ultimate destination. No youth should migrate to a city without a thorough mastery of some good mechanical trade or handicraft, such as is prosecuted in cities, although he may not intend to follow it, except in case of dire necessity. Teaching, clerking, law, etc., are so very precarious, except to men of established reputation and business, that it is next to madness for a youth to come here relying upon them. With a good trade, a hearty willingness to

¹ Greeley.

work, strict temperance and habits of economy, it will be hard to starve out a man who has once found employment; not so with one who is trained only for a teacher or clerk, or who "is willing to do anything"—which means that he knows how to do nothing. With these, our city always has been, always will be, crowded—it pays for burying the greater part of them.

The young man fit to come to a city does not begin by importuning some relative or friend to find or make a place for him. Having first qualified himself, so far as he may, for usefulness here, he comes understanding that he must begin at the foot of the class and work his way up. Having found a place to stop, he makes himself acquainted with those places where work in his line may be found, sees the advertisements of "Wants" in the leading journals at an early hour each morning, notes those which hold out some prospects for him, and accepts the first place offered him which he can take honorably and fill acceptably. He who commences in this way is quite likely to get on.¹

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE.—The majority of men and women who are ambitious of public life do not wish for it for the sake of doing more good, nor because they believe themselves to be transcendently adapted to the performance of public duties. They are not willing to work and wait, in their private spheres of action, until they demonstrate their ability and fitness for public position, and are sought for by the public as those worthy of trust and honor. No, they desire place for the sake of place; they seek for public life simply from a greed for notoriety or fame. They desire to be known, to be looked at, to be talked about, to be lionized. It is publicity that has charms for them—not public duty nor public responsibility. All this is utterly selfish—utterly contemptible. It is unworthy of sound manhood

¹ Ibid.

and true womanhood, and its tendency is directly demoralizing. When we remember that the public offices of the country are filled mainly by those who have attained them by direct seeking, spurred on by this base ambition, it will not be hard to account for the low morals that are to be found in public life. . . . Grass grows not upon the highway, but by the highway side—in humble pasture-lands, in quiet meadows, and in well-fenced homesteads. Where horses tramp and wheels roll, and cattle tread, and swine are driven in hungry droves, everything is foul with dust and offal. It is only on the other side of the fence that the clover blooms, and the daisy nods, and the grass spreads itself, undisturbed, into velvet lawns. It is not where unclean beasts rove freely and browse at will that the maize perfects its golden product and the bending tree its fruit, but in secluded fields, where the husbandman works and watches unseen. No more is it in public life that the best affections of our natures blossom, and the little virtues spring and spread to give to life the freshness of velvet verdure. No more is it in public life that a golden character is perfected, and fruit is matured and borne into eternal life. It is only in private life that the highest development, the purest tastes, the sweetest happiness, and the finest consummations and successes of life are found. To these conclusions reason guides us, and experience holds us.¹

LAW OF LABOR.—We *exist* only as we energize.² Labor is not only requisite to preserve the coarser organs in a state fit for their functions, but it is equally necessary to those finer and more delicate organs on which and by which the imagination, and, perhaps, the other mental powers act, since it is probable that not only the inferior parts of the soul, as the passions are called, but the understanding itself, makes use of some fine corporeal instruments in its operation, though what they are, and

¹ Dr. Holland.

² Sir William Hamilton.

where they are, may be somewhat hard to settle; but that it does make use of such appears from hence: that a long lassitude of the whole body, and on the other hand that great bodily labor or pain, weakens, and sometimes actually destroys, the mental faculties. Now, as a due exercise is essential to the coarse muscular parts of the constitution, and that without this rousing they would become languid and diseased, the very same rule holds with regard to those finer parts we have mentioned—to have them in proper order, they must be shaken and worked to a proper degree.¹

Let us fling overboard the sickly idea—more like the lazy dream of a water-lily at midday in a slimy pool than the thought of a human being—the notion that there is any absolute bliss in rest. The world is a working world and man is a working creature, and he who does not understand this is plainly out of place here. Epicurus, no doubt, sitting in his leafy Attic garden, with fragrant honey-laden breezes from Hymettus fanning him on a summer's day, might fancy his Olympian gods doing nothing through all eternity but drinking nectar, and sipping ambrosia, and laughing at lame Vulcan. But this certainly was not his serious thought; he was merely shutting the Celestials of that day off into a corner, like an easy David Hume, not to be bothered in any wise with what he could not altogether comprehend; and he was busy himself all the while writing books, in which sort of work he was extremely prolific, having written not less than three hundred volumes in his day. Buddha, likewise, the great Oriental Quietist, if all that is written of his "Nirvana" be true, is the prophet of an extreme kind of stupid holy life, which never can be a model for a healthy Occidental man. Historians and travelers prove most abundantly that at all times and in all places a man is most a man when he has most to do. The

¹ Burke.

savage, in a hot tropical climate, works little, works violently, and works by starts. Our civilization, in this temperate western zone, is all built up of a higher potency, a more cunning division, and a more persistent continuity of work. We are all working men, those who work with the brain often a great deal more so than those who work with their hands. Who more assiduous in work than a well-employed barrister? Who more the minister of another man's needs than a skillful country surgeon? Who more hardly worked than a conscientious clergyman in the most populous and least prosperous districts of one of our large towns? Let no man, therefore, sit down and fret over his work because it is work, and envy the rich who have nothing to do. The richest men are often those who have worked, and who do work the hardest; and if there be rich men—as not a few there are in this country—who live upon the inherited produce of other persons' work, with nothing specially to do for themselves, they are a class of men to be pitied rather than to be envied. Work enough there is for them, no doubt. Plato would not have tolerated them in his well-ordered republic, nor Alexander Severus in his palace; but they have, unfortunately, no spur for action, and, being inspired by no high feeling of the dignity of work in the universe, they will be found too frequently sitting down and rotting their lives away, living on their rents, or filling up the vacuity of their hours with degrading pleasures and unfruitful excitements. For such we must be heartily sorry, and, if they can be of no other use in the world, they may at least teach us not to fret over our daily task, but rather to rejoice in it. The yoke at times may press rather heavily on our necks, but we have always in our hearts the consolation that we are fellow-workers with God in a working world; that we see some fruit of our good work growing up around us daily, and that the great

Master of the vineyard could not come down upon us, as He might upon the class of idle gentlemen, saying: "*Pluck them up, for they are cumberers of the ground.*"¹

LIMITATIONS OF LABOR.—Manual labor is a great good, but, in so saying, I must be understood to speak of labor in its just proportions. In excess, it does great harm. It is not a good when made the sole work of life. It must be joined with higher means of improvement, or it degrades instead of exalting. Man has a various nature, which requires a variety of occupation and discipline for its growth. Study, meditation, society, and relaxation should be mixed up with his physical toils. He has intellect, heart, imagination, taste, as well as bones and muscles, and he is grievously wronged when compelled to exclusive drudgery for bodily subsistence. Life should be an alternation of employments, so diversified as to call the whole man into action. Unhappily, our present civilization is far from realizing this idea. It tends to increase the amount of manual toil at the very time that it renders this toil less favorable to the culture of the mind. The division of labor, which distinguishes civilized from savage life, and to which we owe chiefly the perfection of the arts, tends to dwarf the intellectual powers by confining the activity of the individual to a narrow range, to a few details, perhaps to the heading of pins, the pointing of nails, or the tying together of broken strings; so that while the savage has his faculties sharpened by various occupations, and by exposure to various perils, the civilized man treads a monotonous, stupefying round of unthinking toil. This can not, must not always be. Variety of action, corresponding to the variety of human powers, and fitted to develop all, is the most important element of human civilization. It should be the aim of philanthropists. In proportion as Christianity shall spread the spirit of brotherhood.

¹ Blackie.

there will and must be a more equal distribution of toils and means of improvement.¹

While our enterprise lay all in theory, we had pleased ourselves with delectable visions of the spiritualization of labor. It was to be our form of prayer and ceremonial of worship. Each stroke of the hoe was to uncover some aromatic root of wisdom heretofore hidden from the sun. Pausing in the field, to let the wind exhale the moisture from our foreheads, we were to look upward and catch glimpses into the far-off soul of truth. In this point of view, matters did not turn out quite so well as we anticipated. It is very true that, sometimes, gazing casually around me, out of the midst of my toil, I used to discern a richer picturesqueness in the visible scene of earth and sky. There was at such moments a novelty, an unwonted aspect, on the face of nature, as if she had been taken by surprise and seen at unawares, with no opportunity to put off her real look and assume the mask with which she mysteriously hides herself from mortals. But this was all. The clods of earth which we so constantly belabored and turned over and over were never etherealized into thought. Our thoughts, on the contrary, were fast becoming cloddish. Our labor symbolized nothing, and left us mentally sluggish in the dusk of the evening. Intellectual activity is incompatible with any large amount of bodily exercise. The yeoman and the scholar—the yeoman and the man of finest moral culture, though not the man of sturdiest sense and integrity—are two distinct individuals, and can never be melted or welded into one substance.²

BLESSEDNESS OF LABOR.—Labor rids us of three great evils—irksomeness, vice, and poverty.³

It is the primal curse, but softened into mercy, made the pledge of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.⁴

¹ Channing.

² Hawthorne.

³ Voltaire.

⁴ Cowper.

A perpetual dream there has been of Paradises, and some luxurious Lubberland, where the brooks should run wine, and the trees bend with ready-baked viands; *but it was a dream merely, an impossible dream.* Is not labor the inheritance of man? And what labor for the present is joyous and not grievous? Labor, effort, is the very interruption of that ease which man *foolishly enough fancies* to be his happiness; and yet without labor there were no ease, no rest so much as conceivable. . . . Only in free effort can any blessedness be imagined for us.¹

Avoid idleness and fill up all the spaces of thy time with severe and useful employment; for lust easily creeps in at those emptinesses where the soul is unemployed, and the body is at ease; for no easy, healthful, idle person was ever chaste if he could be tempted; but of all employments, bodily labor is the most useful, and of the greatest benefit for driving away the devil.²

Necessity is always the first stimulus to industry; and those who conduct it with prudence, perseverance, and energy, will rarely fail. Viewed in this light, the necessity of labor is not a chastisement, but a blessing—the very root and spring of all that we call progress in individuals, and civilization in nations. It may, indeed, be questioned whether a heavier curse could be imposed on man than the complete gratification of all his wishes without effort on his part, leaving nothing for his hopes, desires, or struggles. The feeling that life is destitute of any motive or necessity for action must be of all others the most distressing and the most insupportable to a rational being. The Marquis de Spinola asking Sir Horace Vere what his brother died of, Sir Horace replied, "He died, sir, of having nothing to do." "Alas!" said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any general of us all."³

Labor is at once a burden, a chastisement, an honor, and a

¹ Friswell.² Jeremy Taylor.³ Smiles.

pleasure. It may be identified with poverty, but there is also glory in it. It bears witness, at the same time, to our natural wants, and to our manifold needs. What were man, what were life, what were civilization, without labor? All that is great in man comes of labor—greatness in art, in literature, in science. Knowledge—"the wing wherewith we fly to heaven"—is only acquired through labor. Genius is but a capability of laboring intensely: it is the power of making great and sustained efforts. Labor may be a chastisement, but it is, indeed, a glorious one. It is worship, duty, praise, and immortality—for those who labor with the highest aims and for the purest purposes.

There are many who murmur and complain at the law of labor under which we live, without reflecting that obedience to it is not only in conformity with the Divine will, but also necessary for the development of intelligence, and for the thorough enjoyment of our common nature. Of all wretched men, surely the idle are the most so—those whose life is barren of utility, who have nothing to do except to gratify their senses. Are not such men the most querulous, miserable, and dissatisfied of all, constantly in a state of *ennui*, alike useless to themselves and to others—mere cumberers of the earth who, when removed, are missed by none, and whom none regret? Most wretched and ignoble lot, indeed, is the lot of the idlers.¹

MANHOOD LOST OR WON IN MATERIAL PURSUITS.—I do not give, but lend myself to business.²

This incessant Sabbathless pursuit of a man's fortune leaveth not tribute which we owe to God of our time.³

The common experience is, that the man fits himself as well as he can to the customary details of that work or trade he falls into, and tends it as a dog turns a spit. Then he is a part of the machine he moves; the man is lost.⁴

¹ Ibid.² Seneca.³ Bacon.⁴ Emerson.

There are two things that delight my very soul: First, I delight to see a hard-working and honest laboring man, especially if he has some dirty calling like that, for instance, of a butcher, a tallow-chandler, or a dealer in fish or oil—I delight to see such a man get rich by fair and open methods, and then go and build him a house in the best neighborhood in the place, and build it so that everybody says: "He has got a fine house, and it is in good taste, too." It does me good; it makes me fat to the very marrow, to see him do that. And, next, when he prospers, I delight to see him, after he has built his house so as to adapt it to all the purposes of a household, employ his wealth with such judicious taste, and manifest such an appreciation of things fine and beautiful, that it shall say to the world, with silent words louder than any vocalization, "A man may be a workingman and follow a menial calling, and yet carry within him a noble soul, and have a cultivated and refined nature." I like to see men that have been chrysalids break their covering and come out with all the beautiful colors of the butterfly.¹

One man exists in the world of business, but there are a score of chinks and crannies between the stones of his warehouse, his bales, crates, and ledgers, through which his interior nature sends out aspirations and appetites into the world of substance. Another man exists in the world of business, and lives there, too, in a mean and perilous sense. Old Paracelsus used to say that every man carries a demon in his stomach who conducts digestion by processes of alchemy, and you now and then see a man inclosing a goblin to preside over liver, spleen, and pylorus, cunning enough to pulverize money and turn it into heart and sympathies so hard that you might break the paving-stones of Wall street against them. Another man exists in the world of business, and desires to live by nobler faculties outside of it, but

¹ Beecher.

has not force enough to push any intellectual and delicate filaments through the casings of counting-room and store. He is an appendage to his occupation. The things he owns can not be called his possessions, for they possess *him*. He is their secretary, to keep the moth and rust from them, see to their insurance, cast their interest, and attend to the law business they involve. It is not seldom that an estate or a warehouse jumps, in this way, upon a soul and rides it lean, like the Old Man of the Sea on Sindbad's back."¹

Nothing is more beautiful than to see a man hold his art, trade, or function in an easy, disengaged way—wearing it as a soldier his sword, which, once laid aside, the accomplished soldier gives you no hint that he has ever worn. How it exalts our estimate of the genius of Charles James Fox to learn, as Walpole tells us, that, after his long and exhausting speech on Hastings's trial, he was seen handing the ladies into the coaches with all the gayety and prattle of an idle gallant! Too often the shopkeeper smells of the shop, and the scholar, who should remind you, unconsciously, that he has been on Parnassus, only by the odors of the flowers that he crushed, which cling to his feet, affronts you with a huge nosegay stuck in his bosom.²

Be the master of your calling, and don't let it master you. Application and assiduity must not sink into slavery. It is the most foolish and the poorest of bargains, when a man gives his life for what he never lets himself enjoy. "I have a rich neighbor," says Isaac Walton, "who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says: 'The diligent hand maketh rich;'" and it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; or, as was wisely said by a man of great obser-

vation, 'that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.' The keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness. Few consider him to be like the silk worm, that when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconsciously got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience." Sell yourself to no devil whatever. Be as active as you like, study punctuality, economize time, especially to noble uses—it wastes fast; its days and hours, more precious than the rubies about madam's neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return. But never let mere worldly success engross you, nor be a mere gnome working in any mine, nor a slave of Mammon. Turn to the Fairie Queene: what weary swinking and sweltering there is in his dark cavern!

Perseverance does not need to mean having no thoughts above or apart from gain. Turn the key on business when you go home o' nights, and come fresh to it next morning. There are crowds of volunteer convicts chained by their own greed to their desks, like slaves to the oar. Idolatry of money has unnoticed beginnings, and grows, at last, to soul atrophy, craving forever, and forever hungry. The Gods had an Olympian meaning when they gave Midas his prayer, that whatever he touched might turn into gold—and added, long ears.¹

How many men of business do I know whose manhood is so overlaid with work that they can do no more. "I will have an estate," says one, "and then I can ride on it and get my man-

¹ Geikie.

hood." But, alas! it is the estate which rides him, and not he who rides, horsed on his fortune. This carpenter looks to me like a chip or shaving of humanity, and I sometimes think he will one day change into a piece of wood. That stone-mason seems to be in the process of petrifying. Here is a New England lumberman who deals in logs, thinks of logs, and dreams of boards, planks, joists, and scantlings. He might make out of his logs a plank road, and ride easily on toward the kingdom of heaven; nay, he might construct a commodious bridge to carry him over many a deep gulf in that road; but, instead of these, they are only a pile of lumber. So he goes on. He is a log on the stream, floating toward the sea of wealth, slippery, unlovely to look upon, and hopes to reach that end. By and by Death makes a long arm and catches our floating log, and he stops on the shore to perish in material rot. Yonder mother has become a child-keeper, and no more. She has been that so long that her specialty of business has run away with the universality of the woman; she is a mother, nurse, housekeeper—that is all; mother of bodies, housekeeper to the flesh, nurse to matter, not to the soul that she has cradled in her arms. There goes a lawyer who seems to be made of cunning. He is an attorney at law; he might, also, have been a man at law, but he scorned it, and as I look at him the inner comes outward to my eye, and his face seems only a parchment, and thereon is engrossed a deed of sale, so much for so much.¹

When work enslaves a group of faculties, and employs and develops that group to the neglect or the death of all others, then does it surpass and abuse its office. This it is that makes one-sided men, partial men, fractional men. This it is that puts the menial stamp upon men, that brands them with the name of their tyrant-master. This it is which spoils manhood, and

¹ Parker.

debases its subjects to the level of their calling. This it is which too often transforms men into lawyers and financiers and ministers and merchants and farmers and hod-carriers—beings who can do one thing, and nothing else; who are competent in one direction, and babies or fools in every other direction. I say again, that man was not made for work, but work for him, and that its office is abused in the degree by which it hinders the symmetrical development of all his faculties. One of the direct roads to brutality lies through unalleviated and undiversified bodily labor. Let a man be worked and fed as a brute is worked and fed, and he will become brutal. A man using only the faculties demanded by his calling will develop only those faculties. So it is evident that something besides work is necessary for healthful development, after the peculiar period of play is passed.¹

God makes men, and men make blacksmiths, tailors, farmers, horse jockeys, tradesmen of all sorts, governors, judges, etc. The offices of men may be more or less important, and of higher or lower quality, but manhood is a higher possession than office. An occupation is never an end of life. It is an instrument put into our hands, or taken into our hands, by which to gain for the body the means of living until sickness or old age robs it of life, and we pass on to the world for which this is a preparation. However thoroughly acquired and assiduously followed, a trade is something to be held at arm's length. I can illustrate what I mean by placing, side by side, two horses—one fresh from the stall, with every hair in its right place, his head up and mane flying, and another that has been worked in the same harness every day for three years, until the skin is bare on each hip and thigh, an inflamed abrasion glows on each side of the backbone where the hard saddle-pad rests, a severe gall-mark spreads its

¹ Dr. Holland.

brown patch under the breast collar, and all the other marks of an abused horse abound. Now, a trade, or a profession, will wear into a man as a harness wears into a horse. One can see the "trade mark" on almost every soul and body met in the street. A trade has taken some men by the shoulders and shaken their humanity out of them. It has so warped the natures of others that they might be wet down and set in the sun to dry a thousand times without being warped back.

Thus, I say, a man's trade or profession should be kept at arm's length. It should not be allowed to tyrannize over him, to mold him, to crush him. It should not occupy the whole of his attention. So far from this, it should be regarded, in its material aspect, at least, only as a means for the development of manhood. The great object of living is the attainment of true manhood—the cultivation of every power of the soul, and of every high spiritual quality, naturally inherent or graciously superadded. The trade is beneath the man, and should be kept there. With this idea in your minds—and you may be very sure that it is the correct idea—just look around you and see how almost everybody has missed it. You and I both know physicians whose mental possessions, beyond their knowledge of drugs and diseases, are not worth anything. We are acquainted with lawyers who are never seen out of their offices; who live among pigeon-holes and red tape, and busy their minds with quirks and quarrels so unremittingly, that they have not a thought for other subjects. They are not men at all; they are nothing but lawyers. Often we find not more than five whole men in a town of five thousand inhabitants. Those who pass for men, and who really do get married and have families, are, a hundred to one, fractional men, or exclusively machines.

Elihu Burritt cultivated the man that was in him until his trade and his blacksmith shop would not stay with him. They ceased to be useful to him. He could get a living in a way that was better for him. Benjamin Franklin was an excellent printer, but he used his trade only as a means. The development of his mind and his manhood went on above it. Printing with him was not an end of life. If it had been, we should have missed his words of wisdom: some one else would have built the kite that exchanged the first kiss with electricity, and less able men would have been set to do the work which he did so creditably in the management of his country's affairs. It is not necessary that you be learned blacksmiths or philosophical and diplomatic printers, but it is necessary that you be a man before your calling, behind your calling, above your calling, outside of your calling, and inside of it; and that that calling modify your character no more than it would were it your neighbor's.¹

¹ Dr. Holland.



MOORE.

CHAPTER IV.

ENDS.

Life, like some cities, is full of blind alleys, leading nowhere; the great art is to keep out of them. — BOVEE.

FIRST, a man wants to make a living. Having made a living, he wants to make a competency. Having made a living and a competency, he wants to make a superfluity, and having made a living and a competency and a superfluity, he wants—*more*. The husks of this wilderness can never satisfy the hunger of the soul. A lion is carnivorous, and wants meat; an ox is graminivorous, and wants grass; but man is omnivorous, and wants everything. The buckets of this world's pleasure are not large enough to bring up water to slake the thirst of the soul. You and I have known men who have garnered vast products and have had their houses full, but who, morally and spiritually, have actually starved to death. Oh! man of the world, how has it been with you?¹

Money is a good thing, a very good thing, an indispensable thing. So Aristotle taught on the banks of the Ilissus more than two thousand years ago; so venerable and thoughtful pundits teach on the banks of the Ganges at the present hour; so cunning Greeks, and canny Scots, and vigorous Englishmen, always have believed, and always will believe, with a most persistent orthodoxy. Yet mountains of money, we see every day, often

¹ Talmage.

serve no other purpose than to smother and to bury the best humanity of the man who has made it; and as for those who do not make it, but only get it, there is no surer receipt for riding post-haste to perdition than to give a young man of a certain average quality of blood, at a certain stage of his existence, a thousand pounds or two in his pockets.¹

The love of money, says the Apostle, is the root of all evil. So it is; but it is also the root of a great amount of good. The love of money, in bad men and weak men, incites to cheating, lying, cruelty, meanness, reckless speculation, cold-blooded murder. But love of money, as the desire of getting on in the world, is a constant source of industry, foresight, prudence, economy. It educates the whole community to these virtues. It furnishes hope to ten thousand homes. Stand in the street of a large city at evening, and see the very poor going to their houses. What are they? Cellars, garrets, hid away in dark courts, dirty, without ventilation, with nothing of comfort about them, still less of beauty or taste. You say: "How can they bear life under such conditions?" Because in these poor homes there is love, there is intelligence, warm social affections. A great deal of strong thinking is done in them. But, besides this, there is a sense of progress. They are getting on, or hoping to do so. They hope to lay by enough to buy a small house some day; to educate their children, and to leave them higher up in the world than they are themselves.²

The pulpit and the press have many commonplaces denouncing the thirst for wealth, but if men should take these moralists at their word, and leave off aiming to be rich, the moralists would rush to rekindle, at all hazards, this love of power in the people, lest civilization should be undone. . . . Ages derive a culture from the wealth of Roman Cæsars, Leo Tenth, magnificent

¹Blackie.²Clarke.

Kings of France, Grand Dukes of Tuscany, Dukes of Devonshire, Townleys, Vernons, and Peels, in England, or whatever great proprietors. It is the interest of all men that there should be Vaticans and Louvres, full of noble works of art; British Museums and French Gardens of Plants; Philadelphia Academies of Natural History; Bodleian, Ambrosian, Royal, Congressional Libraries. It is the interest of all that there should be Exploring Expeditions; Captain Cooks, to voyage round the world; Rosses, Franklins, Richardsons, and Kanes, to find the magnetic and the geographic poles. We are all richer for the measurement of a degree of latitude on the earth's surface. Our navigation is safer for the chart. How intimately our knowledge of the system of the universe rests on that!—and a true economy in a state or individual will forget its frugality in behalf of claims like these.

Whilst it is each man's interest, that, not only ease and convenience of living, but also wealth or surplus product, should exist somewhere, it need not be in his hands. Often it is very undesirable to him. Goethe said well, "Nobody should be rich but those who understand it." Some men are born to own, and can animate all their possessions. Others can not; their owning is not graceful; seems to be a compromise of their character; they seem to steal their own dividends. They should own who can administer—not they who hoard and conceal; not they who, the greater proprietors they are, are only the greater beggars; but they whose work carves out work for more, opens a path for all. For he is the rich man in whom the people are rich, and he is the poor man in whom the people are poor.¹

Men who secure riches or power by the sacrifice of manhood, spending themselves by piecemeal, do that than which nothing could be more foolish. What if a man should collect musical

¹Emerson.

instruments, and should, every time he found a new and a fine one, pay for it by subtracting something from his power of hearing, so that when he had filled his house with these exquisite musical instruments he was stone deaf—what good would they do him?

Suppose a man should buy the best paintings of the old masters, and the choicest pieces of the new artists, to fill his gallery, and should give one ray of eyesight for every new picture, so that when he had finished his collection he was as blind as a bat—what good would these pictures do him? Suppose a man should buy provision, and heap his barn full, and fill his stalls with fine steeds and cattle, and fill his bins with grain, and should pay for these numerous treasures by giving up one part after another of his house, so that when he got his barn well stored he should have no house to live in, how much would he enjoy the abundance of his winter's provisions? And yet, are not men doing that which is as foolish as this would be? Are they not paying for money by sacrificing their conscience? Many of them are saying, "It is not possible for us to prosper in business if we stop to meddle with taste. We can not now attend to sentimentality. In the conflicts of life and in the rivalries of business, if men are going to succeed, they must push right ahead, and not stand for trifles." For success, do not men pay their sensibility? do they not pay their household enjoyments? do they not pay wholesome pleasures? And when they have at last attained success, have they not given up the best part of their being, and are they not utterly unfitted to enjoy that success?

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Look at the excuse of the man spoken of by our Master in the parable, who said:

"What shall I do, because I have not room where to bestow my fruits?"

It is as if, in modern parlance, a man should say: "How shall I invest my money? Which are the safest stocks? Where shall I put my capital? What shall I do with my accumulating interest?"

"And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods."

And now see how the fool talks:

"And I will say to my soul: Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

Do you suppose that these things are soul-food? Is wealth the proper sustenance for the spirit? What a fantasy of folly was this! Can one's manhood be built up merely by the possession of treasure? When men have acquired money they instantly begin to feel that it is inadequate. Their restlessness is not satisfied. Much as it is, they call for more, and more, and more; but it does not bring the gratification which they want. They feel the need of men's sympathy and confidence.

Oftentimes you will find men who have been penurious all their lives, and who have amassed a fortune, attempting to buy respect in their old age. Sometimes they do it by making their will, and letting it be known what they are going to do. That is an exquisite piece of trickery. Where a man wants to keep his money, and also wants to have the credit of giving it away, he holds on to it, and lets it be known that he is going to give

\$250,000 for benevolent purposes—\$10,000 here, \$20,000 there, \$50,000 somewhere else, and so on. There are many men who are going to be very generous when they die. Dead men are always generous. They keep their money while they live, and only give it away when they no longer own it.¹

In looking at great things, at multitudes of men, at the great social forces of the world, we forget the importance of the individual man, and are content to sacrifice him to the great purposes of the human race, or of some nation. Merchants often think it is of no great consequence what becomes of the sailors, if trade only flourish. So the fore-castle may be very unwholesome and narrow, but the hold for the goods must be roomy and ventilated well. The manufacturer thinks the same of the operative, and so sacrifices the human end to the material means. Thus it comes to pass that things get in the saddle and ride mankind, and man is sacrificed, the individual cut down to suit the great commercial interest. The farmer is sacrificed to his ditch. His meadow has got a new ditch, and he a new rheumatism to remember it by. Here is a man of a large pattern, brave and manly by nature, who does nothing but buy and sell. He buys and sells all the week. He can not dine with his wife, sees his children only as dogs lap water on the Nile, as quickly as possible, fearing the crocodiles will snap them in. On Sunday he is getting ready to buy and sell the next morning. He has no time to read or think. His fortune goes up, and he himself is at the other end of the beam, and goes down just in proportion. It is plain that this man practically thinks he is of much less importance than his estate; otherwise he would take more pains to be a man than to get a million of money, and would know that buying and selling and getting a fortune are not the end of human life; they are only the means thereto.²

¹ Beecher.² Parker.

The philosophy which affects to teach us a contempt of money does not run very deep. Indeed, it ought to be clearer to philosophers than to other men that money is of high importance, and that its importance increases with every generation. So manifold are its bearings upon the lives and characters of mankind, that, as Henry Taylor observes, in his "Notes on Life," an insight which should search out the life of a man in his pecuniary relations would penetrate into almost every cranny of his nature. "He who knows, like St. Paul, how to spare and how to unbound, has a great knowledge: for, if we take account of all the virtues with which money is mixed up—honesty, justice, generosity, charity, frugality, forethought, self-sacrifice—and of their correlative vices, it is a knowledge which goes near to cover the length and breadth of humanity; and a right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing and bequeathing would almost argue a perfect man."

It is money, or rather the want of it, which makes men workers. It is the appetizing provocative that teases the business nerve of more than half the world; while most of the results of ingenuity, skill, intellect, tact, address, and competition depend upon its unremitting pursuit. Want of money is the great principle of moral gravitation, the only power that is strong enough to keep things in their places. It is this scantiness of means, this continual deficiency, this constant hitch, this perpetual struggle to keep the head above water and the wolf from the door, that keeps society from falling to pieces. . . . But let us remember, at the same time, the danger of forgetting the end in the means, and attaching more importance to gold itself than to the things which it will purchase. Let us remember the warning of "holy George Herbert:"

Wealth is the Conjuror's Devil,
Whom, when he thinks he hath, the Devil hath him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

A great deal has been written on the art of money-getting, but, though comparatively few become rich, there is no real secret about it. The pith of the world's wisdom on it is condensed into a few proverbs. To work hard, to improve small opportunities, to economize, to avoid debt, are the general rules in which is summed up the hoarded experience of centuries, and the most sagacious writers have added little to them. Of all the objects which a man can propose to himself, that of money-making is the simplest and most attainable, provided he will take the proper steps. To become an artist, a statesman, an orator, a poet, or a scholar of high ability, is what few persons can expect. In some callings, not even the most indefatigable effort and the most exhaustless patience are sure to win success. The man, on the contrary, who strives to gain money knows that he is following no chimera, no phantom or will-o'-the-wisp, which will forever beckon him on, yet forever baffle him, or which, if attained, will only mock his expectations. He toils for a definite end, and there is no sense of incongruity between his toil and his hope. Money-getting is a pursuit in which almost any diligent, earnest, prudent man may hope to get on, without brilliant talents or genius. Any beginner in life, who has mastered the three R's—"Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic"—may hope to become independent, if not rich, if he will but work persistently, be temperate, and save a part of his earnings. Mediocre abilities will suffice for this end—nay, may prove more advantageous than the most dazzling mental gifts.²

To conclude: money is a good thing, of which every man

¹ Mathews.

² Ibid.

should try to secure enough to avoid dependence upon others, either for his bread or his opinions; but it is not so good a thing that, to win it, one should crawl in the dust, stoop to a mean or dishonorable action, or give his conscience a single pang. Money-getting is unhealthy when it impoverishes the mind or dries up the sources of the spiritual life; when it extinguishes the sense of beauty, and makes one indifferent to the wonders of nature and art; when it blunts the moral sense, and confuses the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice; when it stifles religious impulse, and blots all thought of God from the soul. Money-getting is unhealthy, again, when it engrosses all one's thoughts, leads a man to live meanly and coarsely, to do without books, pictures, music, travel, for the sake of greater gains, and causes him to find his deepest and most soul-satisfying joy, not in the culture of his heart or mind, not in doing good to himself or others, but in the adding of eagle to eagle, in the knowledge that the money in his chest is piled up higher and higher every year, that his account at the bank is constantly growing, that he is adding bonds to bonds, mortgages to mortgages, stocks to stocks, and may say to himself: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years."¹

FAME.—When that prodigy of genius and precocity, Chatterton, "the marvelous boy, the sleepless soul, that perished in his pride," was but eight years old, a manufacturer, desiring to present him with a cup, asked him what device should be inscribed on it. "Paint me an angel," was the reply, "with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world."²

If a man does not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.³

¹ Mathews.

² Ibid.

³ Shakespeare.

The desire of fame hath been no inconsiderable motive to quicken you in the pursuit of those actions which will best deserve it.¹

Those who despise fame seldom deserve it. We are apt to undervalue the purchase we can not reach, to conceal our poverty the better. It is a spark which kindles upon the best fuel, and burns brightest in the bravest breast.²

It is right that we should want to be thought well of. God says a good name is better than precious ointment. It is an immense power for good. Always to be on the right side, ready to speak or to act for the cause of God, and one's country, gives one a reputation that is fit to be the ambition of any man.³

Man is naturally a prospective creature, endowed not only with a capacity of comparing the present with the past, but also of anticipating the future, and dwelling with anxious rumination on scenes which are yet remote. He is capable of carrying his views, of attaching his anxieties, to a period much more distant than that which measures the limits of his present existence; capable, we distinctly perceive, of identifying himself with the sentiments and opinions of a distant age, and of enjoying, in anticipation, the fame of which he is aware he shall never be conscious, and the praises he shall never hear. So strongly is he disposed to link his feelings with futurity, that shadows become realities when contemplated as subsisting there; and the phantom of posthumous celebrity, the faint image of his being impressed on future generations, is often preferred to the whole of his present existence, with all its warm and vivid realities.⁴

The world . . . in thousands of proverbs and allegories, has branded the bitterness of its own chosen pleasures, and the inanity of its own cherished hopes. The cloud of Ixion, the

¹ Swift.² Jeremy Collier.³ Talmage.⁴ Robert Hall.

stone of Sisyphus, the wasted voice of Echo, the self-withering infatuation of Narcissus, Pygmalion pining for love of a statue, Midas starving in the midst of gold, the wings of Icarus, melting even while he soared, and harrowing his soul with the coming terror of the inevitable fall—such are earth's treasures; and even were they as real as they are illusory, how short a time—for what a brief and fleeting spell of youth—they last! "Ai! ai!" sings the sweet Greek poet, "when the soft plants perish in the garden, the bright green parsley and the early blooming anethus they live again and spring for another year; but we, the great, and strong, wise men, we, when once we die, forgotten in the hollow grave, . . . we sleep the long, long, illimitable sleep that never wakes." And all sacred teaching, and all Christian song, echo the same thing; the things which men seek, the Scriptures tell us, are but as the grass of the fading flower—as the stream which fails in summer—as clusters of the poisonous vine—as apples of Sodom, that fill the mouth with gravel and bitterness—as stones of the wilderness, which can not be turned to bread: and—as the light lyrist was forced to sing—

And false the light on Glory's plume
As fading hues of even;
And Valor's wreath, and Beauty's bloom
Are garlands given to the tomb:
There's nothing true but heaven!

The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostratus lives that burned the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse,

confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the everlasting register. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? The first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the *Lucina* of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right dissensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it can not be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementoes, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. . . . Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or

time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.¹

Besides, this very desire of fame is looked on as a meanness and imperfection in the greatest character. A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with generous neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noise and strife of tongues. Accordingly, we find in ourselves a secret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious course of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations; as, on the contrary, it is usual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to ascribe it to vainglory and a desire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill-founded; for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any noble action by so selfish a motive, and to do that out of a desire of fame which we could not be promoted to by a disinterested love to mankind, or by a generous passion for the glory of Him who made us.²

To be rich, to be famous—do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away underground, along with the idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you, follows your memory with secret blessings, or pervades you and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*, if dying. I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless, living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.³

POWER.—Life is a search after power; and this is an element with which the world is so saturated—there is no chink or crevice in which it is not lodged—that no honest seeking goes unre-

¹ Sir Thomas Browne.² Addison.³ Thackeray.

warded. A man should prize events and possessions as the ore in which this fine mineral is found; and he can well afford to let events and possessions, and the breath of the body go, if their value has been added to him in the shape of power. If he have secured the elixir, he can spare the wide gardens from which it was distilled.¹

When Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, first appeared at the Court of the Bassa, he was inclined to believe that the man must be pleased with his own condition whom all approached with reverence and heard with obedience, and who had the power to extend his edicts to a whole kingdom. "There can be no pleasure," said he, "equal to that of feeling at once the joy of thousands, all made happy by wise administration."

The charms of power do not appeal alone to princes, nor do they find entertainment only among those who are moved to use it benevolently. The love of power is universal. The desire for power is the grand motive force in most of the social and political changes of the world. In the neighborhood, the village, the town, the country, the state—in all classes and forms of society; in all great popular movements which involve the modification of policies and institutions; in the church itself, and all the sects into which it is divided, there are men who seek for power as the choicest good. To achieve power is to achieve honor. To be clothed with power is to be clothed with purple.

To be able to move masses of men by eloquence, to guide them by counsel, to govern them by command, to occupy place and exercise official authority—in any way to shape the life and destiny of men—these are privileges to be worked for with every faculty of the mind, and purchased by every sacrifice of time and treasure. Multitudes are willing to be toadies to those above them, provided they may be tyrants to those beneath them. The

¹ Emerson.

king may cuff the courtier, and the courtier the butler, and the butler the scullion, and the scullion the dog; but the dog licks the scullion's hand for his food, and the hand-licking runs back through the whole line to the king again.

This love of power, in its wide range through all grades of life and all forms of society, must have its basis in nature and its legitimate field of exercise. When it takes full possession of a man, we dignify it by the name of ambition, one of the most imperious passions of the soul. In a benevolent nature, like that of Rasselas, it is closely allied to a love of the popular consideration and a desire to minister to the public good. In selfish natures, it tramples on every popular right to reach its objects, and refrains from no cruelty to hold them.

The forms in which the love of power manifests itself are Protean. The perfumed exquisite, who sets the fashion for his followers; the leader of society, who gives the authority of law to social usage; the man who proclaims his superior wealth by the display of equipage; the man of ostentatious benevolence; the foremost man in all public movements and on all public occasions; the man who makes himself felt by pushing forward everybody, and the man who makes himself felt by holding back everybody; the man who wins everybody's good will, and the man who defies everybody's good will; the man who seeks control by ideas, and the man who seeks control through the medium of wealth, or office, or intrigue, or association with the powerful—all these are moved by the love of power, and all are seeking in some way to elevate themselves above their fellows, and to exercise an influence downward upon them.¹

Power will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the strongest heads.²

Those who have been once intoxicated with power, and have

¹ Dr. Holland.

² Colton.

derived any kind of emolument from it, even though but for one year, never can willingly abandon it.¹

To know the pains of power, we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures, we must go to those who are seeking it—the pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary.²

Here is a man with whom power is a supreme end. He is full of good impulses, ready to do you a favor, cares nothing for money; but come between him and his power, and that man is a Bonaparte, and will sacrifice the lives of five hundred thousand men to enable him to take the City of Moscow, while professing, and, perhaps, making himself believe, that he is acting for the good of his country. . . . Let another come into competition with one thus choosing power, and there will be emulation. Let his rival surpass him, and there will be envy, and there is no hatred, or wrath, or revenge that will not stir in a man and become settled passion, issuing in every form of cruelty and crime as the pursuit of power becomes intense, and as others become obstacles in the way. Conscience and humanity, and other natural and beautiful principles of action, may have wide scope, but if the love of power be really supreme, when the occasion demands it, they will give way, and violence, or treachery, or whatever means may be needed to secure the end, will be employed.³

Flow, flow the waves hated,
Accursed, adored,
The waves of mutation:
No anchorage is.
Sleep is not, death is not;
Who seem to die live.
House you were born in,
Friends of your spring-time,
Old man and young maid,
Day's toil and its guerdon,

¹ Burke.² Colton.³ Hopkins.

They are all vanishing,
Fleeing to fables,
Can not be moored.
See the stars through them,
Through treacherous marbles.
Know, the stars yonder,
The stars everlasting,
Are fugitive also,
And emulate, vaulted,
The lambent heat-lightning,
And fire-fly's flight.
When thou dost return
On the wave's circulation,
Beholding the shimmer,
The wild dissipation,
And, out of endeavor
To change and to flow,
The gas become solid,
And phantoms and nothings
Return to be things,
And endless imbroglio
Is law and the world—
Then first shalt thou know
That in the wild turmoil,
Horsed on the Proteus,
Thou ridest to power,
And to endurance.¹

HAPPINESS.—That life was given us to be enjoyed, few men in their sober senses, not distracted by unendurable anguish or rendered morbid by a perverse theology, have ever seriously dreamed of doubting. The analogy of the lower animals confirms the common consciousness. Human infancy holds the same language. The brutes that perish, but never speculate, and the young, whose native instincts are not yet marred by thought, alike listen to nature and alike are joyous. The earth

¹ Emerson.

is sown with pleasures, as the Heavens are studded with stars—wherever the conditions of existence are unsophisticated; scarcely a scene that is not redolent of beauty; scarcely a flower that does not breathe sweetness. Not one of our senses that, in its healthy state, is not an avenue to enjoyment. Not one of our faculties that it is not a delight to exercise. Provision is made for the happiness of every disposition and of every taste—the active, the contemplative, the sensuous, the ethereal. Provision is made for the happiness of every age—for dancing infancy, for glowing youth, for toiling manhood, for reposing age.¹

There are two ways of being happy—we may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do, the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest. If you are idle, or sick, or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous, or young, or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are very wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.²

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild goose chase, and is never attained.³

The prizes of life, like the apples of Sodom, often turn to ashes in the grasp. Of every object of human pursuit, however dazzling in the distance, it may be said as the poet has said of woman:

The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charms by being caught.

¹ Greg.² Franklin.³ Hawthorne.

But persons who reason thus concerning human happiness forget its true nature. They forget that it does not consist in the gratification of the desires, nor in that freedom from care, that imaginary state of repose to which most men look so anxiously forward, and with the prospect of which their labors are lightened, but which is more languid, irksome, and insupportable than all the toils of active life. True, the objects we pursue with so much ardor are insignificant in themselves, and never fulfill our extravagant expectations; but this by no means proves them unworthy of pursuit. Properly to estimate their value, we must take into view all the pleasurable emotions they awaken prior to attainment.

Man never is, but always to be, blest,

says the poet. That is, his true happiness consists in the *means*, and not in the *end*; in *acquisition*, and not in *possession*. The principle and source of it is not the gratification of the desires, nor does its amount depend on the frequency of such gratifications. He who cultivates a tree derives far more satisfaction from the care he bestows upon it than from the fruit. Give the huntsman his game, and the gambler the money that is staked, that they both may enjoy, without care or perplexity, the objects they pursue, and they will smile at your folly. "If my son," said a certain wealthy man, whose wasteful heir was fast dissipating the fruits of his exertions, "can take as much pleasure in spending my property as I have derived from acquiring it, I will not complain."¹

The happiest man I have ever known is one far enough from being rich in money, and who will never be much nearer to it. His calling fits him, and he likes it, rejoices in its process as much as in its result. He has an active mind, well filled. He

¹ Mathews.

reads and he thinks. He tends his garden before sunrise every morning, then rides sundry miles by the rail, does his ten hours' work in the town, whence he returns happy and cheerful. With his own smile he catches the earliest smile of the morning, plucks the first rose of his garden, and goes to his work with the little flower in his hand, and a great one blossoming out of his heart. He runs over with charity, as a cloud with rain; and it is with him as with the cloud—what coming from the cloud is rain to the meadows is a rainbow of glories to the cloud that pours it out. The happiness of the affections fills up the good man, and he runs over with friendship and love—connubial, parental, filial; friendly, too, and philanthropic, besides. His life is a perpetual "trap to catch a sunbeam," and it always springs and takes it in. I know no man who gets more out of life; and the secret of it is that he does his duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God. I know rich men, and learned men, men of great social position, and, if there is genius in America, I know that—but a happier man I have never known.¹

Pleasure, used in a strict sense, signifies the gratification of the senses in some way, and to live for pleasure in that sense is, indeed, base. But if one regards happiness as the product of the right action of his whole nature; if the truest happiness implies the development, the education, of the social and the spiritual as well as the physical elements of our being; if it includes benevolence, and takes on the here and the hereafter as well; if, in other words, our conception of happiness is one which requires the development of our entire nature for time and for eternity, then to say that a man should seek his own greatest happiness is to declare a good and a noble thing. It is right to live for one's greatest happiness, if he have a true interpretation of what that is. Not only is it right, but it is a duty.²

¹ Parker.² Beecher.

I believe in happiness. I am sure that God meant us for happiness. I think that we are all the better for happiness. I long that every one of you should be as happy as God gives it to any of His children to be. And, though mere pleasure is a far lower thing, I do not even look with a dubious eye on pleasure. I know that many turn it into a Marah fountain, scorching and poisonous; but I know, too, that innocence can sweeten it. No good man can be a foe to happiness; no good man need be a foe to innocent pleasure. God meant us to have something of both; and the better we are, the more generous, the more pure, the more unselfish, the more we shall have of both. For there is but one form of happiness which can long satisfy the soul which God has made; it is when happiness is not sought at all for its own sake, but comes as the natural law of a noble existence; it is when duty and delight are synonymous and coincident; it is when peace is the reward of faithfulness, not the aim of self-indulgence; it is when gladness is found in the service of others, not in the satisfaction of self; it is when the psalm of life is, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O my God! I am content to do it; yea, Thy law is within my heart."

Who follows pleasure, pleasure slays,
God's wrath upon himself he wreaks:
But all delights attend his days
Who takes with thanks, but never seeks.²

The happiness and misery of every individual of mankind depends almost exclusively on the particular character of his habitual associations, and the relative kind and intensity of his imagination. It is much less what we actually are, and what we actually possess, than what we imagine ourselves to be and have, that is decisive of our existence and fortune.²

¹ Farrar.² Ancillon.

Apicius committed suicide to avoid starvation, when his fortune was reduced to somewhere, in English money, about £100,000. The Roman epicure imagined that he could not subsist on what, to men in general, would seem more than affluence.¹

It is not what we actually attain or possess that makes us happy or wretched, but what we think is essential, or possible, or just for ourselves to attain. The ideal standard for ourselves, by which we measure our attainments in all these respects, is that which has the most to do with satisfaction or discontent. It is of little consequence what a man has, if he imagines that he must have something more in order to be truly happy. He can not be content if this is wanting; if he dreams that something more is justly his due, his discontent will be aggravated with a sense of injustice from his friends or his fellow-men; from society, from nature, or from God. If his ideal is rational and just, still more if his theory of life teaches him to find satisfaction in those sources of good which are open to all—in occupation, in worthy pleasures, and in the exercise and interchange of the social and kind affections—he can not easily be robbed of content and happiness. If his ideal contemplates self-sacrifice, suffering, and evil, as possible conditions of good, he will be still more secure of a happy life. If it reaches forward to another scene of existence, and brings before him the blessedness of a character perfected by suffering and made fit for the purest and noblest society conceivable, his happiness on earth may even be augmented by disappointment, sorrow, and pain.

If, on the other hand, these ideals are factitious or unreasonable, they become the source of constant wretchedness. If a man, to be happy, must be as rich or as fashionable, as success-

¹ Sir William Hamilton.

ful or as accomplished, as he dreams of, all his actual enjoyments pass for little or nothing till his ideal desires are gratified.¹

I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation, I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world!²

Well mayest thou exclaim: "Is there no God, then; but at best an absentee God, sitting idle, ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside of his universe, and *seeing* it go?" "Has the word Duty no meaning? is what we call Duty no Divine messenger and guide, but a false earthly phantasm made up of desire and fear?" "Is the heroic inspiration we name Virtue but some passion, some bubble of the blood, bubbling in the direction others *profit* by?" I know not; only this I know: If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray. "Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the universe is—the Devil's."³

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was happiness enough to get his work done. Not "I can't eat!" but "I can't work!"—that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man—that he can not work; that he can not get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold! the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly away, and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness—it is all abolished, vanished, clean gone; a thing that has been; "not of the slightest consequence"

¹ Porter.

² The Caliph Abdalrahman, quoted by Gibbon.

³ Carlyle.

whether we were happy as eupeptic Curtis, as the fattest pig of Epicurus, or unhappy as Job with potsherds, as musical Byron with Giaours and sensibilities of the heart; as the unmusical meat-jack with hard labor and rust. But our work!—behold! that is not abolished, that has not vanished; our work, behold! it remains, or the want of it remains—for endless times and eternities remains; and that is now the sole question with us for evermore! Brief, brawling Day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper-crown's tinsel-light, is gone, and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silence and her veracities, is come!¹

That men have the power of preferring other objects than happiness is a proposition which must ultimately be left to the attestation of consciousness. That the pursuit of virtue, however much happiness may eventually follow in its train, is, in the first instance, an example of this preference, must be established by that common voice of mankind which has invariably regarded a virtuous motive as generically different from an interested one. And, indeed, even when the conflict between strong passions and a strong sense of duty does not exist, it is impossible to measure the degrees of virtue by the scale of enjoyment. The highest nature is rarely the happiest. The mind of Petronius Arbiter was probably more unclouded than that of Marcus Aurelius. For eighteen centuries the religious instinct of Christendom has recognized its ideal in the form of a "Man of Sorrows."²

DOING GOOD.—A pure or holy state of anything is that in which all its parts are helpful or consistent. They may or may not be homogeneous. The highest or organic purities are composed of many elements in an entirely helpful state. The highest and first law of the universe, and the other name of life, is, therefore, "help." The other name of death is "separation."

¹ Ibid.² Lecky.

Government and co-operation are in all things and eternally the laws of life; anarchy and competition, eternally and in all things, the laws of death.¹

For man to assist man is to be a god.²

No one doubts, or affects to doubt, that we are commanded, both by instinct and the moral sense, to seek and promote the happiness of *others*. To relieve suffering, to soothe distress, to confer pleasure, to dry the tears of the afflicted, to spread comfort and joy around us, is, we are taught, the noblest function in which man can spend his brightest years and his freshest strength. Are not those whose lives and powers are devoted to the task of spreading happiness around them felt to be, in an especial manner, "fellow-laborers with God," carrying out His purposes, doing His work? Are not those who "go about doing good" recognized at once as the peculiar disciples of His exactest image upon the earth? Do we not measure the degree in which men have deserved the gratitude of their species by the degree in which they have contributed to assuage trouble and diffuse peace?³

Give, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford instead of that a sweet and gentle word.⁴

Moral fountains may be opened by the wayside for refreshing pilgrims—travelers for eternity. One sets an example of strict integrity in the midst of great temptations; the sight is as refreshing to a tempted pilgrim as is a fountain to a thirsty traveler. One sets an example of Christian thankfulness, and trusts in God; it may refresh many a pilgrim who is careful and troubled about many things. One sets an example of forgiveness, and of returning good for evil; it may refresh and invigorate for duty many who are smarting under a sense of injustice and tried with temptations to revenge. We may thus open fountains by the way—

¹ Ruskin.² Pliny.³ Greg.⁴ Herrick.

side. We may not know how many we may thus benefit, but God does.¹

If a man begin right, I can not tell how many tears he may wipe away, how many burdens he may lift, how many orphans he may comfort, how many outcasts he may reclaim. There have been men who have given their whole life in the right direction, concentrating all their wit and ingenuity, and mental acumen, and physical force, and enthusiasm for Christ. They climbed the mountain, and delved into the mine, and crossed the sea, and trudged the desert, and dropped, at last, into martyrs' graves, waiting for the resurrection of the just. They measured their lives by the chains they broke off, by the garments they put upon nakedness, by the miles they traveled to alleviate every kind of suffering. They felt in the thrill of every nerve, in the motion of every muscle, in every throb of their heart, in every respiration of their lungs, the magnificent truth: "no man liveth to himself."²

There are some—alas! there are many—in the world who seem to hunger and thirst after *nothing*. It is a type which in this age is getting more and more common—the type of those who live as though they had no souls, as though no God had made them, no Savior died for them, no Spirit shone in the temple of their hearts. They live but little better than the beasts that perish, the life of dead, stolid, spiritless comfort, the life without purpose, without effort, without nobility, without enthusiasm; "the dull, gray life, and apathetic end." The great sea of human misery welters around them; but what is that to them, while the bread is given and the water sure? Over them, vast as the blue dome of Heaven, brood the eternal realities; before them, deeper than ever plummet sank, flows the river of death; beyond it, in gloom unutterable, or in beauty that can

¹ Dr. Wise.

² Talmage.

not be described, is either the outer darkness or the City of our God; but it seems as though they had neither mind to imagine, nor faith to realize, nor heart to understand. These are they whom in his awful vision the great poet of the Middle Ages saw whirled, like the autumn leaves, round and round the outer circle of the prison-house, aimlessly following the flutter of a giddy flag. . . . Oh! be not you like these. Be something in life, do something, aim at something; not something great, but something good; not something famous, but something serviceable; not leaves, but fruit.¹

What if Raphael had painted for his own eye, and then burned up his pictures; what if Shakespeare had written dramas for his family and a few friends; what if Newton had shown his diagrams and calculations to the great gowmsmen at Cambridge, and then destroyed them—it would not be at all more selfish than the course of the merchant, scholar, tradesman, or politician, who works for himself, and himself alone. I wish men knew the true use of great talents, the true use of the money they therewith accumulate. The function of men of great genius for philosophy, letters, art, is to educate mankind. Such a one is to point out the errors of the popular creed, and indicate new truths. And what immense services have been rendered by men of great mind who have devoted their energies to this work! those, for example, who have exposed the errors of the Heathen mythology—the Martin Luthers who figured in the sixteenth century, the philosophers and free-thinkers of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Such men are sent into the world as soldiers of humanity; if they strike against man, not for man, how great is their condemnation! There is a long line of men of philosophic genius, who have sought to educate the people, to free them from

superstition, vices of body and spirit, noble souls, who in the service of humanity died that you and I might live; kings and priests burned them at the stake, cut off their heads, and over ground once slippery with their blood we walk secure. So a man of great poetic genius or eloquence—how much does he owe to mankind! What if he turns off from humanity's eyes, and never sees nor sings the highest word of mankind's joy or woe! We drop a tear on the not religious brow of Shakespeare; but when a man dedicates his pen to lust and wine, and ribald mock and scoff, it is the greatest charity that can say to a Byron: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." What evil a wicked man of talent, still more of genius, can perpetrate in his age; but what service a man of great poetic genius can render! Milton marred his poetry by that ghastly theology which he taught; no man can love his idea of God. But what service he rendered to mankind by his love of freedom, and the high, brave morals he taught! How has Mr. Wordsworth cultivated the sweetest virtues in his garden of the Muses, which is also a garden of Christian literature! How much has Mr. Hood done by his two songs, "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs!" How much Mr. Dickens has accomplished with this humanity in his great, generous heart!¹

The whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, wide-spread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy, and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as hell; let light be, and there is, indeed, a green, flowery world. Oh! it is great, and there is no other greatness! To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a god! Sooty hell of mutiny, and savagery, and despair, can, by man's energy, be

¹ Parker.

made a kind of heaven; cleared of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny; the everlasting arch of heaven's azure over-spanning it too, and its cunning mechanisms and tall chimney steeples as a birth of heaven, God and all men looking on it, well pleased.¹

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? they do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them: none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled; and so they perished: their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name, in kindness, love, and merey, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year: you will never be forgotten. No! your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind you as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.²

CHARACTER.—To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to deserve happiness.³

There is in man a higher aim than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.⁴

It is not what a man gets, but what a man is, that he should think of. He should first think of his character, and then of his condition.⁵

The great end of business is not the accumulation of property, but the formation of character. "He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them," says the Psalmist; but great virtues—prudence, wisdom, justice, benevolence, piety—

¹ Carlyle.

² Chalmers.

³ Fichte.

⁴ Carlyle.

⁵ Beecher.

these may be gathered from your trade; they are not uncertain riches, but imperishable, undefiled, and they fade not away.¹

Progress, in the sense of acquisition, is something; but progress, in the sense of being, is a great deal more. To grow higher, deeper, wider, as the years go on; to conquer difficulties, and acquire more and more power; to feel all one's faculties unfolding, and truth descending into the soul—this makes life worth living.²

Whoso acts a hundred times with high moral principle before he speaks once of it, that is a man whom one could bless and clasp to one's heart. I am far from saying that he is on that account free from faults, but the *plus et minus*, the degree of striving after perfection and virtue, determines the value of the man.³

Character is the culminating substance of nature; and we may say here that a man may be what he pleases to be. The forms of our activity are prescribed for us by nature, but circumstances do not make the real, central man. Circumstances often determine how much show a man shall make. To be famous depends on some fortuities; to be a president depends on the acute smellers of a few politicians and a mysterious set of wires; to be rich depends on birth or luck; to be intellectually eminent may depend on the appointment of Providence; but to be a man, in the sense of substance, depends solely on one's own noble ambition and determination to live in contact with God's open atmosphere of truth and right, from which all true manliness is inspired and fed.⁴

A cultivated man, wise to know and bold to perform, is the end to which nature works.⁵

In ordinary, average, respectable English life, many people strive to be virtuous and good, not for the sake of virtue and

¹ Parker.² Clarke.³ George Forster.⁴ King.⁵ Emerson.

goodness, but on account of the pressure of public opinion brought to bear upon them. Men live in the full glare of a mutually destructive criticism. They accommodate their actions to a certain semblance and standard. They may gain influence, but may not attain to virtue; they may gain the respect of others, but hardly their own respect. The man who does well in deference to the current opinion of his class, the standard of conduct among his friends, must always be haunted by the unhappy suspicion of hypocrisy, and must be liable to fall back into the very contrary of his professions whenever the exterior pressure is withdrawn. Let the incubus be removed, and there is a rebound of the spring; the character reverts to its natural type. But to desire to do well because our life is linked with the divine life, and we seek to be the children of our Father in heaven, must be a well-spring of joy, and a source of the purest delight. "From *Me* is thy fruit found?" "All my fresh springs shall be in Thee!"¹

Thought, intelligence, is the dignity of a man, and no man is rising but in proportion as he is learning to think clearly and forcibly, or directing the energy of his mind to the acquisition of truth. Every man, in whatsoever condition, is to be a student. No matter what other vocation he may have, his chief vocation is to Think.²

Am I asked for my conception of the dignity of a human being? I should say that it consists, first, in that spiritual principle, called sometimes the Reason, sometimes the Conscience, which, rising above what is local and temporary, discerns immutable truth and everlasting right; which, in the midst of imperfect things, conceives of Perfection; which is universal and impartial, standing in direct opposition to the partial, selfish principles of human nature; which says to me with authority,

¹ Rev. F. Arnold.² Channing.

that my neighbor is as precious as myself, and his rights as sacred as my own; which commands me to receive all truth, however it may war with my pride, and to do all justice, however it may conflict with my interest; and which calls me to rejoice with love in all that is beautiful, good, holy, happy, in whatever being these attributes may be found.¹

Man has a mind as well as a body, and this he ought to know; and, till he knows it, feels it, and is deeply penetrated by it, he knows nothing aright. His body should, in a sense, vanish away before his mind; or, in the language of Christ, he should hate his animal life in comparison with the intellectual and moral life which is to endure forever. This doctrine, however, is pronounced too refined. Useful and practical truth, according to its most improved expositors, consists in knowing that we have an animal nature, and in making this our chief care; in knowing that we have mouths to be filled and limbs to be clothed; that we live on the earth, which it is our business to till; that we have a power of accumulating wealth, and that this power is the measure of the greatness of the community! For such doctrines I have no respect. I know no wisdom but that which reveals man to himself, and which teaches him to regard all social institutions, and his whole life, as the means of unfolding and exalting the spirit within him. All policy which does not recognize this truth seems to me shallow.²

What is the chief good for man as man? . . . It must consist in *perfect activity* in well-doing, and especially in contemplative thought, or, as Aristotle defines it, "*It is a perfect practical activity in a perfect life.*" His conception of the chief good has thus two sides—one internal: that which exists in and for the consciousness, a "complete and perfect life;" the other external and practical. The latter, however, is a means to the former.

¹ Channing.² Ibid.

That complete and perfect life is the complete satisfaction and perfection of our rational nature. It is a state of peace which is the crown of exertion. It is the realization of the divine in man, and constitutes the absolute and all-sufficient happiness.¹

To the mass of men, as a rule, enjoyment will come if we fulfill the laws of our Being; but it was not for this alone, nor for this first, that Life was given. If we set it before us as our chief object—if we pursue it with conscious and relentless purpose—still more, if we seek it by any short cuts or private pathways of our own, or by any road save that by which Providence has prescribed without engaging that it shall lead to any special or certain goal on earth, we may, or we may not, be happy; but assuredly we shall have failed in carrying out a further design of the Creator—at least as indisputable as the first—namely: *The Moral Progress and Perfection of the Individual and the Race.* . . . The Cup of Life which God offers to our lips is not always sweet. It is an unworthy weakness to endeavor to persuade ourselves of such a falsehood; but, sweet or bitter, it is ours to drink it without murmur or demur. . . . The progress of humanity, the improvement of the world, the mitigation of its anomalies, the extinction of its woes, the eradication of its vices—in a word, the *realization of the ideal* of life—is the great design of God and the great work of man. But though the perfection of the *Race* is the great, it is clear that it is not the sole, purpose or significance of life. The perfection of the *Individual* is indicated by marks just as obvious. We are sent here and endowed thus, not only to do our utmost for the improvement and progress of the world, but to do our utmost, also, for the development, utilization, purification, and strengthening of our own individual natures.²

¹ Cocker.² Greg.

The most fundamental mistake men make is in not recognizing the breadth of their nature, and a consequent working of some single part of it. One must give play to his whole nature and fill out all his relations, or he will have a poor ending. He must heed the social, domestic, and religious elements of his being, as well as the single one that yields him a fortune. These should be embraced under a *purpose* as clear and strong as that which leads to wealth, and be cherished, not out of a bare sense of duty, but for manly completeness. The most pitiable sight one ever sees is a young man doing nothing; the furies early drag him to his doom. Hardly less pitiable is a young man doing but one thing—his whole being centered on money or fame; forgetful of the broad world of intellectual capacity within him, of the broader and sweeter world of social and domestic life, and of the infinite world of the spirit that inspires him on every side and holds his destinies, whether he knows it or not. It is not only quite possible, but an easy and natural thing, for a young man fronting life to say, I will make the most of myself; I will recognize my whole nature; I will neglect no duty that belongs to all men; I will carry along with an even and just hand those relations that make up a full manhood.¹

It is not enough for a man to build a ship so that it looks beautiful as it stands on the stocks. What though a man build his vessel so trim and graceful that all admire it, if, when she comes to be launched, she is not fit for the sea, if she can not stand stormy weather, if she is a slow sailer and a poor carrier, if she is liable to founder on the voyage? A ship, however pretty she may be, is not good for anything unless she can battle with the deep. That is the place to test her. All her fine lines and grace and beauty are of no account if she fails there. It makes no difference how splendidly you build, so far as this

¹ Munger.

world is concerned, your life is a failure unless you build so that you can go out into the great future on the eternal sea of life. We are to live on. We are not to live again, but we are to live without break. Death is not an end. It is a new impulse. We are discharged out of this life, where we have been like arrows in a quiver. Death is a bow which sends us shooting far beyond this earthly experience into another and a higher life. Woe be to that man who is rich for this world and bankrupt for the other. Woe be to that man who so lives here that he will have nothing hereafter. Woe be to that man who, when he dies, leaves everything behind him for which he has spent all the energies of his life. Woe be to that man who so uses this world that it makes him useless for the world to come. Heart-life, soul-life, hope, joy, and love are true riches. Such riches a man will carry through the grave with him. No man can take his house, nor his merchandise, nor his ships with him when he dies. A man's books, his fame, his political influence, his physical enjoyment, his granary, his farm, his team, his loaded wain—these things stop on this side of the grave. The gate of death is not big enough to let them through. Nobody carries his body through the grave.¹

How seldom, friends, a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains—
For shame, dear friends, renounce this canting strain;
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain?
Or throne of corses which his sword has slain?
Greatness and goodness are not *means*, but *ends*:
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,

¹ Beecher.

The good great man? — three treasures, *Love* and *Light*,
And *Calm Thoughts* regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his *Maker*, and the angel *Death*.¹

HIGHER AND LOWER.—Mental pleasures never cloy: unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.²

Pleasures of the mind are more at command than those of the body. A man may think of a handsome performance, or of a notion that pleases him, at his leisure. This entertainment is ready with little warning or expense; a short recollection brings it upon the stage, brightens the idea, and makes it shine as much as when it was first stamped upon the memory.³

Lowest of all men are they who live only to gratify their senses; higher are they who have pleasure in art and nature and science; higher yet they who rejoice in deeds of simple kindness, and loathe all envy and calumny and hate; highest of all they who live in the faith of eternal thoughts, and are ready to pour out their very lives as a sacrifice, if so they may inspire others with the same holy and everlasting faith.⁴

It is worth our while to think for a moment as to the productiveness in pleasure of the different parts of the soul. All of them are more or less productive of pleasure. I do not say that there is no pleasure in lower forms of indulgence. A glutton has pleasure, or he would not be a glutton. It would be absurd to say that there is an effect without a cause. There is a pleasure in getting drunk, I suppose. There is a pleasure which the miser feels. There is a pleasure which the envious man feels. There is rejoicing in iniquity. Wrong-doing confers a certain sort of pleasure. Every part of the nature of man has its own mode of pleasure.

¹ Coleridge.² Colton.³ Jeremy Collier.⁴ Farrar.

It is not necessary to the exaltation of morality, it is not necessary to the making of religion attractive, to undertake to say that nobody can be happy unless he is a religious man. That is not true. A great many religious men are not happy, and a great many irreligious men are happy. To say that a man can enjoy more in a religious life than he can in a lower life, is to say the truth, although it is not everybody that finds it out. My impression is that, in a general way, that part of our nature which comes in contact with the physical, and controls it, has the most sudden and the most sharp exhilaration of pleasure, but the briefest. The flavor passes from the tongue, and is gone. All physical pleasures are momentary, however intense they may be, and there is very little memory of them. And although these very pleasures are real, they are shallow and unstable. . . . Next to these, men think, are the better forms of social intercourse. These certainly are higher elements of pleasure than those which we have just been considering—higher in this regard, that each particular emotion, though milder, has greater continuity. Social pleasures bring self-respect; they bring out a sense of kindness and benevolence; they diffuse a higher influence through the mind than mere physical pleasures do. They develop a new atmosphere in us, so that, although they may not be so intense as physical pleasures, they are more conducive to enjoyment. The flavor may not be so pungent, but the sum of the happiness which we derive from them is very much greater. . . .

Then we come to a still higher form of pleasures—those derived from semi-moral faculties—where we become executive, creative, and fashion things in life, exercising power and skill, and that for kind and benevolent purposes. A peculiar sensation of pleasure proceeds from this source. Where there is

development and activity of the higher range of faculties for noble purposes, it is as if an angel touched us. There is more joy in a simple hour of such activity than there is in days of the lower forms of delight.

But a man does not touch his supremest happiness until he is thoroughly spiritualized, until he inhabits the whole higher range of his being—that part of the soul which came from God, and touches God again, and which receives the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost, by which every other part of his nature is held in control and warmed and illumined. In that higher range the pleasure is ecstatic, not boisterous; not demonstrative, not taking on the forms that flash and emit sparks, but peaceful, inward, unutterable thoughts of the highest possibilities in life.

Connected with this last form of pleasure there is no after pain. It is wine which one may drink to the very bottom. It brings neither intoxication at the present nor pang afterward. The highest joy lies in the plenary inspiration of the highest feelings of the soul. . . . Not only are the lower forms of pleasure more evanescent than the higher forms, but that, while they are strong at the beginning of life, they decrease in power to the end; whereas, the pleasures which we derive from the upper part of the mind, while they are the smallest at the beginning of life, continually increase all the way through. The wedge is reversed. Animal, physical pleasures begin large and attractive, but run tapering to an edge, and die out by the time one becomes reasonably old. When the health begins to fail, and the eye begins to grow dim, and the ear is heavy of hearing, and the foot is weary of moving, and the muscles are softening, and the nerves do not know any more how to vibrate and flash fire as once they did, then it is that these pleasures abandon a

man. As one grows old he finds that physical pleasures forsake him; and if his only dependence for happiness has been upon these, his after life is poor and miserable. But he who does not sacrifice higher physical pleasures to low, sensuous pleasures has sources of enjoyment which go on with him to the end of life.¹

Things that only help us to exist are, in a secondary and mean sense, useful; or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless, and worse, for it would be better that we should not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence.

And yet people speak in this working age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses and lands, and food and raiment, were alone useful, and as if sight, thought, and admiration were all profitless, so that men insolently call themselves utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables; men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body, who look to the earth as a stable, and to its fruits as fodder; vinedressers and husbandmen, who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that it is to give them wood to hew, and water to draw, that the pine-forests cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and the great rivers move like His eternity. And so come upon us that woe of the preacher, that, though God "hath made everything beautiful in his time, also He hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end."

This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends men to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of

¹ Beecher.

national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith. But when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice of regard for each other, and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem to arise out of their rest—evils that vex less and mortify more; that suck the blood, though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart, though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear, also—a fear greater than of sword and sedition—that dependence on God may be forgotten, because the bread is given and the water sure; that gratitude to Him may cease, because His constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law; that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world; that selfishness may take the place of undemanded devotion, compassion be lost in vain-glory and love in dissimulation; that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and foulness of dark thoughts to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp. About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colors its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty, but when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them and the lichen to feed on them, and are plowed down into dust.¹

¹ Ruskin.

Gradually, thinking on from point to point, we shall come to perceive that all true happiness and nobleness are near us, and yet neglected by us, and that till we have learned how to be happy and noble, we have not much to tell, even to Red Indians. The delights of horse-racing and hunting, of assemblies in the night instead of the day, of costly and wearisome music, of costly and burdensome dress, of chagrined contention for place, or power, or wealth, or the eyes of the multitude; and all the endless occupation without purpose, and idleness without rest, of our vulgar world, are not, it seems to me, enjoyments we need be ambitious to communicate. And all real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him, since first he was made of the earth, as they are now; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make men happy. They have always had the power of doing these; they never *will* have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things, but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in no wise. And I am Utopian and enthusiastic enough to believe that the time will come when the world will discover this. It has now made its experiments in every possible direction but the right one, and it seems that it must, at last, try the right one in a mathematical necessity.¹

ESSENTIALS OF LIFE.—With respect to any final aim or end, the greater part of mankind live at hazard. They have no certain harbor in view, nor direct their course by any fixed star. But to him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound, no wind can be favorable; neither can he, who has not yet determined at what mark he is to shoot, direct his arrow aright.²

¹ Ibid.² Coleridge.

A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
 Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
 Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
 Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
 But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.¹

This is certain—that men exclusively occupied either in spiritual reverie, mechanical destruction, or mechanical productiveness, fall below the proper standard of their race, and enter into a lower form of being; and that the true perfection of the race, and, therefore, its power and happiness, is only to be attained by a life which is neither speculative nor productive, but essentially contemplative and protective, which (A) does not lose itself in the monk's vision or hope, but delights in seeing present and real things as they truly are; which (B) does not mortify itself for the sake of obtaining powers of destruction, but seeks the more easily attainable powers of affection, observance and protection; which (C), finally, does not mortify itself with a view to productive accumulation, but delights itself in peace, with its appointed portion. So that the things to be desired for man in a healthy state are that he should not see dreams, but realities; that he should not destroy life, but save it; and that he should be not rich, but content.²

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths. Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord, and depart from evil. It shall be health to thy navel and marrow to thy bones. Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thy increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine. My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither be weary of His correction; for whom the Lord loveth He cor-

¹ Frances Anne Kemble.² Ruskin.

recteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her.¹

"What shall I do lest life in silence pass?"

And if it do,

And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,

What need'st thou rue?

Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute;

The shallows roar;

Worth is the ocean—Fame is the bruit

Along the shore.

"What shall I do to be forever known?"

Thy duty ever!

"This did full many who yet sleep unknown"—

Oh! never, never!

Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown

Whom thou know'st not?

By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown,

Divine their lot.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?

Discharge aright

The simple dues with which each day is rife?"

Yea, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,

Will life be fled,

While he who ever acts as conscience cries

Shall live, though dead.²

"Hitch your wagon to a star," says Emerson. The end of a moral being is, not food or raiment, or estate, but soul-expansion; and the parent of all noblest improvement is love—the outflow of desire toward the true, beautiful, and good which exists in thought, action, or person not our own. Whoever acts admirably upon the imagination administers to this effect. Whoever gives the world a pictorial air contributes to our emancipation. Whoever makes us more intensely and comprehensively imaginative exalts us into the possession of incorruptible goods. In vain will philosophy and fashion and utilitarianism oppose such a one. They fare as servants; he sought after and entertained as an angel. The ages esteem visions more than bread.¹

¹ Welch's "Development of English Literature and Language."



CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER V.

MEANS.

With most men life is like backgammon, half skill and half luck. — HOLMES.

IN order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time left to follow their advice.¹

A great general is, according to Napoleon, to be distinguished from an inferior one by always being a quarter of an hour beforehand. It is by that little quarter of an hour that the battles have ever been won. When once the mind is made up, the best way is to act at once. Promptitude, readiness, quickness, is, after all, as efficient as anything, and should always be urged as an essential to thorough efficiency. When once anything has

¹Sydney Smith.

been brought to a proper and a clearly defined shape, the best way is "to go in and win." If you wait, you will find reflection come upon you, and check your horse at the leap; if you do the thing at once, you will succeed. A well-known newspaper projector and proprietor had an idea brought to him by a man who was not rich enough to bring the paper out himself. It is the rule of the world that almost all the discoverers and inventors have not sufficient capital to float their discoveries; and so it was with our poor projector, who urged his capital idea on the capitalist with all the determination he could. However, the man with the money required time to think and to feel the pulse of the public. Would the public care about a comic paper? Would there be enough people to buy it? Would there be enough comic talent to support it? All these questions took a long time to settle; but at last the gentleman made up his mind that the notion was a capital one, and that he would embark in it. He went therefore in a hurry along the Strand to the Stationers' Hall to register the idea, and met a man carrying a placard announcing the publication of "Punch," a new comic serial, to be published every week! That was the very publication which he wished to register; but it had passed out of his hands forever!¹

It is a poor and disgraceful thing not to be able to reply, with some degree of certainty, to the simple questions, What will you be? What will you do? A little acquaintance with mankind will supply numberless illustrations of the importance of this qualification. You will often see a person anxiously hesitating a long time between different, or opposite determinations, though impatient of the pain of such a state, and ashamed of the debility. A faint impulse of preference alternates toward the one, and toward the other; and the mind, while thus held

¹ Friswell.

in a trembling balance, is vexed that it can not get some new thought, or feeling, or motive; that it has not more sense, more resolution, more of anything that would save it from envying even the decisive instinct of brutes. It wishes that any circumstance might happen, or any person might appear, that could deliver it from the miserable suspense. . . . It must have cost Cæsar many anxious hours of deliberation before he decided to pass the Rubicon; but it is probable he suffered but few to elapse between the decision and the execution. And any one of his friends, who should have been apprised of his determination, and understood his character, would have smiled contemptuously to hear it insinuated that, though Cæsar had resolved, Cæsar would not dare; or that, though he might cross the Rubicon, whose opposite bank presented to him no hostile legions, he might come to other rivers, which he would not cross; or that either rivers, or any other obstacle, would deter him from prosecuting his determination from this ominous commencement to its very last consequence.

One signal advantage possessed by a mind of this character is, that its passions are not wasted. The whole measure of passion of which any one, with important transactions before him, is capable is not more than enough to supply interest and energy for the required practical exertions; and, therefore, as little as possible of this costly flame should be expended in a way that does not augment the force of action. But nothing can less contribute, or be more destructive to vigor of action, than protracted anxious fluctuation, through resolutions adopted, rejected, resumed, suspended; while yet nothing causes a greater expense of feeling. The heart is fretted and exhausted by being subjected to an alternation of contrary excitements, with the ultimate mortifying consciousness of their contributing to no end.

The long-wavering deliberation, whether to perform some bold action of difficult virtue, has often cost more to feeling than the action itself, or a series of such actions, would have cost; with the great disadvantage, too, of not being relieved by any of that invigoration which the man in action finds in the activity itself, that spirit created to renovate the energy which the action is expending. When the passions are not consumed among dubious musings and abortive resolutions, their utmost value and use can be secured by throwing all their animating force into effective operation.

Another advantage of this character is, that it exempts from a great deal of interference and obstructive annoyance, which an irresolute man may be almost sure to encounter. Weakness, in every form, tempts arrogance, and a man may be allowed to wish for a kind of character with which stupidity and impertinence may not make so free. When a firm, decisive spirit is recognized, it is curious to see how the space clears around a man, and leaves him room and freedom.¹

There is, perhaps, no greater stumbling-block in the artist's way than the tendency to sacrifice truth and simplicity to decision and velocity—captivating qualities, easy of attainment, and sure to attract attention and praise, while the delicate degree of truth which is at first sacrificed to them is so totally unappreciable by the majority of spectators, so difficult of attainment to the artist, that it is no wonder that efforts so arduous and unrewarded should be abandoned. But if the temptation be once yielded to, its consequences are fatal; there is no pause in the fall. I could name a celebrated modern artist—once a man of the highest power and promise—who is a glaring instance of the peril of such a course. Misled by the undue popularity of his swift execution, he has sacrificed to it, first precision and then

¹ John Foster.

truth, and her associate, beauty. What was first neglect of nature has become contradiction of her; what was once imperfection is now falsehood, and all that was meritorious in his manner is becoming the worst, because the most attractive of vices; decision without a foundation, and swiftness without an end.¹

INDUSTRY.—Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman, who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance: "The subject interests me deeply, but I have not time. There, sir" (pointing to a large pile of unanswered letters to which he must reply before the close of the session, which was then three days off): "I have no time to master the subject so as to do it justice." "But, Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do much to awaken public attention to it." "If there be so much weight in my word," said Mr. Webster, "it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind is imbued with it." Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a great and sudden emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and obstinately refused. The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.²

I suppose we are all believers in the boundless power of steady, persevering work. "Never despair," wrote Edmund Burke to his friend, "the high-souled and generous" Wickham, "but if you do, work in despair." As Mathew Arnold says

And tasks in hours of insight willed,
In hours of gloom can be fulfilled.

O si sic omnia! Why should not Mathew Arnold give us noble poetry, instead of attacking worthy dissenters, and assaulting the very foundations even of natural religion? And, as the laureate says:

¹ Ruskin.

² Dr. Haven.

It well I know
That unto him that works and feels he works
This same New Year is ever at the door.

And to make one more quotation: "Even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work."¹

Life means but little unless it means that we are in a state of education—a condition in which our powers and faculties are to be educed. If we are not in training for something, this life is one of the most serious of all practical jokes. Labor in all its variety, corporeal and mental, is the instituted means for the methodical development of all our powers, under the direction and control of will. Through the channels of labor this vitality is to be directed. Into practical results of good to ourselves and others it is all to flow, and those results will prescribe the method which we need. It is to secure this great end of development that the prizes of life are placed before us as things to be worked for. When we get these prizes, they seem small; and, intrinsically, they are of but little value. They are, in fact, little better than diplomas that testify of long labor, worthily performed. Still before us rises worthier good, to stimulate us to harder labor and higher achievement. Still the will urges on the organs of the body and the faculties of the mind till that habit which is second nature gives them the law of action, and employment itself becomes its own exceeding great reward.

Still, the most industrious of us feel, at times, that we are laboring by compulsion. Often both the spirit and the flesh are unwilling and weak. We are goaded to labor by need. We are urged to labor because we can not enjoy our leisure. We labor because we are ashamed to be idle. Many a man, bowed down by his daily toil, looks forward to the grave for rest, and

¹ Rev. F. Arnold.

far be it from me to tell him that he is looking and hoping for that which he will never experience. I do not believe there will be any hurry in eternity, or any such necessity of labor as we have here. If I have a competent comprehension of the spiritual estate, it will tax us but little for food and clothing; and if the labor to which we devote ourselves here shall train us to facility in the use of our powers, the work that will be given to us to do there will be something to be grateful for. We shall have all the rest we want. A sleep of a century will make no inroads upon our time, if we need any such sleep. But I have an idea that when the clogs are off, and the old feeling of youth comes back, we shall be glad to have something to do, and that the use of powers which labor has trained under the direction of will for worthy ends will be everlasting play, as keenly enjoyed as the play of the restless boy.

It is only as we look upon labor in this light that we understand its real value and significance. If the prizes we win here are all the reward that labor brings, it pays but poorly. But labor, like all the passages through which God would lead our life, is full of incidental rewards. The man who carves the channel of a laborious life taps the springs of tributary joys through every mile. Health is an incident of powers well trained and industriously employed. Self-respect wells up in the heart of him whose energies, under the control of his will, are directed to worthy ends. Popular regard crowns him who is a worthy worker. The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, and none but he knows the luxury of fatigue. Temptation flies from the earnest and contented laborer, and preys upon the brain and heart of the idler. Labor brings men into sympathy with the worthy men of the world. So there is enough of joy to be found in labor, if we will only mark its source,

to encourage and content us, even if the great end of labor be somewhat hidden from us, as it doubtless is from multitudes of men.¹

A man who inherits wealth may begin and worry through three-score years and ten without any very definite object. In driving, in foreign travel, in hunting and fishing, in club-houses and society, he may manage to pass away his time; but he will hardly be happy. It seems to be necessary to health that the powers of a man be trained upon some object, and steadily held there day after day, year after year, while vitality lasts. There may come a time in old age when the fund of vitality will have sunk so low that he can follow no consecutive labor without such a draft upon his forces that sleep can not restore them. Then, and not before, he should stop work. But, so long as a man has vitality to spare upon work, it must be used, or it will become a source of grievous, harassing discontent. The man will not know what to do with himself; and when he has reached such a point as that, he is unconsciously digging a grave for himself, and fashioning his own coffin. Life needs a steady channel to run in—regular habits of work and of sleep. It needs a steady, stimulating aim—a trend toward something. An aimless life can never be happy, or, for a long period, healthy. Said a rich widow to a gentleman, still laboring beyond his needs: "Don't stop², keep at it." The words that were in her heart were: "If my husband had not stopped, he would be alive to-day." And what she thought was doubtless true. A greater shock can hardly befall a man who has been active than that which he experiences when, having relinquished his pursuits, he finds unused time and unused vitality hanging upon his idle hands and mind. The current of his life is thus thrown into eddies, or settled into a sluggish pool, and he begins to die.²

¹ Dr. Holland.

² Ibid.

A hearty industry promotes happiness. Some men of the greatest industry are unhappy from infelicity of disposition; they are morose, or suspicious, or envious. Such qualities make happiness impossible under any circumstances.

Health is the platform on which all happiness must be built. Good appetite, good digestion, and good sleep are the elements of health, and industry confers them. As use polishes metals, so labor the faculties, until the body performs its unimpeded functions with elastic cheerfulness and hearty enjoyment.

Buoyant spirits are an element of happiness, and activity produces them; but they fly away from sluggishness, as fixed air from open wine. Men's spirits are like water, which sparkles when it runs, but stagnates in still pools, and is mantled with green, and breeds corruption and filth. The applause of conscience, the self-respect of pride, the consciousness of independence, a manly joy of usefulness, the consent of every faculty of the mind to one's occupation, and their gratification in it—these constitute a happiness superior to the fever-flashes of vice in its brightest moments. After an experience of ages, which has taught nothing different from this, men should have learned that satisfaction is not the product of excess, or of indolence, or of riches, but of industry, temperance, and usefulness. Every village has instances which ought to teach young men that he who goes aside from the simplicity of nature and the purity of virtue, to wallow in excesses, carousals, and surfeits, at length misses the errand of his life, and, sinking with shattered body prematurely to a dishonored grave, mourns that he mistook exhilaration for satisfaction, and abandoned the very home of happiness when he forsook the labors of useful industry. . . . Industry is the parent of thrift. In the overburdened states of Europe, the severest toil often only suffices to make life a wretched vacil-

lation between food and famine; but in America, industry is prosperity.

Although God has stored the world with an endless variety of riches for man's wants, he has made them all accessible only to industry. The food we eat, the raiment which covers us, the house which protects, must be secured by diligence. To tempt man yet more to industry, every product of the earth has a susceptibility of improvement; so that man not only obtains the gifts of nature at the price of labor, but these gifts become more precious as we bestow upon them greater skill and cultivation. The wheat and maize which crown our ample fields were food fit but for birds before man perfected them by labor. The fruits of the forest and the hedge, scarcely tempting to the extremest hunger, after skill has dealt with them and transplanted them to the orchard and the garden, allure every sense with the richest colors, odors, and flavors. The world is full of germs which man is set to develop; and there is scarcely an assignable limit to which the hand of skill and labor may not bear the powers of nature. . . . Industry gives character and credit to the young. The reputable portions of society have maxims of prudence by which the young are judged and admitted to their good opinions. *Does he regard his word? Is he industrious? Is he economical? Is he free from immoral habits?* The answer which a young man's conduct gives to these questions settles his reception among good men. Experience has shown that the other good qualities of veracity, frugality, and modesty are apt to be associated with industry. A prudent man would scarcely be persuaded that a listless, lounging fellow would be economical or trustworthy. An employer would judge wisely that, where there was little regard for time or for occupation, there would be as little, upon temptation, for honesty or veracity. Pilferings of the till

and robberies are fit deeds for idle clerks and lazy apprentices. Industry and knavery are sometimes found associated; but men wonder at it as at a strange thing. The epithets of society which betoken its experience are all in favor of industry. Thus the terms, "a hard-working man," "an industrious man," "a laborious artisan," are employed to mean an *honest man*, a *trustworthy man*. . . .

Industry is a substitute for genius. Where one or more faculties exist in the highest state of development and activity—as the faculty of music in Mozart, invention in Fulton, ideality in Milton—we call their possessor a genius. But a genius is *usually* understood to be a creature of such rare facility of mind that he can do anything without labor. According to the popular notion, he learns without study, and knows without learning. He is eloquent without preparation, exact without calculation, and profound without reflection. While ordinary men toil for knowledge by reading, by comparison, and by minute research, a genius is supposed to receive it as the mind receives dreams. His mind is like a vast cathedral, through whose colored windows the sunlight streams, painting the aisles with the varied colors of brilliant pictures. . . . Young men should observe that those who take the honors and emoluments of mechanical crafts, of commerce, and of professional life, are rather distinguished for a sound judgment and a close application than for a brilliant genius. In the ordinary business of life, industry can do anything which genius can do, and very many things which it cannot. Genius is usually impatient of application, irritable, scornful of men's dullness, squeamish at petty disgusts; it loves a conspicuous place, short work, and a large reward; it loathes the sweat of toil, the vexations of life, and the dull burden of care. Industry has a firmer muscle, is less annoyed by delays and

repulses, and, like water, bends itself to the shape of the soil over which it flows, and, if checked, will not rest, but accumulates, and mines a passage beneath, or seeks a side-race, or rises above and overflows the obstruction. What genius performs at one impulse, industry gains by a succession of blows. In ordinary matters they differ only in rapidity of execution, and are upon one level before men—who see the *result*, but not the *process*.¹

CONCENTRATION.—Talents, to strike the eye of posterity, should be concentrated. Rays, powerless while they are scattered, burn in a point.²

The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation: and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine—property and its cares, friends, and a social habit, or politics, or music, or feasting. Everything is good which takes away one plaything and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work. Friends, books, pictures, lower duties, talents, flatteries, hopes—all are distractions which cause oscillations in our giddy balloon, and make a good poise and a straight course impossible. You must elect your work; you shall take what your brain can, and drop all the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate, which can make the step from knowing to doing. No matter how much faculty of idle seeing a man has, the step from knowing to doing is rarely taken. 'Tis a step out of a chalk circle of imbecility into fruitfulness. Many an artist lacking this, lacks all: he sees the masculine Angelo or Cellini with despair. He, too, is up to Nature and the First Cause in his thought; but the spasm to collect and swing his whole being into one act, he has not. The poet Campbell said, that "a man accustomed to work was equal to any achievement he resolved on, and that,

¹ Beecher.² Willmott.

for himself, necessity, not inspiration, was the prompter of his muse."

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade—in short, in all management of human affairs. One of the high anecdotes of the world is the reply of Newton to the inquiry, "how he had been able to achieve his discoveries?"—"By always intending my mind." Or, if you will have a text from politics, take this from Plutarch: "There was, in the whole city, but one street in which Pericles was ever seen—the street which led to the market-place and the council house. He declined all invitations to banquets, and all gay assemblies and company. During the whole period of his administration, he never dined at the table of a friend." Or, if we seek an example from trade: "I hope," said a good man to Rothschild, "your children are not too fond of money and business: I am sure you would not wish that." "I am sure I should wish that: I wish them to give mind, soul, heart, and body to business; that is the way to be happy. It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much to keep it. If I were to listen to all the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon. Stick to one business, young man. Stick to your brewery (he said this to young Buxton), and you will be the great brewer of London. Be brewer, and banker, and merchant, and manufacturer, and you will soon be in the Gazette."¹

The first law of success at this day, when so many things are clamoring for attention, is concentration—to bend all the energies to one point, and to go directly to that point, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It has been justly said that a great deal of the wisdom of a man in this century is shown in leaving things unknown, and a great deal of his practical sense

¹ Emerson.

in leaving things undone. The day of universal scholars is past. Life is short, and art is long. The range of human knowledge has increased so enormously that no brain can grapple with it; and the man who would know one thing well must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand other things, however attractive or inviting. As with knowledge, so with work. The man who would get along must single out his speciality, and into that must pour the whole stream of his activity—all the energies of his hand, eye, tongue, heart, and brain.¹

A man may have the most dazzling talents, but if they are scattered upon many objects, he will accomplish nothing. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say that a painter should sew up his mouth; that is, he must not shine as a talker, if he would excel in his art. Strength is like gunpowder—to be effective, it needs concentration and aim. The marksman who aims at the whole target will seldom hit the center. The literary man or philosopher may revel among the sweetest and most beautiful flowers of thought, but unless he gathers and condenses the sweets in the honey-comb of some great thought or work, his finest conceptions will be lost or useless. When Michael Angelo was asked why he did not marry, he replied, "Painting is my wife, and my works are my children." "Mr. A. often laughs at me," said a learned American chemist, "because I have but one idea. He talks about everything—aims to excel in many things; but I have learned that if I wish ever to make a breach, I must play my guns continually upon *one point*." His gunnery was successful. Beginning life as an obscure schoolmaster, and poring over Silliman's Journal by the light of a pine knot in a log cabin, he was ere long performing experiments in electro-magnetism to English ears, and has since been at the head of one of the chief scientific institutions of his country.²

¹ Mathews.² Ibid.

No small amount of ridicule has been expended upon the man of one idea. But we do not desire our readers to be men of one idea because we recommend them to be men of one aim. It is certain that no man has ever attained to affluence or reputation, or, what is more important, has ever been able to accomplish anything for the good of himself and his fellows, unless he has been dominated by some master-purpose. Luther, if not a man of one idea, was a man with a single object; and we know how gloriously he accomplished it. The same may be said of Cavour, of Leyden, of John Wesley, of all the world's great statesmen and reformers. There was much shrewdness in the remark made upon Canning, that he had too many talents; or, as his early patron, William Pitt, put it, that he might have achieved anything had he but gone on straight to the mark. Yet, wit as he was, and satirist as well as orator and politician—that is, versatile as were his abilities—they were all directed by his ambition toward one goal—the acquisition of political power. Not the grandest of goals certainly, but one not to be attained without a complete concentration of energy and genius. Even a greater directness of purpose may be traced in the career of Pitt, who lived—ay, and died—for the sake of political supremacy. That was the aim, the purpose of his life; and so we see him "neglecting everything else—careless of friends, careless of expenditure, so that, with an income of ten thousand a year and no family, he died hopelessly in debt; tearing up by the roots from his breast a love most deep and tender because it ran counter to his ambition; totally indifferent to posthumous fame, so that he did not take the pains to transmit to posterity a single one of his speeches; utterly insensible to the claims of literature, art, and *belles-lettres*; living and working terribly for the one sole purpose of wielding the governing power of the nation."

The "one aim" we take to be the secret of a useful and worthy life; the "one idea" a delusion of which the mind can not too soon be disabused. A concentration of energy and talent upon the object which it is most important for us to secure implies no absolute disregard of every other. Because a traveler presses forward resolutely to the desired haven, and refuses to wander from the direct road, it by no means follows that he shall have no eyes for the blossoms that shine by the wayside, no ears for the music of the brook that ripples through the braeken. An indifference to everything that brightens or ennobles life is very apt to militate against success—success, that is, of the highest and purest kind. Because Faraday made chemistry his great pursuit, he did not neglect every other branch of science. Because John Stuart Mill gave himself up chiefly to political economy and metaphysical inquiry, he did not deny himself the sweet pleasures of botany and music. Mr. Gladstone is a fine Homeric scholar, as well as practical statesman.¹

Life is cumulative in all ways. A steady purpose is like a river, that gathers volume and momentum by flowing on. The successful man is not one who can do many things indifferently, but one thing in a superior manner. Versatility is overpraised. There is a certain value in having many strings to one's bow, but there is more value in having a bow and a string, a hand and an eye, that will every time send the arrow into the bull's eye of the target. The world is full of vagabonds who can turn their hands to anything. The man who does odd jobs is not the one who gets very far up in any job. The *factotum* is a convenience, but he is seldom a success. The machinist who works in anywhere is not the one who is put to the nicest work. A certain concentration is essential to excellence, except in rare cases like Leonardo da Vinci, and Pascal, and Aristotle, and Franklin,

¹ Adams.

whose natures were so broad as to cover all studies and pursuits. One of the most extensive wool-buyers in the world says that his success is due to the fact that his father and grandfather handled wool, that his own earliest recollections were of handling wool, and that he had kept on handling it. The largest manufacturer of paper in the country is the son of a paper-maker, born and bred to all the details of the business. There are, indeed, many cases of large success where men have passed from one pursuit to another, but in most you will find a certain unity running through their various occupations. One may begin a stone-cutter and end as a geologist, like Hugh Miller; or a sculptor, like Powers; or as a machinist, and turn out an inventor; or as a printer, and become a publisher. A strong, definite purpose is many-handed, and lays hold of whatever is near that can serve it; it has a magnetic power that draws to itself whatever is kindred.

A purpose, by holding one down to some steady pursuit and legitimate occupation, wars against the tendency to engage in ventures and speculations. The devil of the business world is *chance*. Chance is chaotic; it belongs to the period

When eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, held
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stood.

It is opposed in nature to order and law; it is the abdication of reason, the enthronement of guess. The chance element in business is not only demoralizing to the man, but in the long run it is disastrous to his fortunes; and, if it yields a temporary success, it is a success unearned, and, therefore, unappreciated, for we must put something of thought and genuine effort into an enterprise before we can get any substantial good out of it. The defalcations, the shoddy of society, the diamonds gleaming on

unwashed hands, the ignorance that looks through plate-glass, and no small part of the crime that looks through iron bars, are the creations of the chance or speculative element in business. No good ever comes from it. If it lifts a man up, it is only to dash him to the earth. In California they aptly call it "playing with the tiger," and the game always ends by the tiger eating the man. The chances in the stock market of San Francisco are less than in Chinese gambling, at which the Caucasian affects to laugh; but the Mongolian plays to better purpose with his one chance in ten than does the other in the ever-recurring bonanza. The Californians are not yet a rich people, but almost every old resident has at some time held a fortune in his hands. Their speculations are very like their smelting of quicksilver—going up an expansive vapor, but trickling back solid into a single reservoir. If there is one purpose a young man needs to hold to rigidly and without exception, it is to keep to legitimate modes of business. Don't abjure your reason by appealing to chance, nor insult order by taking up that which, as Milton says, "by confusion stands." Don't, of deliberate purpose, make a figure of yourself for "the spirits of the wise, sitting in the clouds, to laugh at." A steady purpose, embodied in a substantial pursuit, shuts out these chance forms of business.¹

PERSISTENCY.—The secret of success is constancy to purpose.²

I have brought myself, by long meditation, to the conviction that a human being with a settled purpose must accomplish it, and that nothing can resist a will that will stake even existence for its fulfillment.³

The characteristic of heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity; but, when you have chosen your part, abide by it, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world.⁴

¹ Munger.

² Beaconsfield.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Emerson.

Here, too, there is the warning of wise and dearly-bought experience in the legends of antiquity. Atalanta stops to pick up the golden apples, and she is worsted in the race. Orpheus has regained, with his Eurydice, the verge of light; he looks back, and *Ibi omnis effusus labor*—wasted is all his toil. Nor is it otherwise in Scripture. Remember what came to Israel, sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Remember Lot's wife; she looked back to the guilty city, and the suffocating whirlwind caught her in its sulphurous winding-sheets, and she became a salt pillar on Sodom's plain. Our Lord Himself pointed the same warnings. "No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God;" and "Let the dead bury their dead. Follow thou Me!"¹

The great weakness of our young men is fickleness; and, where one of them perseveres in a calling which he ought to abandon, a dozen abandon their callings who ought to stick to them. The better the profession the more likely they are to do this; for all those kinds of business which are surest in the end, which pay best in the long run, are slowest in beginning to yield a return. It is natural, too, when one sees lions in his way, to fancy that all the other roads are clear of them. But nothing can be achieved without tenacity of purpose. Do not, therefore, give up your deliberately chosen calling, unless the arguments for retreating are far weightier than those for going on.²

Keep true to your object. Remember that "steadfast application to a fixed aim" is the law of a well-spent life and the secret of an honorable success. Said Giardini, when asked how long it would take to learn the violin, "Twelve hours a day for twenty years together." Ah me! how many of us think to play our fiddles by inspiration! Now Giardini became a great violinist because he practiced twelve hours a day, and *only* on the

¹ Farrar.

² Mathews.

violin. His motto was Strafford's—"Thorough:" and we know of no better motto for men in earnest.¹

It is not accident, then, that helps a man in the world, but purpose and persistent industry. These make a man sharp to discern opportunities, and turn them to account. To the feeble, the sluggish, and purposeless, the happiest opportunities avail nothing—they pass them by, seeing no meaning in them. But if we are prompt to seize and improve even the shortest intervals of possible action and effort, it is astonishing how much can be accomplished. Watt taught himself chemistry and mechanics while working at his trade of a mathematical instrument-maker; and he availed himself of every opportunity to extend his knowledge of languages, literature, and the principles of science. Stephenson taught himself arithmetic and mensuration while working as an engine-man during the night shifts, and he studied mechanics during his spare hours at home, thus preparing himself for his great work—the invention of the passenger locomotive. Dalton's industry was the habit of his life. He began from his boyhood, for he taught a little village school when he was only about twelve years old—keeping the school in winter, and working upon his father's farm in summer. He would sometimes urge himself and companions to study by the stimulus of a bet, though bred a Quaker; and on one occasion, by his satisfactory solution of a problem, he in this way won as much as enabled him to buy a winter's store of candles. He went on indefatigably, making his meteorological observations until a day or two before he died—having made and recorded upward of 200,000 in the course of his life.

With perseverance, the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour in every day, withdrawn from frivolous pursuits, would, if profitably

¹ Adams.

employed, enable a person of ordinary capacity to go far toward mastering a complete science. It would make an ignorant man a well-informed man in ten years. We must not allow the time to pass without yielding fruits, in the form of something learnt worthy of being known, some good principle cultivated, or some good habit strengthened. Dr. Mason Good translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage in the streets of London, going his rounds among his patients. Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, while driving about in his "sulky," from house to house, in the country, writing down his thoughts on little scraps of paper, which he carried about with him for the purpose. Hale wrote his "Contemplations" while traveling on circuit. Dr. Burney learned French and Italian while traveling on horseback from one musical pupil to another, in the course of his profession. Kirke White learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office; and we personally know a man of eminent position in a northern manufacturing town who learned Latin and French while going messages as an errand-boy in the streets of Manchester.¹

SELF-RELIANCE.—I remember when Mr. Locke, of Norbury Park, first came over from Italy, and old Dr. Moore, who had a high opinion of him, was crying up his drawings, and asked me if I did not think he would make a great painter? I said, "No, never!" "Why not?" "Because he has six thousand a year."²

The consciousness of wealth is always dangerous. When a young man comes to feel that because his father has wealth he has no need of personal exertion, he is doomed. Only the rarest natural gifts and the most exceptional training can save the sons of the rich from failure of the true ends of life. They may escape vice and attain to respectability, but for the most part

¹ Smiles.

² Northcote.

they are hurt in some degree or respect. The consciousness of wealth in the latter part of life, after one has earned or become prepared for it, may be not only not injurious, but healthful, though one ought to be able to live a high and happy life without it. But anything that lessens in a young man the feeling that he is 'to make his own way in the world is hurtful to the last degree.

As the result of these two causes—with others, doubtless—young men of the present years, as a class, are not facing life with that resolute and definite purpose that is essential both to manhood and to external success. There is far less of this early measurement and laying hold of life with some definite intent than there was a generation ago. It is to be feared that we could not again fight the war for the Union to the same issue. Young men do not so much go to college as they are sent. They do not push their way into callings, but suffer themselves to be led into them. Indeed, the sacred word *calling* seems to have lost its meaning; they hear no voice summoning them to the appointed field, but drift into this or that, as happens. They appear to be waiting—to be floating with the current, instead of rowing up the stream toward the hills where lie the treasures of life.¹

It is hardly necessary to say that self is the only certain reliance. Money, family, friends, circumstances—these come and go on the uncertain tide of time. The old Norseman was right: on neither idols nor demons, upon nothing but the strength of his own body and soul, would he depend. There must be, however, a self to depend on. Self is not a whim; it is not impulse, nor ambition, nor flux of motives, but a substantial person, grounded in intelligence, and will, and moral sense.²

There is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit than

¹ Munger.

² Ibid.

a vague desire for help; a wish to depend, to lean upon somebody, and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others. There are multitudes of young men, I suppose, who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter, coming in at a convenient moment, to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet. The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman with a pocket full of money, a trunk full of mortgages and stock, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them anywhere from ten to twenty thousand dollars, with which they will commence and go on swimmingly; perhaps he will take a different turn, and educate them. Or, perhaps, with an eye to the sacred profession, they desire to become the beneficiaries of some benevolent society, or some gentle circle of female devotees.

To me, one of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a young man, with healthy blood, broad shoulders, presentable calves, and a hundred and fifty pounds (more or less) of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, longing for help. I admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept of assistance—may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself, to desire the help of others in the accomplishment of his plans of life, is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training, or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition that should make him shudder. Do not misunderstand me: I would not inculcate that pride of personal independence which repels in its sensitiveness the well-meant good offices and benefactions of friends, or that resorts to desperate shifts rather than incur an obligation. What I condemn in a young man is the love of dependence—the willingness to be under obligation for that which his own efforts may win.¹

¹ Dr. Holland.

This notion that wealth brings immunity from industry is the ruin of thousands every year. I do not intend to convey the idea that this man's children shall all work in the same way that he has done, but that neither girls nor boys of his shall ever receive the impression that they can live respectably or happily without the systematic and useful employment of their minds, or their hands, or both. Let him give them all a better education than he had, and subject them to the same rigid rules of labor and discipline which are applied to their poorer classmates. Above all things, they should be taught that they must rely upon themselves for their position in the world, and that all children are mean-spirited and contemptible who base their respectability on the wealth of their father. Let him give all his boys a business, and assist them in it sparingly and with great discrimination. Let no son of his "lie down" on him, but make all the help he gives him depend upon his personal worthiness to receive it. Money won without effort is but little prized, and he may be sure that he will get few thanks from his children for releasing them from the necessity of industry. Nobody knows better than he how necessary industry is to the comfort and pleasure of living; and it should be his special care, in all his schemes for spending money upon his family, that these schemes should involve family employment or improvement. Better a thousand times throw his money into the river than permit it to spoil his children.¹

What most men covet—wealth, distinction, power—
Are baubles nothing worth; they only serve
To rouse us up, as children at the school
Are roused up to exertion. Our reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize.
Those few, to whom is given what they ne'er earned,
Having by favor or inheritance

¹ Ibid.

The dangerous gifts placed in their hands,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life. He speeds beyond
Them all, and foremost in the race succeeds.
His joy is not that he has got his crown,
But that the power to win the crown is his.²

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. . . . It is only as a man puts off all foreign support, and stands alone, that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. . . . A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick, or the return of your absent friend, or some other favorable event, raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it; nothing can bring you peace but yourself; nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.²

It is not by self-respect and self-reliance that men get the reputation of being wise and prudent, but by subordination, by a cringing deference to public opinion; not by giving weight to superior personal qualities of other men, but to superior wealth, station, or great renown. When, some years ago, a young minister said some words that rung in the churches, the criticism made on him was, that he was not thirty years old. It is common for

¹ Rogers.² Emerson.

young men to postpone becoming true to their convictions until rich and well known. That is to put it off forever. Suppose Paul had waited until he was rich, or until he was a great and famous Rabbi, before he told men that Christianity alone was the law of the spirit of life—how long had he waited, and what had he done? Suppose Jesus, when about thirty, had said: "It will never do for a young man like me to respect my soul now; I must wait till I am old. Did not Moses wait till he was fourscore before he said a word to his countrymen about leaving Egypt?"—what would have become of him? Why, the Spirit of God that irradiated his vast soul would have gone off and perched itself on the mouth of some babe or suckling, who would have welcomed the great revelation, and spread it abroad like the genial sun. Do you think that Simon Peter and John and James and Joseph would have been more likely to accept Christianity, if they had been rich and famous, and old men? As well might the young camel have waited till he was old and fat and stiff, in hopes to go the easier through the needle's eye.¹

METHOD.—The habit of *method* is essential to all who have much work to do, if they would get through it easily and with economy of time. Fuller, the old divine, says to those who would remember what they read: "Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders." Cecil, who was a prodigious worker, has a similar hint. "Method," he says, "is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." The biographer of Noah Webster tells us that "method was the presiding principle of his life;" and it is evident that without it he never could have got through with the herculean task of compiling his great dictionary. Coleridge,

¹ Parker.

though himself one of the most immethodical of men, yet thought so highly of method that he wrote a treatise on it for the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. It is said that Whitfield could not go to sleep at night if, after retiring, he remembered that his gloves and riding-whip were not in their usual place, where he could lay his hands upon them in the dark, or in any emergency. Napoleon, who astonished the sovereigns of Europe at the Congress of Erfurt by the minuteness of his knowledge of historic dates, was an eminently systematic man. He used to say that his knowledge was all deposited in drawers, and he had only to open a particular drawer, and all that he had learned on a subject was ready to his hand.

There is no business which does not demand system. The meanest trade exacts it, and will go to ruin without it. But in a complicated business it is indispensable. It is this that binds all its parts together, and gives unity to all its details. Without it, the vast energies of the great merchant, who gathers and distributes the products of every clime, linking the four quarters of the globe by his far-reaching agencies, would be an impossibility. Commissioners of insolvency say that the books of nine bankrupts out of ten are found to be in a muddle—kept without plan or method. Let every young man, therefore, see to it that his work is systematized—arranged according to a carefully studied method, which takes up everything at the right time and applies to it adequate resources. It is easy, of course, to sneer at "red tape." In the sense of a mere dead and meaningless routine, it merits all the contempt poured upon it. The mere formalist, with his cast-iron rules that never bend to circumstances, is a poor creature. Method without flexibility, which ceases to be a means, and becomes an end, proves a hinderance rather than a help; and he who, forgetting its inner meaning,

becomes its slave, shows a narrowness of mind which is unfitted for great and comprehensive enterprises. But an intelligent method, which surveys the whole work before it, and assigns the several parts to distinct times and agents, which adapts itself to exigencies, and keeps ever in its eye the object to be attained, is one of the most powerful instruments of human labor. The professional or business man who despises it will never do anything well. It matters not how clever or brilliant he is, or how fertile in expedients, if he has work without system, catching up whatever is nearest at hand, or trying to do half a dozen things at once, he will sooner or later come to grief. Not only in the less intellectual callings, but in the learned professions, the mere plodder who "pegs away" with steady, methodical industry, will outstrip him in the end.¹

Method is essential, and enables a larger amount of work to be got through with satisfaction. "Method," said Cecil (afterward Lord Burleigh), "is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." Cecil's dispatch of business was extraordinary, his maxim being, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once;" and he never left a thing undone with a view of recurring to it at a period of more leisure. When business pressed, he rather chose to encroach on his hours of meals and rest than omit any part of his work. De Witt's maxim was like Cecil's: "One thing at a time." "If," said he, "I have any necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else till they are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself wholly up to them till they are set in order."²

What is that which first strikes us, and strikes us at once, in a man of education, and which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind, that (as was observed

¹ Mathews.² Smiles.

with eminent propriety of the late Edmund Burke) "we can not stand under the same archway during a shower of rain, without finding him out?" Not the weight or novelty of his remarks; not any unusual interest of facts communicated by him; for we may suppose both the one and the other precluded by the shortness of our intercourse, and the triviality of the subjects. The difference will be impressed and felt, though the conversation should be confined to the state of the weather or the pavement. Still less will it arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases. For if he be, as we now assume, a well educated man as well as a man of superior powers, he will not fail to follow the golden rule of Julius Cæsar, *insolens verbum, tanquam scopulum, evitare*. Unless where new things necessitate new terms, he will avoid an unusual word as a rock. It must have been among the earliest lessons of his youth, that the breach of this precept, at all times hazardous, becomes ridiculous in the topics of ordinary conversation. There remains but one other point of distinction possible; and this must be, and in fact is, the true cause of the impression made on us. It is the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part, or (more plainly) in every sentence, the whole that he then intends to communicate. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is method in the fragments.

Listen, on the other hand, to an ignorant man, though perhaps shrewd and able in his particular calling, whether he be describing or relating. We immediately perceive, that his memory alone is called into action; and that the objects and events recur in the narration in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent, in which they had first occurred to the narrator. The necessity of taking

breath, the efforts of recollection, and the abrupt rectification of its failures, produce all his pauses; and with exception of the "and then," the "and there," and the still less significant, "and so," they constitute likewise all his connections.

Our discussion, however, is confined to method as employed in the formation of the understanding, and in the constructions of science and literature. It would indeed be superfluous to attempt a proof of its importance in the business and economy of active or domestic life. From the cotter's hearth or the workshop of the artisan to the palace or the arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is, that everything be in its place. When this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one, by whom it is eminently possessed, we say proverbially, he is like clock-work. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time. But the man of methodical industry and honorable pursuits does more; he realizes its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul; and that, the very essence of which is to fleet away, and evermore to have been, he takes up into his own permanence, and communicates to it the imperishableness of a spiritual nature. Of the *good and faithful servant*, whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed, that he lives in time, than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the record of duties performed, will survive the wreck

of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.¹

ECONOMY.—Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists, not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct—and that not an instinct of the noblest kind—may produce this false economy in perfection. The other economy has larger views. It demands a discriminating judgment and a firm, sagacious mind. It shuts one door to impudent importunity, only to open another and a wider to unpresuming merit.²

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease, and the beautiful sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health; and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts—that is, fetters them with irons that enter into their souls.³

Let us learn the meaning of economy. Economy is a high, humane office—a sacrament, when its aim is grand; when it is the prudence of simple tastes; when it is practised for freedom, or love, or devotion. Much of the economy which we see in houses is of a base origin, and is best kept out of sight. Parched corn eaten to-day, that I may have roast fowl to my dinner on Sunday, is a baseness; but parched corn and a house with one apartment, that I may be free of all perturbations, that I may be serene and docile to what the mind shall speak, and girt and road-ready for the lowest mission of knowledge or good-will, is frugality for gods and heroes.⁴

There is no workingman in good health who may not become independent, if he will but carefully husband his receipts and guard jealously against the little leaks of useless expenditure. But, to become independent, one must be willing to pay the

price. He must be industrious, and he must be prudent. Perhaps the hardest of these rules to follow is the latter. There are a hundred persons who can work hard to every ten who can properly husband their earnings. The classes that toil the hardest squander most recklessly the money they earn. Instead of hoarding their receipts, so as to provide against sickness or want of employment, they eat and drink up their earnings as they go, and thus in the first financial crisis, when mills and factories stop, and capitalists lock up their cash instead of using it in great enterprises, they are ruined. Men who thus live "from hand to mouth," never keeping more than a day's march ahead of actual want, are little better off than slaves. They are not their own masters, but may have at any moment to choose between the alternatives of bondage or starvation. They can not help being servile, for they know they can neither command their time nor choose how and where they shall live.

To one who has seen much of the miseries of the poor, it is hard to account for this short-sightedness of conduct; but, doubtless, the main cause is the contempt with which they are wont to look upon petty savings. Ask those who spend all as they go why they do not put by a fraction of their daily earnings, and they will reply: "That's of no use; what good can the saving of a few cents a day or an occasional dollar do? If I could lay by four or five dollars a week, that would ultimately amount to something." It is by this thoughtless reasoning that thousands are kept steeped to the lips in poverty, who, by a moderate degree of self-denial, might place themselves in a state of comfort and independence, if not of affluence. They do not consider to what enormous sums little savings and little spendings swell, at last, when continued through a long series of years.

What laborer is there in good health who may not save from

his earnings fifty dollars a year? Yet this paltry sum, compounded at six per cent. interest, amounts to \$650 in ten years, \$1,860 in twenty, \$3,950 in thirty years, and \$7,700 in forty years, thus securing a snug provision for old age by the saving of less than fourteen cents per day! How imperceptibly may this last sum, or one twice as great, slip through one's fingers in the gratification of habits worse than useless, without a thought of the vast aggregate to which it finally amounts! What clerk or workingman, that spends twenty cents a day for a couple of cigars, dreams that by this expenditure, with the accumulated interest, he will in fifty years have smoked away twenty thousand dollars? Yet a man who by a life of industry had laid by such a sum would, in most country towns, be deemed rich. It is a hard thing to begin the world without a dollar; and yet hundreds of men, by petty savings at the outset of their career, have amassed large fortunes from a single shilling. Among the capitalists in one of our large cities some years ago was a builder, worth, probably, some hundreds of thousands, who began life as a bricklayer's laborer at a dollar a day. Out of that sum he contrived to save fifty cents a day, and at the end of the first year had laid up \$182, from which moment his fortune was made. Like a hound upon the right scent, he was on the track of riches, and the game, sooner or later won, was sure to be his own. Of a leading firm in New York City, which some years ago had accumulated an immense property, it is stated that both members came to that city without a cent, and swept the very shop wherein they afterward made their fortunes. Like the builder, they had an indomitable spirit of industry, perseverance, and frugality, and so the first dollar became the foundation of a million.

The persons who despise small savings as unworthy of their care are ignorant of the main object of making them in early

life, which looks not chiefly to the saving itself, but to *the formation of a habit of economy*. It is true, the saving of a few cents is in itself of little moment; but if the habit of saving a penny or two, whether in money or any other kind of property, once becomes fixed, and the thoughts be turned in the direction of advancement, the accumulation will go on and be ultimately successful. Hence it has been wisely said that there is no revolution in the history of a man so important in its consequences as that which takes place at the moment of the first saving. As it is the minutes that make the hours, so it is the pennies that make the pounds, the cents that make the dollars; and he who scrupulously economizes the former need give himself no concern about the latter, for the habit of looking sharply after them will have insensibly formed itself. It is for this reason that the beginning of a deposit, however small, in a savings bank may be regarded as the crisis of many a moral destiny; for from that moment the person ceases to be a slavish dependent, without manliness or self-respect, and becomes a free, independent, self-relying man, who is under no bondage but that of kindness to his fellows, of which he now has the means.

"Whatever your means be," says Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer in an excellent essay upon "The Management of Money," "so apportion your wants that your means may exceed them. Every man who earns but ten shillings a week can do this if he please, whatever he may say to the contrary; for, if he can live upon ten shillings a week, he can live upon nine and elevenpence. In this rule mark the emphatic distinction between poverty and neediness. Poverty is relative, and therefore not ignoble. Neediness is a positive degradation. If I have only £100 a year, I am rich as compared with the majority of my countrymen. If I have £5,000 a year, I may be poor compared with the majority

of my associates, and very poor compared to my next-door neighbor. With either of these incomes I am relatively poor or rich; but with either of these incomes I may be positively needy or positively free from neediness. With the £100 a year I may need no man's help; I may at least have 'my crust of bread and liberty.' But with £5,000 a year I may dread a ring at my bell; I may have my tyrannical masters in servants whose wages I can not pay; my exile may be at the fiat of the first long-suffering man who enters a judgment against me; for the flesh that lies nearest my heart some Shylock may be dusting his scales and whetting his knife. Nor is this an exaggeration. Some of the neediest men I ever knew have a nominal £5,000 a year. Every man is needy who spends more than he has; no man is needy who spends less. I may so ill manage my money, that with £5,000 a year, I purchase the worst evils of poverty—terror and shame; I may so well manage my money, that, with £100 a year, I purchase the best blessings of wealth—safety and respect."

One of the reasons why many persons refuse to practice economy is that it is associated in their minds with meanness. They look upon it as degrading to a man of spirit and lofty impulses; as the virtue of little, contracted minds. No doubt the practice of saving may be carried too far. It is said that the Earl of Westminster, who owns a park ten miles long and has an income of four million dollars a year, once dismounted from his horse, when riding out, on missing a button from his coat, and retraced his steps for some distance till he found it. The expediency of such savings may be questioned. Dr. Johnson once said, that "he who drinks beer, thinks beer;" and it is equally true that those who occupy themselves with endless cares for small savings get "to think candle-ends" as their reward. It has been justly doubted whether, among the classes of men who, whether they

are economical or not, are sure never to go to bed hungry, there is anything in the accumulation of money to compensate for the deterioration of mind and feeling which is almost sure to accompany the pursuit of so trumpery an end as screwing fourpence a week out of the butter bill. But economy is a wholly different thing from penuriousness; so different, indeed, that it is only the economical man who can afford to be liberal, or even to live with ease and magnanimity.¹

MINUTE FAITHFULNESS.—In one sense, and that deep, there is no such thing as magnitude. The least thing is as the greatest, and one day as a thousand years, in the eyes of the Maker of great and small things. In another sense, and that close to us and necessary, there exist both magnitude and value. Though not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoted, there are yet creatures who are of more value than many; and the same Spirit which weighs the dust of the earth in a balance, counts the isles as a little thing.

The just temper of human mind in this matter may, nevertheless, be told shortly. Greatness can only be rightly estimated when minuteness is justly revered. Greatness is the aggregation of minuteness; nor can its sublimity be felt truthfully by any mind unaccustomed to the affectionate watching of what is least.

But if this affection for the least be unaccompanied by the powers of comparison and reflection; if it be intemperate in its thirst, restless in curiosity, and incapable of the patient and self-commandant pause which is wise to arrange, and submissive to refuse, it will close the paths of noble art to the student as effectually, and hopelessly, as even the blindness of pride, or impatience of ambition.²

Do nothing as if it were trifling; to call it so may be the

¹ Mathews.

² Ruskin.

greatest mistake of your being. In everything have the one aim—Heaven. Slur no part of your work. Minute faithfulness is needed every moment. A favorite flower has the gardener's thoughts from the first; whatever will tell on the symmetry, tints, and size of the blossoms, is weighed and cared for. The soil is mixed and sifted, perhaps gathered from distant parts; mouldered turf, the black earth of a mountain moor, the silver sand of a far-off bed, the foreign strength of far-fetched enrichments. He covers it by night, shades it by day, keeps off all weeds, watches each leaf that no spoiler mar it, removes each defect, waters it with a tender care, is never weary in his loving labors. If all this, for a flower that blows only to fade, the very type of evanescence, what shall we do for that true "Everlasting," the heavenly amaranth—Life, whose blossoms may be sunbright in Paradise?¹

Sedulous attention and painstaking industry always mark the true worker. The greatest men are not those who "despise the day of small things," but those who improve them the most carefully. Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor at his studio what he had been doing at a statue since his previous visit. "I have retouched this part—polished that—softened this feature—brought out that muscle—given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." So it was said of Nicholas Poussin, the painter, that the rule of his conduct was, that "whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well;" and when asked, late in life, by his friend Vigneul de Marville, by what means he had gained so high a reputation among the painters of Italy, Poussin emphatically answered, "Because I have neglected nothing."²

¹ Geikie.

² Smiles.

In the case of gifted men, especially, what cause of failure do we find more fruitful or frequent than that here indicated—the contempt of details? Their souls fire with lofty conceptions of some work to be achieved; their minds warm with enthusiasm as they contemplate the object already attained; but, when they begin to put the scheme into execution, they turn away in disgust from the dry minutiae and vulgar drudgery which are required for its perfection. Hence the world is full of mute, inglorious Miltons, who languish not from lack of talents, but because, in spite of their many brilliant parts, they lack something which the famous possess. Some little defect mars all their excellencies, and they hang fire. They are like Swift's dancing-master, who had every qualification except that he was lame. The watch is nearly complete; it only lacks hands. The cannon is perfect, except it has no touch-hole. The mouse-trap is just the thing, but they have forgotten the cheese. Such men bewail their fate, and so would addled eggs, if they could speak, which are so like the rest, but so dishonorably inferior. Failing to do the small tasks of life well, they have no calls to higher ones, and so they complain of neglect; as if the skipper of a schooner, on which every rope was sagging, and every sail rotting, through his negligence, should complain of the injustice done him in not making him commander of a seventy-four! The truth is, to be successful in any profession, one must have what has been called "an almost ignominious love of details." It is an element of effectiveness with which no reach of plan, no loftiness of design, no enthusiasm of purpose, can dispense. It is this which makes the difference between the practical man, who pushes his thought to a useful result, and the mere dreamer; between the Stephenson, who created a working locomotive engine, and his predecessors, who conceived the idea of it, but

could not put their thought into execution. In literature it is the conscientious and laborious attention to details—nicety in the selection and arrangement of words, even particles—that distinguishes a masterpiece of composition from a merely clever performance. So, too, in art. Whoever has looked over the collections of drawings of the old masters must have been most deeply impressed by the slow growth of their works, owing to their conscientious nicety about little things. In nothing do they differ more from common painters than in their almost endless dwelling upon some small detail—a foot, or a hand, or a face—fashioning and refashioning it, but never once losing sight of the original idea.¹

Little faithfulnesses: it is all the more necessary for us to contemplate them, because it is not these in general which men venerate or admire. We praise the high, the splendid, the heroic; we dwell on the great deeds, on the glorious sacrifices. When you read how the lady of the house of Douglas thrust her own arm through the bolt-grooves of the door and let the murderers break it while her king had time to hide; or how the pilot of Lake Erie stood undaunted upon the burning deck, and, reckless of the intense agony, steered the crew safe to the jetty, and then fell dead among the crackling flames; or how the Russian serf, to save his master and his master's children, sprang out from the sledge among the wolves that howled after them through the winter snow; or, once more, how, amid the raging storm, the young girl sat with her father at the oar to save the shipwrecked sailors from the shrouds of the shattered wreck—whose soul is so leaden that it does not thrill with admiration at deeds like these? But think you, my brethren, that these brave men and women sprang, as it were, full-sized into their heroic stature? Nay; but, like the gorgeous blossom of the aloe, elaborated

¹ Mathews.

through long years of silent and unnoticed growth, so these deeds were but the bright, consummate flower borne by lives of quiet, faithful, unrecorded service. . . . Observe the striking fact that our Lord does not say: "He that is faithful in that which is least will be faithful also in much," but "He that is faithful in that which is least *is* faithful also in much." The essential fidelity of the heart is the same, whether it be exercised in two mites or in a regal treasury; the genuine faithfulness of the life is equally beautiful, whether it be displayed in governing an empire or in writing an exercise. It has been quaintly said that if God were to send two angels to earth, the one to occupy a throne and the other to clean a road, they would each regard their employments as equally distinguished and equally happy. In the poem of *Theocrite*, the Archangel Gabriel takes the poor boy's place:

Then to his poor trade he turned,
By which the daily bread was earned;
And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content;
He did God's will—to him all one,
If on the earth or in the sun.

. . . Count nothing slight, says the wise son of Sirach, whether it be great or small. Life is made up of little things, just as time at the longest is but an aggregate of seconds. Be an act ever so unimportant, the *principle* involved in our acts is not unimportant. You say that there is very little harm in this or that. If there is even a little harm in it, then there is great harm in it. A feather will show you the direction of the wind; a straw will prove the set of a current; and this is why Christ says, "Be ye perfect." It is a precept intensely practical. No day passes but what we can put it into action. . . . Not to

speak of the weightier matters of the law, little punctualities, little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the little threads of gold, which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of a life that God approves.¹

INTEGRITY.—Remember that your moral character is worth more to you than everything else, in all your relationships in life. Not only for religious reasons, but even for the commonest secular reasons, this is so. It is very desirable that you should have information; it is very desirable that you should have a skillful and nimble hand for the pursuit in which you are engaged; it is very desirable that you should understand business and men and life; but it is still more desirable that you should be a man of integrity—of strict, untemptable, or, at least, unbreakable integrity—even for civil and secular reasons. For nothing is so much in demand as simple untemptability in men; nothing is in so much demand as men who are held, by the fear of God and by the love of rectitude, to that which is right. Their price is above rubies. More than wedges of gold are they worth, and nowhere else are they worth so much as in cities and marts like this, where so much must be put at stake upon the fidelity of agents.²

Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts upon this principle is not an honest man.³

The truth of the good old maxim, that "Honesty is the best policy," is upheld by the daily experience of life, uprightness and integrity being found as successful in business as in everything else. As Hugh Miller's worthy uncle used to advise him: "In all your dealings give your neighbor the east of the bank—'good measure, heaped up and running over'—and you will not

¹ Farrar.² Beecher.³ Whately.

lose by it in the end." A well-known brewer of beer attributed his success to the liberality with which he used his malt. Going up to the vat and tasting it, he would say: "Still rather poor, my lads; give it another cast of the malt." The brewer put his character into his beer, and it proved generous accordingly, obtaining a reputation in England, India, and the colonies, which laid the foundation of a large fortune. Integrity of word and deed ought to be the very corner-stone of all business transactions. To the tradesman, the merchant, and manufacturer it should be what honor is to the soldier, and charity to the Christian. In the humblest calling there will always be found scope for the exercise of this uprightness of character. Hugh Miller speaks of the mason with whom he served his apprenticeship as one who "*put his conscience into every stone that he laid.*" So the true mechanic will pride himself upon the thoroughness and solidity of his work, and the high-minded contractor upon the honesty of performance of his contract in every particular. The upright manufacturer will find not only honor and reputation, but substantial success, in the genuineness of the article which he produces, and the merchant in the honesty of what he sells, and that it really is what it seems to be. Baron Dupin, speaking of the general probity of Englishmen, which he held to be a principal cause of their success, observed: "We may succeed for a time by fraud, by surprise, by violence; but we can succeed permanently only by means directly opposite. It is not alone the courage, the intelligence, the activity, of the merchant and manufacturer which maintain the superiority of their productions and the character of their country; it is far more their wisdom, their economy, and, above all, their probity. If ever in the British Islands the useful citizen should lose these virtues, we may be sure that, for England, as for every other country, the

vessels of a degenerate commerce, repulsed from every shore, would speedily disappear from those seas whose surface they now cover with the treasures of the universe, bartered for the treasures of the industry of the three kingdoms."¹

The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them, whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiceth it, the greater service it does him by confirming his reputation and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.²

HOPE.—Hope is the principle of activity. Without holding out hope, to desire one to advance is absurd and senseless. Suppose, without a sou in my hand, one were to say, "Exert yourself, for there is no hope," it would be to turn me into ridicule, and not to advise me. To hold out to me the hopelessness of my condition never was a reason for exertion; for when, ultimately, equal evils attend upon exertion and rest, rest has clearly the preference.³

Hope is the ruddy morning of joy, recollection is its golden tinge: but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises, breaks, indeed, but in another world, and with another sun.⁴

Human life hath not a surer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than hope. 'Tis the miserable man's god, which, in the hardest gripe of calamity, never fails to yield him beams of comfort. 'Tis the presumptuous man's devil, which leads him awhile in a smooth way, and then makes him break his neck on the sudden. Hope is to man as a bladder to a learning swimmer—it keeps him from sinking in the bosom of the waves, and

¹ Smiles.² Tillotson.³ Burke.⁴ Richter.

by that help he may attain the exercise; but yet it many times makes him venture beyond his height, and then, if that breaks, or a storm rises, he drowns without recovery. How many would die, did not hope sustain them! How many have died by hoping too much! This wonder we may find in hope, that she is both a flatterer and a true friend.¹

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient that man would be a very miserable being were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession. "We should hope for everything that is good," says the old poet Sinus, "because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us." Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humor. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy, and labor pleasant.²

That is the noble man who is full of confident hopes; the abject soul despairs.³

There are two kinds of hope: an illusive hope—a will-o'-the-wisp, which comes from an excited imagination—and a substantial hope, born from experience, tears, and wrongs. Patience worketh experience, and experience, hope. It is the purpose of succeeding paragraphs to distinguish these, and to show how a true hope may be built up in the soul.

The phrenologist tells us that there is a natural organ of hopefulness whose function is to give an expectation of good things. Some have more of it, others less; but all have some. It is an especially human organ. Animals live in the present. No bird or beast tries to improve his condition, or to make his to-morrow better than his to-day. Man does this, and his power

¹ *Felham.*

² *Addison.*

³ *Euripides.*

of doing it is the condition of his progress, both individual and social. Hope may often deceive us, but without it man could never have risen out of the savage state. Without hope, no culture, no civilization, no progress in wealth, art, science, literature. "Forgetting the things behind, reaching out to those before"—this is the secret of human progress. Fear of evil may keep men from going backward, but only hope of something better can carry them on.

This organ of hope in the brain is balanced by another, that of caution. Hope sees the good before us; caution, the dangers to be encountered on the way. Both are necessary to progress. A man who has too much caution and too little hope is easily discouraged. He is so afraid of evil that he does not try to get the good. He is the slave of anxiety and fear. He will never attempt any difficult enterprise. Such men do nothing to carry forward the world. Better have too much hope and try, and fail, than not to try at all.

This, then, is one distinction between the true hope and the false one. The hope which deceives is that which promises us future good with no co-operation of ours. We think to have the end without using the means. We trust in luck, in fortune, in genius—not in thought and work. What we wish and vaguely expect is to find some pot of gold in the ground, to draw the prize in the lottery, to be helped by some powerful friend. Those in whom this fictitious and illusive hopefulness is strong, love to read fairy stories, and imagine themselves the heroes; are tempted to gamble at cards or in stocks; prefer speculation to legitimate business; wish to be rich at once. All they undertake they undertake blindly, trusting in their good fortune, refusing to look at the conditions of success, or the difficulties in their way. So their life is apt to be one long failure.

The true hope, on the contrary, is one which is willing to think, wait, and act. It is in no hurry, does not expect instant success. This is what the Scripture means by the "patience of hope." True hope is very patient. It relies on the working of immutable laws, which are sure to bring success at last. The man who has this principle in him does not read fairy tales, but the biographies of those who have done great things. He sees how many difficulties they encountered, how many disappointments they met, how often they were baffled. He sees how they had the "patience of hope;" how they tried again and again and again; how they learned something by every failure; and how, at last, when success came, they had fairly conquered it by honest, careful, thoughtful, persevering work. Nothing educates the practical faculty of hope more than the knowledge of what men have done by patience, wisdom, and determined purpose. We look back at the great men of history—Columbus, Socrates, Dante, Washington, Luther, Milton, Paul—and commonly we think only of their success; their whole career seems to us one of steady triumph. But study their lives intimately, come close to them, and then you see how they fought their way against constant opposition, slander, hatred, failure. The ideal man whom we call Socrates, the great shining light whose moral beauty illuminates Paganism, whose grandeur of soul has won the praise of the earth—what was his real life? He lived by hope. Men whose names are now forgotten—or would be forgotten but for him—looked it over him, and looked on him with supreme and supercilious disdain. The great Gorgias, the famous rhetorician, thought it almost a condescension to argue with him and refute him. When the celebrated sophist, Protagoras, arrives at Athens, the disciples of Socrates all leave him to go to hear this teacher, much greater, as they think, than their

own master. No one, in the days of Socrates, anticipated that this plain-spoken, straightforward man, who can not make an oration, or even a speech, who can only talk right on, is likely to be remembered. His companions and friends admired and loved him, but people generally thought him too combative, too plain-spoken. No one could tell exactly to what party he belonged: he opposed all parties in turn. He had found fault with the politicians, the orators, the tragic and comic poets, the artisans; he was by no means popular at Athens. His power was this—that he lived in a world of ideas, he believed in great truths, he had faith in principles. He was strong in the hope which these inspired. Nothing which he saw around him could give him courage; but his hope of the triumph of truth was enough for him.

We think of Columbus as the great discoverer of America; we do not remember that his actual life was one of disappointment and failure. Even his discovery of America was a disappointment; he was looking for India, and utterly failed of this. He made maps and sold them to support his old father. Poverty, contumely, indignities of all sorts, met him wherever he turned. His expectations were considered extravagant, his schemes futile; the theologians opposed him with texts out of the Bible; he wasted seven years waiting in vain for encouragement at the court of Spain. He applied unsuccessfully to the governments of Venice, Portugal, Genoa, France, England. Practical men said: "It can't be done; he is a visionary." Doctors of divinity said: "He is a heretic; he contradicts the Bible." Isabella, being a woman, and a woman of sentiment, wished to help him, but her confessor said no. We all know how he was compelled to put down mutiny in his crew, and how, after his discovery was made, he was rewarded with chains and imprisonment; how

he died in neglect, poverty, and pain, and only was rewarded by a sumptuous funeral. His great hope, his profound convictions, were his only support and strength.

Look at the starved features of the melancholy Dante, the exile, condemned to be burnt alive on false charges of peculation, based on public report. Think of the poor wanderer, unconscious of the glory that was before him, writing a pathetic letter to his beloved Florence, saying: "My people, what have I done to you?" But he, also, clung to his ideas, denounced the temporal power of the popes, put his soul into his great poem, lived in the hope of the triumph of justice and truth, and so fought his good fight. When invited to submit and confess himself in the wrong, and so return to his dear city, he refused, saying "he would live under the sun and stars and see the truth, but not make himself infamous even to return to Florence."

All great men have lived by hope. Not what they saw, but what they believed in, made their strength. Milton was the object of bitter opposition and sharp criticism. He was odious to the Royalists, disliked by the Presbyterians, abused by the great Salmasius, and in his old age, blind and poor, his friends in exile and ruin, fallen on evil days and tongues, he had nothing to console him except his visions of eternal beauty and his lofty hope of doing a great work, which the world would not willingly let die. . . . The power which moves the world is hope. An anxious, doubtful, timid man can accomplish little. Fear unnerves us; hope inspires us.¹

DIFFICULTY.—The difficulties, hardships, and trials of life—the obstacles one encounters on the road to fortune—are positive blessings. They knit his muscles more firmly, and teach him self-reliance, just as by wrestling with an athlete who is superior to us we increase our own strength and learn the secret of his

¹ Clarke.

skill. All difficulties come to us, as Bunyan says, of temptation, like the lion which met Samson; the first time we encounter them they roar and gnash their teeth, but, once subdued, we find a nest of honey in them. Peril is the very element in which power is developed. "Ability and necessity dwell near each other," said Pythagoras. "He who has battled," says Carlyle, "were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision-wagons, or even rest unwatchfully 'abiding by the stuff.'"¹

Difficulties invigorate the soul. I do not mean the difficulties of indolence and disobedience—these are withering curses—but the difficulties of industry, of obedience.

They are conditions essential to strength. What gives power to the arm of the smith? The weight of his hammer. What gives swiftness to the Indian foot? The fleetness of his game. Thus it is with the senses. What confers exquisite sensibility upon the blind man's ear? The curtain which, by hiding the visible universe from his sight, compels him to give intense regard to the most delicate vibrations that play upon his tympanum. Thus it is with the intellect. Who is the greatest reasoner? He who habitually struggles with the worst difficulties that can be mastered by reason. Do you complain of a feeble intellect? It may be your misfortune, but it is more likely to be your fault. Before you charge the Almighty with an unequal distribution of gifts, try your mind upon some appropriate difficulties. Bear it into the field of mathematics, or metaphysics, or logic. Bid it struggle, and faint, if necessary, and struggle again. If disposed to retreat, urge it, goad it. Let it rest when weary, bid it walk when it can not run, but teach it that it must *conquer*. If, after this discipline, your mind be

Mathews.

feeble, you may call your weakness an infirmity, and not a fault. Some men have fruitless imaginations, but who are they? Those who have never led their fancies out. The genial oak planted in a dismal cellar, shut out from the light and air of heaven, would not grow up and lift its branches to the skies. Plant your imagination in the heavens, and let it be subject to the high and holy influences of its pure ether, and its silent lights, and it shall manifest vitality, and vigor, and upward aspirations.

The memory, too, is strong, if subjected to proper exercise. It will yield no revenue to the soul that does not tax it; and just in proportion as it is taxed, will it be found to have capacity of production. I will add that it is thus with the moral powers. Envy, jealousy, anger—those bitter fountains which so often tincture the streams of private and domestic joy—deepen in proportion to the obstacles through which they flow. Avarice and ambition—those demons that have desolated the globe with war—derive their overwhelming power from the difficulties which impede their progress. The daring lover testifies that love becomes more wild and resistless as great and romantic difficulties rise around him. What makes the good Christian? Perpetual trial. He who has experienced the severest storms, and has most frequently thrown out the Christian's anchor, has the strongest hope. Where shall we expect the firmest faith? At the gate of St. Peter's? or at the martyr's stake? Who is compared to purified silver or gold? That Christian around whose soul God hath kindled the fires of his furnace, and kept them glowing till it reflected his own image.¹

MENTAL CULTIVATION.—The advantage which intelligence gives a man is very great. It oftentimes increases one's mere physical ability full one-half. Active thought, or quickness in the use of a mind, is very important in teaching us how to use

¹ Bishop Thomson.

our hands rightly in every possible relation and situation in life. The use of the head abridges the labor of the hands. There is no drudgery; there is no mechanical routine; there is no minuteness of function that is not advantaged by education. If a man has nothing to do but to turn a grindstone, he had better be educated; if a man has nothing to do but to stick pins on a paper, he had better be educated. It makes no difference what you do, you will do it better if you are educated. An intelligent man knows how to bring knowledge to bear upon whatever he has to do. It is a mistake to suppose that a stupid man makes a better laborer than one who is intelligent. If I wanted a man to drain my farm, or merely to throw the dirt out from a ditch, I would not get a stupid drudge if I could help it. In times when armies have to pass through great hardships, it is the stupid soldiers that break down quickest, while the men of intelligence, who have mental resources, hold out longest. It is a common saying that blood will always tell in horses: I know that intelligence will tell in men.¹

A man in these days is sadly handicapped without schooling. But even if childhood and early youth have had little chance, intelligence will strive to make up its leeway rather than lose; and the very effort will sharpen the faculties, and go far to insure success. Opie's receipt for his painting is universally good: Mix the colors with brains. The commerce of England is not in the hands of scholars, but of clear-headed, practical men, for the most part, who know their business, have their hearts in it, and know how to push it. Stupid men may happen to succeed, but, as a rule, they are luggers against ocean racers. Fixed modes and forms are well in their measure, but there are limits to red tape. Never stick to a thing simply because it is old; never dismiss a proposal because it is novel. The more intelli-

¹ Beecher.

gent you are, the less likely to be hide-bound by stupid conservatism; the more liberal your education, if you be not above your business, the more chance of your making your mark. It takes scientific farming to raise wheat on sand, and modern business life is all sand till intelligence turn it to loam.¹

HEALTH.—We must reckon success a constitutional trait. Courage, the old physicians taught (and their meaning holds, if their physiology is a little mythical)—courage, or the degree of life, is as the degree of circulation of the blood in the arteries. "During passion, anger, fury, trials of strength, wrestling, fighting, a large amount of blood is collected in the arteries, the maintenance of bodily strength requiring it, and but little is sent into the veins. This condition is constant with intrepid persons." Where the arteries hold their blood, is courage and adventure possible. Where they pour it unrestrained into the veins, the spirit is low and feeble. For performance of great mark, it needs extraordinary health. If Eric is in robust health, and has slept well, and is at the top of his condition, and thirty years old, at his departure from Greenland, he will steer west, and his ships will reach Newfoundland. But take out Eric, and put in a stronger and bolder man—Biorn, or Thorfin—and the ships will, with just as much ease, sail six hundred, one thousand, fifteen hundred miles further, and reach Labrador and New England.²

Horace Mann, in a letter of advice to a law student, justly remarks that a spendthrift of health is one of the most reprehensible of spendthrifts. "I am certain," continues he, "I could have performed twice the labor, both better and with greater ease to myself, had I known as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one as I do now. In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets, as carefully as though they would have

¹ Geikie.² Emerson.

been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous. I ought to have begun at home, and taken the stars when it should come their turn. The consequence was I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since. Whatever labor I have since been able to do, I have done it all on credit instead of capital—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the last twenty-five years, so far as it regards health, I have been put, from day to day, on my good behavior; and during the whole of this period, as an Hibernian would say, if I had lived as other folks do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight."¹

Health is the foundation of all things in this life. Although work is healthy, and occupation almost indispensable to health and happiness, yet excessive work which taxes the brain almost invariably ends in weakening the digestive organs. There are men here who overtax their minds all day long, through months and years, ignorant that there is a subtle but inevitable connection between dyspepsia and too much mental exertion. I see around me the effects of too intense mental application in scholars, in bankers, in merchants, and in business men of every other class. It is a thing which every man should understand, that there is a point beyond which, if he urge his brain, the injurious result will be felt, not in the head, but in the stomach. The nerves of the stomach become weakened by excessive mental application, and the moment a man loses his stomach, the citadel of his physical life is taken. All your body is renewed from the blood of your system, and that blood is made from the food taken into the stomach. The capacity of the blood to renew nerve

¹ Mathews.

and fiber and bone and muscle, and thus to keep you in a state of health, depends upon the perfectness of your digestive functions.

There is scarcely one man in a hundred who supposes that he must ask leave of his stomach to be a happy man. In many cases the difference between happy men and unhappy men is caused by their digestion. Oftentimes the difference between hopeful men and melancholy men is simply the difference of their digestion. There is much that is called spiritual ailment that is nothing but stomachic ailment. I have, during my experience as a religious teacher, had persons call upon me with that hollow cheek, that emaciated face, and that peculiar look which indicate the existence of this cerebral and stomachic difficulty, to tell me about their trials and temptations; and, whatever I may have said to them, my inward thought has been, "There is very little help that can be afforded you till your health is established." The foundation of all earthly happiness is physical health; and yet men scarcely ever value it till they have lost it.

Remember, also, that too little sleep is almost as inevitably fatal as anything can be to your health and happiness. Suppose you *do* work very hard all day long, that is no reason why you should say, "I am not going to be a mere pack-horse, and if I can not have pleasure by day, I will have it at night." You are taking the very substance out of your body when you burn the lamp of pleasure till one or two o'clock at night. It may be that at certain seasons of the year you may, now and then, diminish the quantity of rest and sleep, and still retain your health, but for a young man to follow the excitations of pleasure continually is like burning many wicks in one lamp. He can not do it for any considerable length of time without destroying his constitution. There is nothing more inevitable than that the

want of sleep undermines the body itself. As a general rule, eight hours of sleep are necessary for a young person. There is a difference, however, in the amount of sleep required by different persons of the same age. A nervous man does not usually need as much sleep as a phlegmatic man, for the reason that some men accomplish more sleep in the same time than others. A nervous man will walk a mile quicker, will eat his meals quicker, will do everything quicker, and will, therefore, sleep quicker, than a phlegmatic man. Some men will do as much sleep-work in six hours as other men will in eight hours. Some, therefore, can do with less sleep than others; but whatever may be the amount which experience teaches you that you need, that amount you should take. It may excite a smile when I say it, but it is nevertheless true, that it is a part of your religious duty to sleep. A great many men have destroyed the usefulness of their lives through ignorance of this indispensable law of recuperation. . . .

Diet and out-of-door exercise are also elements of health not to be neglected with impunity. There are many who have not their choice in this regard; and I am truly sorry for those who are obliged, by the nature of their calling or the terms of their engagement, to forego exercise in the open air. It is a painful sight to see workmen looking pale and emaciated, like plants that grow in the shade, without that robustness or that healthy hue that comes from work out of doors.¹

In many of the ancient religions the body was thought to be the enemy of the soul. The duty of a religious man, therefore, was to weaken the body, as far as was possible, without destroying life. The body was to be kept under by means of mortifying practices—fasting, want of sleep, poor clothes or none, by living out of doors, and, finally, by self-inflicted flagellation.

¹ Beecher.

Only one ancient nation—the Egyptian—appears to have had much respect for the human body. The Egyptians took care of the body during life, and preserved it after death. They saw something divine in all living organizations. In worshipping animals and vegetables they worshiped the mysterious principle of organization—that vital power which is to us, as it was to them, utterly marvelous and inscrutable. The Egyptians thought it religious to adore and worship the body; other nations thought it religious to despise and ill-treat the body. . . . Good health is the basis of all physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual development. Men and women, permanent invalids, have, no doubt, been sometimes distinguished as thinkers and workers. A powerful soul will triumph over bodily disease; but usually a sick thinker has something sickly in his thought. Calvin, whose life was darkened by disease, had a morbid and gloomy element in his theology. Emaciated and sickly saints usually have a sickly piety. I believe that Jesus was healthy in body as in mind; all his faculties active, and so full of vital power as to awe and control even his opponents, who came expecting to put him down. For a certain amount of vital energy is needed to give weight to the best argument. To be a great prophet it is necessary, not only to have inspiration and conviction, but also to possess a body able to endure fatigue, instinct with magnetic force and physical energy. I repeat, then, that bodily health is the foundation of all rounded self-culture, all integral development. I fully admit the power of the soul, under great spiritual and moral excitement, to compel a weak body to do its bidding. This is one of the most eminent proofs that soul is the king, and body its subject. A great soul *may* inspire a sick body with strength; but if the body were well, it would obey yet more promptly and effectually.

I do not sympathize with those reformers who say that we are always to blame for being sick, and that if we obeyed all the hygienic laws we should be always well. Some persons are born diseased, with congenital and inherited poison in their blood; some take disease from the air, and from unavoidable exposure. But, no doubt, a vast amount of sickness comes from bad living; from intemperance in work, in eating and drinking; from breathing bad air, living in damp, dark homes; from bad food, poor clothing, want of recreation and amusement. In New England we are not a healthy people. We are, to be sure, free from the scourge of the Middle and Western States—fever and ague; nor are we as liable to inflammatory diseases as in other places. Our demon is consumption, and the natural prevention and cure for consumption is pure air, and enough of it. But the great mass of our people shut out the sunshine, shut out the air, shut themselves up during our long winter months with air-tight stoves in air-tight rooms, using the same air over and over again. Ventilation is a lost art. No one knows how to ventilate a public building or a railroad car. Along the shores of Maine, where the air is pure and balmy, and merely to breathe it is like drinking the wine of life, if you go into the houses, you will find the people pale and sickly. The explanation is the air-tight stove and indigestible food. Whoever will teach the people of New England the advantages of good food, fresh air, and sunshine, will renew the physical constitution of the race.

But the work of physical degeneracy is begun in our schools. We put a crowd of little children together in an imperfectly ventilated room. We task their immature brains with from five to eight hours of mental application. We stimulate them by a system of prizes, promotion, and praise. We make them study at home, in the evening, by lamplight, after having been confined

at school half the day. When the child's natural tendency to move about, to smile, to talk, manifests itself, we repress it by the brutal application of the rod. So we treat our children, and wonder at the mysterious Providence which sends them disease and death, while the vagabond newsboys, half-clothed and half-fed, but moving about in the open air all day, are comparatively well. . . . If a healthy body contributes to the health of the mind, so, also, a healthy mind keeps the body well. Cheerfulness, interest in life, interest in our work, enough to do, without haste or rest, pleasant society, friendship—these react favorably on the body. The haste to get rich, and the intense struggles of business rivalry, probably destroy as many lives in America every year as are lost in a great battle. Patience, equanimity, trust in Providence, contentment with our lot—these keep the body from disease. A good conscience is better medicine than all the druggists can supply. . . .

Take exercise every day, in the open air if possible, and make it a recreation, and not merely a duty. Eat wholesome food. Drink pure water. Let your house and room be well ventilated. Take time enough for sleep. Do not worry.

Watch yourself, but not too closely, to find what exercise, air, diet, etc., agrees with you. No man can be a rule for another. One man can eat all things; another, who is weak, can only eat herbs. Experience in this regard is better than rules.

If you consult a physician, it is better to do it before you are unwell than later. Prophylactics are better than therapeutics.

The time will come, let us hope, when all boys will be taught the use of tools, and all girls the principles of cooking. A carpenter's bench and tools in a house will furnish as good exercise

as dumb-bells. And is it not a little discreditable to a well-educated man to have to send for a mechanic when anything is out of order in the house? Ought we not to be able to ease a door, make a shelf, stop a leak in a leaden pipe, milk a cow, harness our own horse? An hour spent in such work about the house or stable every day would not only exercise the body, but relieve the tension of a student's brain.

Consider this: No carpenter will go to his work without seeing that his chest of tools is in good order. The musician examines his instrument every day to keep it in tune. We have our horses carefully groomed. Let us do as much, at least, as this for our own body. That is our wonderful box of tools—our organ with thousands of pipes. It has, no doubt, a remarkable power of self-recovery, of repairing its own lesions. But do not try it too much. It is the faithful servant of the mind: but let the mind treat its servant tenderly and wisely.

The body constantly acts on the mind: this is now universally recognized. It is not as often noticed how the mind acts on the body. A mind strengthened by truth and a determined purpose will support a feeble body, and enable it to do wonders. Mental excitement often cures bodily disease. There are authentic cases of persons given over by their physicians, who resisted death and saved their lives by a strong determination not to die. Any influence which rouses the mind to action will often cure the body. One day we shall have a mind-cure hospital, where bodily disease will be relieved by applications to the mind. Meantime, how much can be done for invalids by visits from cheerful, bright, entertaining visitors—by religious influences which inspire faith and hope, not doubt and fear! Whatever takes the mind out of itself, causes it to look up, interests it in great truths, helps the body, too.¹

¹ Clarke.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty but kindly.¹

THE NECESSITY FOR AN IDEAL.—The pursuit, by the imagination, of beautiful and strange thoughts or subjects, to the exclusion of painful or common ones, is called among us, in these modern days, the pursuit of "*the ideal*."²

A man must have either great men or great objects before him, otherwise his powers degenerate, as the magnet's do when it has lain for a long time without being turned toward the right corners of the world.³

We arraign our daily employments. They appear to us unfit, unworthy of the faculties we spend on them. In conversation with a wise man, we find ourselves apologizing for our employments; we speak of them with shame. Nature, literature, science, childhood, appear to us beautiful; but not our own daily work, not the ripe fruit and considered labors of man. This beauty which the fancy finds in everything else certainly accuses that manner of life we lead. Why should it be hateful? Why should it contrast thus with all natural beauty? Why should it not be poetic, and invite and raise us? Is there a necessity that the works of man should be sordid? Perhaps not. Out of this fair Idea in the mind springs the effort at the Perfect. It is the interior testimony to a fairer possibility of life and manners which agitates society every day with the offer of some new amendment.⁴

Happy is the man who is able to follow straight on, though

¹ Shakespeare.

² Ruskin.

³ Richter.

⁴ Emerson.

often wearily and painfully, in the tracks of the divine ideal who stood by his side in his youth, though sadly conscious of weary lengths of way, of gulfs and chasms, which since those days have come to stretch between him and his ideal—of the difference between the man God meant him to be—of the manhood he thought he saw so clearly in those early days—and the man he and the world together managed to make of him.

I say, happy is that man. I had almost said that no other than he is happy in any true or noble sense, even in this hard, materialistic nineteenth century, when the faith, that the weak must go to the wall, that the strong alone are to survive, prevails as it never did before—which on the surface seems specially to be organized for the destruction of ideals, and the quenching of enthusiasms. I feel deeply the responsibility of making *any* assertion on so moot a point; nevertheless, even in our materialistic age, I must urge you all, as you would do good work in the world, to take your stand resolutely and once for all, and all your lives through, on the side of the idealists.¹

Man may well be defined an animal that delights in conceiving, and is destined to find his highest happiness in struggling after the realization of Ideals. What does this mean? What are Ideals? Whence do they come? And how do they specially assert their existence in the distinctively human scenes of the grand drama of human life? The ideal of a thing is just the most perfect type of the thing; and its genesis is clearly traceable to the innate God-implanted aspiration after excellence in the human soul operating upon the materials supplied by the senses to the generalizing and unifying action of the understanding. Now, the ideal of a circle is the concrete circle which most closely corresponds to the abstract circle of the mathematician; the ideal of a man is that man, existing or not existing, in

¹ Hughes.

whose composition and character are combined all the excellent qualities which most distinctly and most emphatically make up manhood. The ideal woman, in the same way, is the woman in whose presentation all that is most womanly stands forth most attractively, and takes captive most irresistibly. Now, the natural result of a delight in Ideals is to create a certain noble discontent with what is common, accompanied by a fine relish for whatever approximates to the ideal. Hence the potency of Love in the world—"Love, unvanquished in fight," as Sophocles sings—whether against gods or men; for, discounting the mere sexual appetency which moves brutes as well as men, the love of which poets sing, and philosophers discourse, is neither more nor less than a rapturous recognition of an Ideal, or, as we may vary the phrase, an impassioned admiration of Excellence. Every man, of course, is not gifted with this capacity for ideal rapture in the highest degree. When it asserts itself in a very high degree we are accustomed to call it genius, but it is, nevertheless, a widely human capacity, and may be recognized not seldom in the humblest spheres, where it has received that fair amount of culture which all human excellence requires. In the back slums of our great manufacturing cities, where the human being grows up under the most adverse influences, you will find not seldom little patches of order and neatness amidst the general disarray, from which you might furnish a useful hint or two to my lady in the equipment of her boudoir; and the crude rudiments of architecture in the wigwams of the Indian savage are not without touches of graceful ornamentation, which the most accomplished architect may not disdain to appropriate. In literature and the arts a high capacity for the ideal presents itself, either passively and receptively, in the production of what is called a fine taste and delicate sensibility for beauty, or energetically and

constructively, in the shape of the creations of literary and artistic genius. And here, at last, we have the image of God in man set forth in lines of most indubitable parallelism. The poet is a maker and a creator; so is the sculptor, the painter, the musician, the artist, each molding the proper material at his disposal, and lording over it like a god.¹

All lower natures find their highest good in semblances and seekings of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving. And shall man alone stoop? Shall his pursuits and desires, the *reflections* of his inward life, be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool, that grows downward, and seeks a mock heaven in the unstable element beneath it, in neighborhood with the slim water-weeds and oozy bottom-grass, that are yet better than itself, and more noble, in as far as substances that appear as shadows are preferable to shadows mistaken for substance? No! it must be a higher good to make you happy. While you labor for anything below your proper humanity, you seek a happy life in the region of death. Well saith the moral poet:

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!"²

In the human race the instinct of progress drives men ever forward, ever upward; for, though you and I may be sentimental and dreamy, the human race is no sentimentalist, but a fierce, hard worker. In the individual man this instinct is the desire of human perfection. Though often dim, now and then something stirs us to form an ideal. The picture of a complete man—how fair it is in the young man's or woman's mind! No painter or sculptor could ever fancy an ideal of the outward man beautiful enough to correspond to the ideal of a manly character

which the young, earnest heart conceives. This is the child of our feeling and our thought. Shall it be only a thought? Shall this *will* be only a dream, to do nothing, to be nothing, when the dream is over? No; it must also be a reality of character, not coming at one spasmodic act, but a deed that comes of us as the grass grows out of the ground,

"Or as the sacred pine tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads."

That is the end and expression of our ideal; that is the limit of our deepest feeling and our highest thought. If the feeling be strong and the ideal just, it is amazing how much can be done in a small space. A very small stream, if it start high enough, will turn a great mill, if the machinery be made to suit.¹

It is well to have a high standard of life, even though we may not be able altogether to realize it. "The youth," says Mr. Disraeli, "who does not look up will look down, and the spirit that does not soar is destined, perhaps, to grovel." George Herbert wisely writes:

Pitch thy behavior low, thy projects high,
So shall thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.²

¹ Parker.

² Smiles.



GEORGE ELIOT.

CHAPTER VI.

HABITS.

Habit is ten times nature. — WELLINGTON.

All habits gather by unseen degrees. — DRYDEN.

HABIT (Latin, *habitus*) is literally a way of being held, or of holding one's self. Thus defined, it must denote a permanent state of rest which has been reached as the result of action or growth, or a permanent form of activity, or of readiness or facility for any kind of activity. As such facility for action is universally observed to result from repetition of action, this last element is taken up into the conception or definition of habit.¹

General habits are formed by particular acts. I have seen a mighty river, on whose bosom a whole navy might repose, at its well-head on the moors. You might then easily step across the infant stream. So that irresistible force of habit which, when ingrained, gains an indomitable power, is at the commencement a force easily capable of being measured and guided. The habit is created by the repetition of innumerable little acts. The object and the main anxiety of life must be to watch and direct aright this great motive force of life. It is said in the words of Infinite Truth that he who despises small things shall perish by little and little. We are told that line must be upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, there a little. So, too, we are

¹ Porter.

told that he who is faithful in that which is greatest is also faithful in that which is least.

As we stand in some vast manufactory in the North, we perhaps wonder, amid the whirring of wheels and the clang of machinery, at the ease and adroitness with which even young children can perform their allotted parts. They nimbly move with the wheels, and deftly handle the threads. It is easy to notice the readiness and unconsciousness with which they get through their work. Now, this is in accordance with the second nature of habit; this is in exact accordance with the laws of habit. We acquire a habit, and even forget how we acquired it. The more perfectly we have acquired a habit, the more unconsciously we obey it. And it is easy to see in the nature of things why this should be the case. If we had to deliberate on each action, the day would not suffice for its duties. So it is that habit supplies promptness and celerity. We could not inform each detail of conduct with its philosophy—reason out each act as it occurs. Nevertheless, where the habit is fixed on solid ground, we ought to be able to analyze the act—to refer the act to the habit, and the habit to the law. As Dean Howson says: "There is a blessedness for those who have learned the unconscious habit of joyous obedience, who serve God without effort and without reluctance, who rise, as the sun rises, to travel the appointed journey, and who sleep as those who have been guided all day long in the way of peace." . . .

Nearly all the philosophers have had their discussions on "habits." They define habit as a *facility* in doing a thing, and an *inclination* to do it. Habits may be formed not only by acts, but by refraining from acts. Indolence is a habit formed by neglecting to do what ought to be done. Voluntary acts become involuntary; cases of volitional acts pass into automatic. Aris-

totle points out that there is positive pain in resisting a formed habit. The moralists discuss habits *objectively*, as generic and specific; and *subjectively*, as active and passive. With a little puzzling out, the reader will find out easily the meaning of the classification. Then they are very anxious to guard against the mischievous delusion that the power of evil habit is giving way when they are not doing any thing which, in accordance with the law of habit, would strengthen it. Probably there is only a pause of exhaustion or repletion, or the removal of the means of gratifying them, or the exchange of one bad habit for a cognate one. They have also discussed whether habit is limited to living beings. Is not the acclimatization of plants a resemblance of habit? Do we not see the same thing in the docility of animals, which, according to modern teaching, are removed from us by so light and variable a line? The connection between habit and instinct, and the connection between habit and association, are very interesting and important questions. Another very important question is, how far we are influenced by the habits of our forefathers, or may influence the habits of our descendants. It is a very important consideration how far by our own habits we may be affecting other moral and physical life. This subject is called Atavism. There are, for instance, various orders of disease which in fifty per cent. of the cases are of an inherited character. And what is Atavism? perhaps you ask. Briefly, it may be answered, that Atavism is a tendency on the part of offspring to revert to some more or less remote ancestral type.¹

Habit at first is but a silken thread,
Fine as the light-winged gossamers that sway
In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;
A shallow streamlet, rippling o'er its bed;
A tiny sapling, ere its roots are spread;

¹ Rev. F. Arnold.

A yet unhardened thorn upon the spray;
 A lion's whelp that hath not scented prey;
 A little smiling child obedient led.
 Beware! that thread may bind thee as a chain;
 That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;
 That sapling spread into a gnarled tree;
 That thorn, grown hard, may wound and give thee pain;
 That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal;
 That child, a giant, crush thee 'neath his heel.

Custom is a violent and treacherous schoolmistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority, but, having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the aid of time, fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious and tyrannic countenance, against which we have no more the courage nor the power so much as to lift up our eyes.¹

Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our miserablest weakness. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to me a second time to go by the same way—it is easier than any other way. Habit is our primal fundamental law—habit and imitation—there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, of all practice and all learning in the world.²

A single knot of quartz occurring in a flake of slate at the crest of the ridge may alter the entire destinies of the mountain form. It may turn the little rivulet of water to the right or left, and that little turn will be to the future direction of the gathering stream what the touch of a finger on the barrel of a rifle would be to the direction of a bullet. Each succeeding year increases the importance of every determined form,

¹ Montaigne. ² Carlyle.

and arranges in masses yet more and more harmonious the promontories shaped by the sweeping of the eternal waterfalls.

The importance of the results thus obtained by the slightest change of direction in the infant streamlets furnishes an interesting type of the formation of human characters by habit. Every one of those notable ravines and crags is the expression, not of any sudden violence done to the mountain, but of its little *habits*, persisted in continually. It was created with one ruling instinct; but its destiny depended, nevertheless, for effective result, on the direction of the small and all but invisible tricklings of water in which the first shower of rain found its way down its sides. The feeblest, most insensible oozings of the drops of dew among its dust were, in reality, arbiters of its eternal form, commissioned, with a touch more tender than that of a child's finger—as silent and slight as the fall of a half-checked tear on a maiden's cheek—to fix forever the forms of peak and precipice, and hew those leagues of lifted granite into the shapes that were to divide the earth and its kingdoms. Once the little stone evaded—once the dim furrow traced—and the peak was forever invested with its majesty, the ravine forever doomed to its degradation. Thenceforward, day by day, the subtle habit gained in power; the evaded stone was left with wider basement; the chosen furrow deepened with swifter sliding wave; repentance and arrest were alike impossible, and hour after hour saw written, in larger and rockier characters upon the sky, the history of the choice that had been directed by a drop of rain, and of the balance that had been turned by a grain of sand.¹

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.—Wherever your life ends it is all there; neither does the utility of living consist in the length of

¹ Ruskin.

days, but in the well husbanding and improving of time, and such a one may have been who has longer continued in the world than the ordinary age of man, that has yet lived but a little while. Make use of time while it is present with you. It depends upon your will, and not upon the number of days, to have a sufficient length of life.¹

A man's time, when well husbanded, is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produce more of what is useful to life than extensive provinces, even of the richest soil, when overrun with weeds and brambles.²

What I do and ever shall regret is the time which, while young, I lost in mere idleness, and in doing nothing. This is the common effect of the inconsideracy of youth, against which I beg you will be most carefully upon your guard. The value of moments, when cast up, is immense, if well employed; if thrown away, their loss is irrecoverable. Every moment may be put to some use, and that with much more pleasure than if unemployed.³

Time is painted with a lock before, and bald behind, signifying thereby that we must take time by the forelock; for, when it is once past, there is no recalling it.⁴

Be avaricious of time; do not give any moment without receiving it in value; only allow the hours to go from you with as much regret as you give to your gold; do not allow a single day to pass without increasing the treasure of your knowledge and virtue. The use of time is a debt we contract from birth, and it should only be paid with the interest that our lives have accumulated.⁵

Observe a method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost. Idleness will be shut out at every avenue,

¹ Montaigne.² Hume.³ Chesterfield.⁴ Swift.⁵ Letourneur.

and with her that numerous body of vices that make up her train.¹

Men of business are accustomed to quote the maxim that "Time is money," but it is much more; the proper improvement of it is self-culture, self-improvement, and growth of character. An hour wasted daily on trifles or in indolence, would, if devoted to self-improvement, make an ignorant man wise in a few years, and, employed in good works, would make his life fruitful, and death a harvest of worthy deeds. Fifteen minutes a day devoted to self-improvement will be felt at the end of the year. Good thoughts and carefully gathered experience take up no room, and are carried about with us as companions everywhere, without cost or incumbrance. An economical use of time is the true mode of securing leisure; it enables us to get through business and carry it forward, instead of being driven by it.²

WORK AND PLAY.—I have seen it quoted from Aristotle, that "the end of labor is to gain leisure." It is a great saying. We have, in modern times, a totally wrong view of the matter. Noble work is a noble thing, but not all work. Most people seem to think that any business is in itself something grand; that to be intensely employed, for instance, about something which has no truth, beauty, or usefulness in it, which makes no man happier or wiser, is still the perfection of human endeavor, so that the work be intense. It is the intensity, not the nature, of the work that men praise. You see the extent of this feeling in little things. People are so ashamed of being caught for a moment idle, that if you come upon the most industrious servants or workmen whilst they are standing looking at something which interests them, or fairly resting, they move off in a fright, as if they were proved, by a moment's relaxation, to be neglectful of their work. Yet it is the result that they should mainly be

¹ Bishop Horne.² Smiles.

judged by, and to which they should appeal. But amongst all classes, the working itself, incessant working, is the thing deified. Now what is the end and object of most work? To provide for animal wants. Not a contemptible thing by any means, but still it is not all in all with man. Moreover, in those cases where the pressure of bread-getting is fairly past, we do not often find men's exertions lessened on that account. They enter into their minds as motives, ambition, a love of hoarding, or a fear of leisure, things which, in moderation, may be defended or even justified, but which are not so peremptorily and upon the face of them excellent, that they at once dignify excessive labor.

The truth is, that to work insatiably requires much less mind than to work judiciously, and less courage than to refuse work that can not be done honestly. For a hundred men whose appetite for work can be driven on by vanity, avarice, ambition, or a mistaken notion of advancing their families, there is about one who is desirous of expanding his own nature and the nature of others in all directions, of cultivating many pursuits, of bringing himself and those around him in contact with the universe in many points, of being a man and not a machine. . . .

No doubt hard work is a great police agent. If everybody were worked from morning till night, and then carefully looked up, the register of crimes might be greatly diminished. But what would become of human nature? Where would be the room for growth in such a system of things? It is through sorrow and mirth, plenty and need, a variety of passions, circumstances, and temptations, even through sin and misery, that men's natures are developed. . . . The sense of the beautiful, the desire for comprehending nature, the love of personal skill and prowess, are not things implanted in men merely to be absorbed in producing and distributing the objects of our most obvious

animal wants. If civilization required this, civilization would be a failure. Still less should we fancy that we are serving the cause of godliness, when we are discouraging recreation. Let us be hearty in our pleasures, as in our work, and not think that the gracious Being who has made us so open-hearted to delight looks with dissatisfaction at our enjoyment, as a hard task-master might, who in the glee of his slaves could see only a hindrance to their profitable working. And with reference to our individual cultivation, we may remember that we are not here to promote incalculable quantities of law, physic, or manufactured goods, but to become men: not narrow pedants, but wide-seeing, mind-traveled men. Who are the men of history to be admired most? Those whom most things became: who could be weighty in debate, of much device in council, considerate in a sick-room, genial at a feast, joyous at a festival, capable of discourse with many minds, large-souled, not to be shriveled up into any one form, fashion, or temperament.¹

Work is activity *for* an end; play, activity *as* an end. One prepares the fund or resources of enjoyment; the other is enjoyment itself. Thus, when a man goes into agriculture, trade, or the shop, he consents to undergo a certain expenditure of care and labor, which is only a form of painstaking rightly named, in order to obtain some ulterior good, which is to be his reward. But, when the child goes to his play, it is no painstaking, no means to an end; it is itself rather both end and joy. Accordingly, it is a part of the distinction I state, that work suffers a feeling of aversion, and play excludes aversion. For the moment any play becomes wearisome or distasteful, then it is work—an activity that is kept up, not as being its own joy, but for some ulterior end, or under some kind of constraint.²

Play may not have so high a place in the divine economy, but

¹ Helps.

² Bushnell.

it has as legitimate a place as prayer. Its direct importance, when we contemplate useful results, is not so great as that of work, but it is essential to the healthful development of the worker, and essential in keeping the machinery of work in order. It is the great harmonizer of the human faculties, overstrained and made inharmonious by labor. It is the agency that keeps alive, and in healthy activity, the faculties and sympathies which work fails to use, or helps to repress. It is the conservator of moral, mental, and physical health. . . . To every man who has the power to spend a portion of his time in play, I say that you have no right to spoil yourself by refusing to play. You have no right to prostitute all the noble faculties of your soul, and the powers of your frame, to the offices of work—to become the things, the machines, of a calling. What you are to be careful about is, that your play be that which best relieves your labor, and best prepares you for it; that it do not degenerate into dissipation, nor tend in vicious directions; that, for the time, it drive work from your mind, and be recognized as one of its most grateful rewards. . . . During the hours of labor, the mind should bend to its faithful performance, but, as soon as they are passed, it should rise out of work into a free and noble life. The Italian beggar, after obtaining enough for a dinner, contents himself, and gives himself up for the remainder of the day to music and macaroni. This, you say, is very stupid, and I think it is; but he is more sensible than the Broadway merchant or the Wall street broker whose whole soul is absorbed by work—who is in it all day, and who dreams of it all night. We need emancipation, if for nothing else than for the sake of a decent family life. The slave of work becomes an inharmonious element in his own home circle. It is pitiful to see the thousands scattered all over the country who, through insane devotion to business,

have ceased to be husbands and fathers, who have no part in the family life but to furnish funds for its maintenance, and who are only treated respectfully by wives and children because they are crabbed and sour, or because they carry the key of the family treasury.¹

POLITENESS.—There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it.²

Among the qualities of mind and heart which conduce to worldly success, there is no one the importance of which is more real, yet which is so generally underrated at this day by the young, as courtesy—that feeling of kindness, of love for our fellows, which expresses itself in pleasing manners. Owing to that spirit of self-reliance and self-assertion, and that contempt for the forms and conventionalities of life, which our young men are trained to cherish, they are too apt to despise those delicate attentions, those nameless and exquisite tendernesses of thought and manner, that mark the true gentleman. Yet history is crowded with examples showing that, as in literature, it is the delicate, indefinable charm of style, not the thought, which makes a work immortal—as a dull actor makes Shakespeare's grandest passages flat and unprofitable, while a Kean enables you to read them "by flashes of lightning"—so it is the bearing of a man toward his fellows which oftentimes, more than any other circumstance, promotes or obstructs his advancement in life. We may complain, if we will, that our fellow-men care more for form than substance, for the superficial than the solid contents of a man, but the fact remains, and it is the clew to many of the seeming anomalies and freaks of fortune which surprise us in the matter of worldly prosperity.

No doubt there are a few men who can look beyond the husk

¹ Holland.

² Bulwer

or shell of a fellow-being—his angularities, awkwardness, or eccentricity—to the hidden qualities within, who can discern the diamond, however incrustated; but the majority are neither so sharp-eyed nor so tolerant, and judge a person by his appearance and demeanor more than by his substantial character. Daily experience shows that civility is not only one of the essentials of high success, but that it is almost a fortune of itself, and that he who has this quality in perfection, though a blockhead, is almost sure to get on where, without it, even men of high ability fail. "Give a boy address and accomplishments," says Emerson, "and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes; he has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess." Among strangers a good manner is the best letter of recommendation; for a great deal depends upon first impressions, and these are favorable or unfavorable, according to a man's bearing—as he is polite or awkward, shy or self-possessed. While coarseness and gruffness lock doors and close hearts, courtesy, refinement, and gentleness are an "open sesame" at which bolts fly back and doors swing open. The rude, boorish man, even though well meaning, is avoided by all. Even virtue itself is offensive when coupled with an offensive manner. Hawthorne, himself a shy man, used to say: "God may forgive sins, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or earth." Manners, in fact, are minor morals, and a rude man is generally assumed to be a bad man. "You had better," wrote Chesterfield to his son, "return a dropped fan genteelly than give a thousand pounds awkwardly, and you had better refuse a favor gracefully than grant it clumsily. . . . All your Greek can never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador, but your address, your air, your manner, if good, may."

What a man says or does is often an uncertain test of what he is. It is the way in which he says or does it that furnishes the best index of his character. It is by the incidental expression given to his thoughts and feelings by his looks, tones, and gestures, rather than by his deeds or words, that we prefer to judge him, for the simple reason that the former are involuntary. One may do certain deeds from design, or repeat certain professions by rote; honeyed words may mask feelings of hate, and kindly acts may be performed expressly to veil sinister ends, but the "manner of the man" is not so easily controlled. The mode in which a kindness is done often affects us more than the deed itself. The act itself may have been prompted by one of many questionable motives, as vanity, pride, or interest; the warmth or coldness with which the person who has done it asks you how you do, or grasps your hand, is less likely to deceive. The manner of doing anything, it has been truly said, is "that which marks the degree and force of our internal impression; it emanates most directly from our immediate or habitual feelings; it is that which stamps its life and character on any action; the rest may be performed by an automaton." A favor may be conferred so grudgingly as to prevent any feeling of obligation, or it may be refused so courteously as to awaken more kindly feelings than if it had been ungraciously granted.¹

Bowing ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied. And what will give this but a mind benevolent and attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles to all you converse and live with?²

Politeness is to goodness what words are to thought. It tells not only on the manners, but on the mind and the heart; it renders the feelings, the opinions, the words, moderate and gentle.³

¹ Mathews.² Chatham.³ Joubert.

Good breeding is not confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; it is the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse.¹

Among well-bred people a mutual deference is affected; contempt of others is disguised; authority concealed; attention given to each in his turn, and an easy stream of conversation maintained without vehemence, without interruption, without eagerness for victory, and without any airs of superiority.²

A graceful behavior toward superiors, inferiors, and equals is a constant source of pleasure. It pleases others, because it indicates respect for their personality; but it gives tenfold more pleasure to ourselves. Every man may, to a large extent, be a self-educator in good behavior, as in everything else; he can be civil and kind, if he will, though he have not a penny in his purse. Gentleness in society is like the silent influence of light, which gives color to all nature; it is far more powerful than loudness or force, and far more fruitful. It pushes its way quietly and persistently, like the tiniest daffodil in spring, which raises the clod and thrusts it aside by the simple persistency of growing.

Morals and manners, which give color to life, are of greater importance than laws, which are but one of their manifestations. The law touches us here and there, but manners are about us everywhere, pervading society like the air we breathe. Good manners, as we call them, are neither more nor less than good behavior, consisting of courtesy and kindness; for benevolence is the preponderating element in all kinds of mutually beneficial and pleasant intercourse amongst human beings. "Civility," said Lady Montague, "costs nothing and buys everything." The cheapest of all things is kindness, its exercise requiring the least

¹ Fielding.² Hume.

possible trouble and self-sacrifice. "Win hearts," said Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, "and you have all men's hearts and purses." If we would only let nature act kindly, free from affectation and artifice, the results on social good humor and happiness would be incalculable. Those little courtesies which form the small change of life may separately appear of little intrinsic value, but they acquire their importance from repetition and accumulation. They are like the spare minutes, or the groat of a day, which proverbially produce such momentous results in the course of a twelvemonth, or in a lifetime.¹

I prefer a tendency to stateliness to an excess of fellowship. Let the incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not be too much acquainted. I would have a man enter his house through a hall filled with heroic and sacred sculptures, that he might not want the hint of tranquillity and self-poise. We should meet each morning as from foreign countries, and, spending the day together, should depart at night, as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all around Olympus. No degree of affection need invade this religion. This is myrrh and rosemary to keep the other sweet. Lovers should guard their strangeness. If they forgive too much, all slides into confusion and meanness. It is easy to push this deference to a Chinese etiquette; but coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene. Proportionate is our disgust at those invaders who fill a studious house with blast and running, to secure some paltry convenience. Not less I dislike a low sympathy of each with his neighbor's needs. Must we have a good understanding with one another's palates, as foolish people who have lived

long together know when each wants salt or sugar? I pray my companion, if he wishes for bread, to ask me for bread, and if he wishes for sassafras or arsenic, to ask me for them, and not to hold out his plate as if I knew already. Every natural function can be dignified by deliberation and privacy.¹

CLEANLINESS.—So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.²

Beauty commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it. Age itself is not unamiable while it is preserved clean and unsullied; like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel cankered with rust.³

Be careful of your *personal appearance*. I do not ask you to follow the fashions—to lay the neck bare one week, and cover it with locks the next—to comb the hair one way to-day and another way to-morrow; but I do ask you to have as much mercy upon your own head as you do upon your horse's; and while you direct the groom to use the curry-comb, see that the barber uses the comb. It has been said that cleanliness is next thing to godliness, and we have often wished that ablutions were a part of our religion. We hope to see the day when the bath-room shall be as common as the kitchen. We think we shall then have cleaner prose, clearer music, and sweeter poetry. The mind partakes in the comforts and distresses of the body. O, for clear fountains and cooling streams! Methinks they can almost put out the fire of passion, and spread good nature through the soul. Would you be in good humor with yourself, pay due respect to your wash-stand. In cleanliness is seen one of the great differences between the pagan and the Christian.

¹ Emerson.² Rumford.³ Addison.

The sweetness of the sanctified spirit sheds its influences upon the person.¹

It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifest offense. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises proportionately. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness as by their arts and sciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot and an English beauty, to be satisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next place, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty, indeed, most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent face and person, kept in perpetual neatness, hath won many a heart from a pretty slattern.

I might observe further, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices, destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it. But these reflections I shall leave to the leisure of my readers, and shall observe, in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions.

We find from experience that, through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighborhood of good examples fly from the first appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same manner as to our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impression of such

¹ Bishop Thomson.

things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind, by those objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.¹

Cleanliness is more than wholesomeness. It furnishes an atmosphere of self-respect, and influences the moral condition of the entire household. It is the best exponent of the spirit of Thrift. It is to the economy of the household what hygiene is to the human body. It should preside at every detail of domestic service. It indicates comfort and well-being. It is among the distinctive attributes of civilization, and marks the progress of nations.

Dr. Paley was accustomed to direct the particular attention of travelers in foreign countries to the condition of the people as respects cleanliness, and the local provisions for the prevention of pollution. He was of opinion that a greater insight might thus be obtained into their habits of decency, self-respect, and industry, and into their moral and social condition generally, than from facts of any other description. People are cleanly in proportion as they are decent, industrious and self-respecting. Unclean people are uncivilized. The dirty classes of great towns are invariably the "dangerous classes" of those towns. And if we would civilize the classes yet uncivilized, we must banish dirt from among them.

Yet dirt forms no part of our nature. It is a parasite, feeding upon human life and destroying it. It is hideous and disgusting. There can be no beauty where it is. The prettiest woman is made repulsive by it. Children are made fretful, impatient, and bad-tempered by it. Men are degraded and made reckless by it. There is little modesty where dirt is, for dirt is indecency. There can be little purity of mind where the person is impure;

¹ *British Essayists.*

for the body is the temple of the soul, and must be cleansed and purified to be worthy of the shrine within. Dirt has an affinity with self-indulgence and drunkenness. The sanitary inquirers have clearly made out that the dirty classes are the drunken classes; and that they are prone to seek, in the stupefaction of beer, gin, and opium, a refuge from the miserable depression caused by the foul conditions in which they live.

We need scarcely refer to the moral as well as the physical beauty of cleanliness—cleanliness which indicates self-respect, and is the root of many fine virtues, and especially of purity, delicacy, and decency. We might even go further, and say that purity of thought and feeling results from habitual purity of body; for the mind and heart of man are, to a very great extent, influenced by external conditions and circumstances; and habit and custom, as regards outward things, stamp themselves deeply on the whole character, alike upon the moral feelings and the intellectual powers.

Moses was the most practical of sanitary reformers. Among the Eastern nations generally, cleanliness is a part of religion. They esteem it not only as next to godliness, but as a part of godliness itself. They connect the idea of internal sanctity with that of external purification. They feel that it would be an insult to the Maker they worship to come into His presence covered with impurity. Hence the Mohammedans devote almost as much care to the erection of baths as to that of mosques; and alongside the place of worship is usually found the place of cleansing, so that the faithful may have the ready means of purification previous to their act of worship.

"What worship," says a great writer, "is there not in mere washing! perhaps one of the most moral things a man, in common cases, has it in his power to do. Strip thyself, go into the

bath, or were it into the limpid pool of a running brook, and there wash and be clean; thou wilt step out again a purer and a better man. This consciousness of perfect outer pureness—that to thy skin there now adheres no foreign speck of imperfection—how it radiates on thee, with cunning symbolic influences to thy very soul! Thou hast an increased tendency toward all good things whatsoever. The oldest Eastern sages, with joy and holy gratitude, had felt it to be so, and that it was the Maker's gift and will."¹

TOBACCO.—Here is a drug that a young man is obliged to become accustomed to before he can tolerate either the taste or the effect of it. It is a rank vegetable poison, and in the unaccustomed animal produces vertigo, faintness, and horrible sickness. Yet young men persevere in the use of it until they can endure it, and then until they love it. They go about the streets with cigars in their mouths, or into society with breath sufficiently offensive to drive all unpurged nostrils before them. They chew tobacco—roll up huge wads of the vile drug, and stuff their cheeks with them. They ejaculate their saliva upon the sidewalk, in the store, in spittoons which become incorporate stench, in dark corners of railroad cars to stain the white skirts of unsuspecting women, in lecture-rooms and churches, upon fences, and into stoves that hiss with anger at the insult. And the quids after they are ejected! They are to be found in odd corners, in out-of-the-way places—great bowlders, boluses, bulbs! Horses stumble over them, dogs bark at them; they poison young shade-trees, and break down the constitutions of sweepers. This may be an exaggeration of the facts, but not of the disgust with which one writes of them. Now, young men, just think of this thing! You are born into the world with a sweet breath. At a proper age, you acquire a good set of teeth. Why

¹ Smiles.

will you make of one a putrescent exhalation, and of the other a set of yellow pegs? A proper description of the habit of chewing tobacco would exhaust the filthy adjectives of the language, and spoil the adjectives themselves for further use; and yet you will acquire the habit, and persist in it after it is acquired! It is very singular that young men will adopt a habit of which every man who is its victim is ashamed. There is, probably, no tobacco-chewer in the world who would advise a young man to commence this habit. I have never seen a slave of tobacco who did not regret his bondage; yet, against all advice, against nausea and disgust, against cleanliness, against every consideration of health and comfort, thousands every year bow the neck to this drug, and consent to wear its repulsive yoke. They will chew it; they will smoke it in cigars and pipes until their bedrooms and shops can not be breathed in, and until their breath is as rank as the breath of a foul beast, and their clothes have the odor of the sewer. Some of them take snuff, cram the fiery weed up their nostrils to irritate that subtle sense which rarest flowers were made to feed—in all this working against God, abusing nature, perverting sense, injuring health, planting the seeds of disease, and insulting the decencies of life and the noses of the world.

So much for the nature of the habit; and I would stop here but for the fact that I am in earnest, and wish to present every motive in my power to prevent young men from forming the habit, or persuade them to abandon it. The habit of using tobacco is expensive. A clerk on a modest salary has no right to be seen with a cigar in his mouth. Three cigars a day, at five cents apiece, amount to more than fifty dollars a year. Can you afford it? You know you can not. You know that to do this you will either be compelled to run in debt or steal. Therefore,

I say that you have no business to be seen with a cigar in your mouth. It is presumptive evidence against your moral character.

Did it ever occur to you what you are, what you are made for, whither you are going? That beautiful body of yours, in whose construction Infinite Wisdom exhausted the resources of Its ingenuity, is the temple of a soul that shall live forever, a companion of angels, a searcher into the deep things of God, a being allied in essence to the Divine. I say the body is the temple, or the tabernacle, of such a being as this; and what do you think of stuffing the front door of such a building full of the most disgusting weeds that you can find, or setting a slow match to it, or filling the chimneys with snuff? It looks to me much like an endeavor to smoke out the tenant, or to insult him in such a manner as to induce him to quit the premises. You really ought to be ashamed of your behavior. A clean mouth, a sweet breath, unstained teeth, and inoffensive clothing—are not these treasures worth preserving? Then throw away tobacco, and all thoughts of it, at once and forever. Be a man.¹

I have had a good deal of experience on this subject—in fact, I once smoked nearly an inch of cigar myself. It served me right, and I have never since had an inclination to outrage human nature and insult decency in any such way. I was then some six years old, and naturally aspiring to the accomplishments of manhood and gentility; but the lesson I then received will suffice for my whole life, though it should be spun out to the length of Methuselah's. I have since endured my share of the fumigations and kindred abominations of tobacco, but I have inflicted none.

I wish some budding Elia, not a slave to narcotic sensualism, would favor us with an essay on "The Natural Affinities of

¹ Dr. Holland.

Tobacco with Blackguardism." The materials for it are abundant, and you have but to open your eyes (or nostrils) in any city promenade (glorious Boston excepted), in any village bar-room, to find yourself confronted by them. Is Broadway sunny, yet airy, with the atmosphere genial and inviting, so that fair maidens (and eke observing bachelors) throng the two-shilling sidewalk, glad to enjoy, and not unwilling to be admired? Hither (as Satan into Paradise, but not half so gentlemanly) hie the host of tobacco-smoking loafers, to puff their detested fumes into the faces and eyes of abhorring purity and loveliness, to spatter the walk, and often soil the costly and delicate dresses of the promenaders, with their vile expectorations. And, even should the smokers forbear to besmear the outraged, but patiently enduring, flagstones with their foul saliva, the chewers will not be far behind (as the Revelator saw "Death on the pale horse, and Hell following after"), industriously polluting the fair face of earth, as their precursors have poisoned the sweet breath of heaven. How long, oh! how long, must all this be suffered?

I have intimated that the tobacco-consumer is—not, indeed, necessarily and inevitably, but naturally and usually—a blackguard; that chewing or smoking obviously tends to blackguardism. Can any man doubt it? Let him ride with uncorrupted senses in the stage or omnibus, which the chewer insists on defiling with the liquid product of his incessant labors, seeming unconscious of its utter offensiveness, and which even the smoker, especially if partly or wholly drunk, will also insist on transforming into a miniature Tophet by his exhalations, defying alike the express rule of the coach and the sufferer's urgent remonstrances, if he can only say: "Why, there's no *lady* here." ["No *ladies*" is *his* expression, but the plea is execrable enough,

though expressed grammatically.] Go into a public gathering, where a speaker of delicate lungs, and an invincible repulsion to tobacco, is trying to discuss some important topic so that a thousand men can hear and understand him, yet whereinto ten or twenty smokers have introduced themselves, a long-nine projecting horizontally from beneath the nose of each, a fire at one end and a fool at the other, and mark how the puff, puffing, gradually transforms the atmosphere (none too pure at best) into that of some foul and pestilential cavern, choking the utterance of the speaker, and distracting (by annoyance) the attention of the hearers, until the argument is arrested, or its effect utterly destroyed. If he who will selfishly, recklessly, impudently inflict so much discomfort and annoyance on many, in order that he may enjoy in a particular place an indulgence which could as well be enjoyed where no one else would be affected by it, be not a blackguard, who *can* be? What could indicate bad breeding and a bad heart, if such conduct does not? "Brethren!" said Parson Strong, of Hartford, preaching a Connecticut election sermon, in high-party times, some fifty years ago, "it has been charged that I have said every Democrat is a horse-thief: I never did. What I *did* say was only that every horse-thief is a Democrat, and *that* I can prove." So I do not say that every smoker or chewer is necessarily a blackguard, however steep the proclivity that way; but show me a genuine blackguard—one of the b'hoys, and no mistake—who is not a lover of tobacco in some shape, and I will agree to find you two white blackbirds.¹

INTEMPERANCE.—There is the habit of using strong drink—not the habit of getting drunk, with most young men, but the habit of taking drink occasionally in its milder forms—of playing with a small appetite that only needs sufficient playing with to make you a demon or a dolt. You think you are safe. I

¹ Greeley.

know you are not safe, if you drink at all; and when you get offended with the good friends who warn you of your danger, you are a fool. I know that the grave swallows daily, by scores, drunkards, every one of whom thought he was safe while he was forming his appetite. But this is old talk. A young man in this age who forms the habit of drinking, or puts himself in danger of forming the habit, is usually so weak that it doesn't pay to save him.¹

I never drink; I can not do it on equal terms with others. It costs them only one day, but me three—the first in sinning, the second in suffering, and the third in repenting.²

Now, amongst the rest, drunkenness seems to me to be a gross and brutish vice. The soul has the greatest interest in all the rest, and there are some vices that have something—if a man may so say—generous in them. There are vices wherein there is a mixture of knowledge, diligence, valor, prudence, dexterity, and cunning; this is totally corporal and earthly, and the thickest-skulled nation this day in Europe is that where it is the most in fashion. Other vices discompose the understanding; this totally overthrows it, and renders the body stupid.³

The habit of using ardent spirits, by men in office, has occasioned more injury to the public, and more trouble to me, than all other causes; and were I to commence my administration again, the first question I would ask, respecting a candidate for office, would be: "Does he use ardent spirits?"⁴

When this vice has taken fast hold on a man, farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell attention to things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners, and farewell, too, even an attention to person; everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the

¹ Holland.

² Sterne.

³ Montaigne.

⁴ Jefferson.

brightest prospects before them, and who have closed it without one ray of comfort and consolation! Young men with good fortunes, good talents, good tempers, good hearts, and sound constitutions, only by being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard, have become by degrees the most loathsome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for any one. All is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for any one day at a time. No one knows of his outgoings or his incomings. When he will rise, or when he will lie down to rest, is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows for what he calls pleasure brings pain as surely as the night brings the morning. Poverty and misery are in the train. To avoid these results we are called upon to make no sacrifice. Abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it; our own will is all that is requisite; and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace, and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion.¹

It (the use of intoxicating liquors in ten years) has cost the nation (United States of America) a direct expenditure of 600,000,000 of dollars. 2. It has cost the nation an indirect expense of \$600,000,000. 3. It has destroyed 300,000 lives. 4. It has sent 100,000 to the poor-house. 5. It has consigned at least 150,000 to the jails and penitentiaries. 6. It has made at least 1,000 maniacs. 7. It has instigated to the commission of 1,500 murders. 8. It has caused 2,000 persons to commit suicide. 9. It has burned or otherwise destroyed property to the amount of 10,000,000 of dollars. 10. It has made 200,000 widows and 100,000 orphan children.²

There has, in all ages and climes, been a tendency to the improper use of stimulants. Noah, as if disgusted with the prevalence of water in his time, took to strong drink. By this

¹ Cobbett.² Everett.

vice Alexander the Conqueror was conquered. The Romans, at their feasts, fell off their seats with intoxication. Four hundred millions of our race are opium-eaters. India, Turkey, and China have groaned with the desolation, and by it have been quenched such lights as Haller and De Quincey. One hundred millions are the victims of the betel-nut, which has specially accursed the East Indies. Three hundred millions chew hashish, and Persia, Brazil, and Africa suffer the delirium. The Tartars employ murowa; the Mexicans the agave; the people of Guarapo an intoxicating quality taken from sugar-cane, while a great multitude, that no man can number, are the disciples of alcohol. To it they bow; in its trenches they fall; in its awful prison they are incarcerated; on its ghastly holocaust they burn. . . .

But how are we to contend?

First, by getting our children right on this subject. Let them grow up with an utter aversion to strong drink. Take care how you administer it, even as medicine. If you find that they have a natural love for it, as some have, put in a glass of it some horrid stuff and make it utterly nauseous. Teach them, as faithfully as you do the catechism, that rum is a fiend. Take them to the alms-house and show them the wreck and ruin it works. Walk with them into the homes that have been scourged by it. If a drunkard hath fallen into a ditch, take them right up where they can see his face, bruised, savage, and swollen, and say: "Look, my son; Rum did that!"

Looking out of your window at some one who, intoxicated to madness, goes through the street brandishing his fist, blaspheming God—a howling, defying, shouting, reeling, raving and foaming maniac—say to your son: "Look; that man was once a child like you!" As you go by the grog-shop, let your boy know that that is the place where men are slain, and their wives

made paupers, and their children slaves! Hold out to your children all warnings, all rewards, all counsels, lest in after days they break your heart and curse your gray hairs.

A man laughed at my father for his scrupulous temperance principles, and said: "I am more liberal than you; I always give my children the sugar in the glass after we have been taking a drink." Three of his sons have died drunkards, and the fourth is imbecile through intemperate habits.

Again, we will battle this evil at the ballot-box. How many men are there who can rise above the feelings of partisanship and demand that our officials shall be sober men? . . .

I think that we are coming at last to treat inebriation as it ought to be treated—namely, as an awful disease; self-inflicted, to be sure, but nevertheless a disease. Once fastened upon a man, sermons will not cure him; temperance lectures will not eradicate the taste; religious tracts will not remove it; the Gospel of Christ will not arrest it. Once under the power of this awful thirst, the man is bound to go on; and, if the foaming glass were on the other side of perdition, he would wade through the fires of hell to get it. A young man in prison had such a strong thirst for intoxicating liquors, that he cut off his hand at the wrist, called for a bowl of brandy in order to stop the bleeding, thrust his wrist into the bowl, and then drank the contents.

Stand not, when the thirst is on him, between a man and his cups! Clear the track for him! Away with the children; he would tread their life out! Away with the wife; he would dash her to death! Away with the Cross; he would run it down! Away with the Bible; he would tear it up for the winds! Away with heaven; he considers it worthless as a straw! "Give me the drink! Give it to me! Though hands of blood pass up the

bowl, and the soul trembles over the pit—the drink! give it to me! Though it be pale with tears; though the froth of everlasting anguish float in the foam—give it to me! I drink to my wife's woe; to my children's rags; to my eternal banishment from God, and hope, and heaven! Give it to me! the drink!"¹

IMPURE THOUGHT.—You who are so modest in the presence of women—so polite and amiable; you who are invited into families where there are pure and virtuous girls; you who go to church, and seem to be such a pattern young man; you who very possibly neither smoke, nor chew, nor snuff, nor swear, nor drink—you have one habit ten times worse than all these put together—a habit that makes you a whited sepulchre, fair without, but within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. You have a habit of impure thought, that poisons the very springs of your life. It may lead you into lawless indulgences, or it may not. So far as your character is concerned, it makes little difference. A young man who cherishes impure images, and indulges in impure conversations with his associates, is poisoned. There is rottenness in him. He is not to be trusted. Hundreds of thousands of men are living in unhappiness and degradation to-day who owe their unhappy lives to an early habit of impure thought. To a young man who has become poisoned in this way, women all appear to be vicious or weak; and when a young man loses his respect for the sex made sacred by the relations of mother and sister, he stands upon the crumbling edge of ruin. His sensibilities are killed, and his moral nature almost beyond the reach of regeneration. I believe it to be true that a man who has lost his belief in women has, as a general thing, lost his faith in God.

The only proper way to treat such a habit as this is to fly from it—discard it—expel it—fight it to the death. Impure thought

¹ Talmage.

is a moral drug quite as seductive and poisonous to the soul as tobacco is to the body. It perverts the tone of every fiber of the soul.¹

If we could get at the secret histories of those who stand suddenly discovered as vicious, we should find that they had been through this most polluting preparatory process; that they had been in the habit of going out and meeting temptation in order that they might enjoy its excitements; that underneath a blameless outward life they have welcomed and entertained sin in their imaginations, until their moral sense was blunted, and they were ready for the deed of which they thought they were incapable. . . .

This world of sense, built by the imagination—how fair and foul it is! Like a fairy island in the sea of life, it smiles in sunlight and sleeps in green, known of the world not by communion of knowledge, but by personal, secret discovery! The waves of every ocean kiss its feet. The airs of every clime play among its trees, and tire with the voluptuous music which they bear. Flowers bend idly to the fall of fountains, and beautiful forms are wreathing their white arms, and calling for companionship. Out toward this charmed island, by day and by night, a million shallops push unseen of each other, and of the world of real life left behind, for revelry and reward! The single sailors never meet each other; they tread the same paths unknown of each other; they come back, and no one knows, and no one asks where they have been. Again and again is the visit repeated, with no absolutely vicious intention, yet not without gathering the taint of vice. If God's light could shine upon this crowded sea, and discover the secrets of the island which it invests, what shameful retreats and encounters should we witness: fathers, mothers, maidens, men—children even, whom we

¹ Holland.

had deemed as pure as snow—flying with guilty eyes and white lips to hide themselves from a great disgrace!

There is vice enough in the world of actual life, and it is there that we look for it; but there is more in that other world of imagination that we do not see—vice that poisons, vice that kills, vice that makes whited sepulchres of temples that are deemed pure, even by multitudes of their tenants. Let none esteem themselves blameless or pure who willingly and gladly seek in this world of imagination for excitements! That remarkable poem of Margaret Fuller, which ascribes an indelible taint to the maiden who only dreams of her lover an unmaidenly dream, has a fearful but entirely legitimate significance. It is a forbidden realm, where pure feet never wander; and all who would remain pure must forever avoid it. It is the haunt of devils and damned spirits. Its foul air poisons manhood and shrivels womanhood, even if it never be left behind in an advance to the overt sin which lies beyond it.

The pitcher that goes often to the well gets broken at last. I presume that there is not one licentious man or ruined woman in one hundred whose way to perdition did not lie directly through this forbidden field of imagination. Into that field they went, and went again, till, weakened by the poisonous atmosphere, and grown morbid in their love of sin, and developed in all their tendencies to sensuality, and familiarized with the thought of vice, they fell, with neither the disposition nor the power to rise again. It is in this field that Satan wins all his victories. It is here that he is transformed into an angel of light. It is on this debatable ground, half-way between vice and virtue, whither the silly multitude resort for dreams of that which they may not enjoy, that the question of personal perdition is settled. A pure soul, sternly standing on the ground of

virtue, or a pure soul standing immediately in the presence of vice, not once in ten thousand instances bends from its rectitude. It is only when it willingly becomes a wanderer among the wiles of temptation, and an entertainer of the images it finds there, that it becomes subject to the power that procures its ruin.¹

SELF-EXAMINATION.—Nature designs that the early years of life should be devoted chiefly to the development of the body; hence she entices her new-born man to the green bosom of the earth, and the warm embraces of the sun, and the full baptism of the fresh and fragrant air; hence, too, she fires him with irresistible longings to see, to taste, to feel, to leap exulting in his new-made powers. Thus she nourishes, and cherishes, and molds him into man; thus she gives him

A spirit to her rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein.

At the same time she fences up the borders of the inner world. Meanwhile, the goodly land of thought is germinating; and about the time of its first ripe grapes, when the outer world loses some of its charms, let the inner open its gates. This opening, however, requires patience, perseverance, retirement. Perceptions being more vivid than conceptions, we can not, without effort, attend to the latter in exclusion of the former. When we turn the mind's eye inward, we must either resign ourselves to the train of suggested thought from which we awake as from a dream, or we must fix our attention upon some one of the series, in which case we soon become weary, as one listening to the same frequently repeated note. If we attempt to analyze our mental state, we become perplexed; for, although in the outer

¹ Ibid.

world we are familiar with the succession of events, in the inner we find all at first in confusion. No wonder we usually remain in the wilderness of external things till some strong passion, or sense of duty, or accidental circumstance, impels us inward. Alas! how many pass through life without scarce feeling that there is a world within!¹

Observe thyself as thy greatest enemy would do; so shalt thou be thy greatest friend.²

If thou seest anything in thyself which may make thee proud, look a little further, and thou shalt find enough to humble thee; if thou be wise, view the peacock's feathers with his feet, and weigh thy best parts with thy imperfections.³

We should every night call ourselves to an account: What infirmity have I mastered to-day, what passion opposed, what temptations resisted, what virtue acquired? Our vices will abate of themselves if they be brought every day to the shrift.⁴

However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and however slight they may be, you had better make some—not too painful, but patient—effort to get quit of them. And, so far as you have confidence in me at all, trust me for this, that how many soever you may find or fancy your faults to be, there are only two that are of real consequence—Idleness and Cruelty. Perhaps you may be proud: well, we can get much good out of pride, if only it be not religious. Perhaps you may be vain: it is highly probable, and very pleasant for the people who like to praise you. Perhaps you are a little envious: that is really very shocking; but then—so is everybody else. Perhaps, also, you are a little malicious, which I am truly concerned to hear, but should probably only the more, if I knew you, enjoy your con-

¹ Bishop Thomson.

² Jeremy Taylor.

³ Quarles.

⁴ Seneca.

versation. But whatever else you may be, you must not be useless, and you must not be cruel. . . . Remember that every day of your early life is ordaining irrevocably, for good or evil, the custom and practice of your soul—ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed of sorrow. Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and, in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper, and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet-table, and see that, with proper care, you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over for the day, think no more about it; as your hair will blow about your ears, so your temper and thoughts will get ruffled with the day's work, and may need, sometimes, twice dressing; but I don't want you to carry about a mental pocket-comb—only to be smooth-braided always in the morning. Write down, then, frankly, what you are, or, at least, what you think yourself, not dwelling upon those inevitable faults which I have just told you are of little consequence, and which the action of a right life will shake or smooth away; but that you may determine to the best of your intelligence what you are good for, and can be made into. You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.¹

¹ Ruskin—"Advice to a Young Girl."

This is called self-examination. It is one of the most important duties in the life of a moral, and specially of a probationary being:

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.

Perform this duty *deliberately*. It is not the business of hurry or of negligence. Devote time exclusively to it. Go alone. Retire within yourself, and weigh your actions coolly and carefully, forgetting all other things in the conviction that you are a moral and an accountable being. Do it *impartially*. Remember that you are liable to be misled by the seductions of passion and the allurements of self-interest. Put yourself in the place of those around you, and put others in your own place, and remark how you would then consider your actions. Pay great attention to the opinions of your enemies; there is generally foundation, or at least the appearance of it, in what they say of you. But, above all, take the true and perfect standard of moral character exhibited in the precepts of the Gospel, and exemplified in the life of Jesus Christ; and thus examine your conduct by the light that emanates from the holiness of heaven. Suppose you have examined yourself, and arrived at a decision respecting the moral character of your actions.

If you are conscious of having *done right*, be thankful to that God who has mercifully enabled you to do so. Observe the peace and serenity which fills your bosom, and remark how greatly it overbalances the self-denials which it has cost. Be humbly thankful that you have made some progress in virtue. If your actions have been of a mixed character—that is, if they have proceeded from motives partly good and partly bad—labor

to obtain a clear view of each, and of the circumstances which led you to confound them. Avoid the sources of this confusion, and, when you perform the same actions again, be specially on your guard against the influence of any motive of which you now disapprove.

If conscience convicts you of having acted wrongly, reflect upon the wrong; survey the obligations which you have violated, until you are sensible of your guilt. Be willing to suffer the pains of conscience; they are the rebukes of a friend, and are designed to withhold you from the commission of wrong in the future. Neither turn a neglectful ear to its monitions, nor drown its voice amid the bustle of business or the gayety of pleasure. Do not let the subject pass away from your thoughts until you have come to a settled resolution—a resolution *founded on moral disapprobation of the action*—never to do so any more. If restitution be in your power, make it without hesitation, and do it immediately. The least that a man ought to be satisfied with who has done wrong is to repair the wrong as soon as it is possible. As every act of wrong is a sin against God, seek in humble penitence his pardon through the merits and intercession of His Son, Jesus Christ. Remark the actions, or the course of thinking, which were the occasions of leading you to do wrong. Be specially careful to avoid them in future. To this effect says President Edwards: “Resolved, that when I do any conspicuously evil action, to trace it back till I come to the original cause, and then both carefully endeavor to do so no more, and to fight and pray with all my might against the original of it.”¹

MORAL RELATIONS OF HABIT.—This law of habit, when enlisted on the side of righteousness, not only strengthens and makes sure our resistance to vice, but facilitates the most arduous performances of virtue. The man whose thoughts, with the pur-

¹ Francis Wayland.

poses and doings to which they lead, are at the bidding of conscience, will, by frequent repetition, at length describe the same track almost spontaneously; even as in physical education, things, laboriously learned at the first, come to be done at last without the feeling of an effort. And so, in moral education, every new achievement of principle smooths the way to future achievements of the same kind, and the precious fruit or purchase of each moral victory is to set us on higher and firmer vantage-ground for the conquests of principle in all time coming. He who resolutely bids away the suggestions of avarice, when they come into conflict with the incumbent generosity; or the suggestions of voluptuousness, when they come into conflict with the incumbent self-denial; or the suggestions of anger, when they come into conflict with the incumbent act of magnanimity and forbearance, will at length obtain, not a respite only, but a final deliverance from their intrusion. Conscience, the longer it has made way over the obstacles of selfishness and passion, the less will it give way to these adverse forces, themselves weakened by the repeated defeats which they have sustained in the warfare of moral discipline; or, in other words, the oftener that conscience makes good the supremacy which she claims, the greater would be the work of violence, and less the strength for its accomplishments, to cast her down from that station of practical guidance and command which of right belongs to her.¹

It is found to be the fact that the repetition of any physical act at stated periods, and especially after brief intervals, renders the performance of the act easier; it is accomplished in less time, with less effort, with less expense of nervous power and of mental energy. This is exemplified every day in the acquisition of the mechanical arts, and in learning the rudiments of music. And whoever will remark may easily be convinced that

¹ Chalmers.

a great part of our education, physical and intellectual, in so far as it is valuable, consists in the formation of habits.

The same remarks apply, to a very considerable extent, to moral habits.

The repetition of a virtuous act produces a *tendency* to continued repetition; the force of opposing motives is lessened; the power of the will over passion is more decided, and the act is accomplished with less moral effort. Perhaps we should express the fact truly by saying that, by the repetition of virtuous acts, moral power is gained, while for the performance of the same acts less moral power is required.

On the contrary, by the repetition of vicious acts, a *tendency* is created toward such repetition; the power of the passions is increased; the power of opposing forces is diminished, and the resistance to passion requires a greater moral effort, or, as in the contrary of the preceding case, a greater moral effort is *required* to resist our passions, while the moral power to resist them is *diminished*.

Now, the obvious nature of such a tendency is to arrive at a fixed and unalterable moral state. Be the fact accounted for as it may, I think that habit has such an effect upon the will as to establish a *tendency toward the impossibility to resist it*. Thus the practice of virtue seems to *tend* toward rendering a man incapable of vice, and the practice of vice toward rendering a man incapable of virtue. It is common to speak of a man as *incapable* of meanness, and I think we see men as often, in the same sense, incapable of virtue; and, if I mistake not, we always speak of the one incapacity as an object of praise, and of the other as an object of blame.

If we inquire what are the moral effects of such a condition of our being, I think we shall find them to be as follows:

1. Habit can not alter the nature of an action, as right or wrong. It can alter neither our relations to our fellow-creatures nor to God, nor the obligations consequent upon those relations. Hence the *character* of the *action* must remain unaffected.

2. Nor can it alter the *guilt or innocence* of the actor. As he who acts virtuously is entitled to the benefit of virtuous action, among which the tendency to virtuous action is included, so he who acts viciously is responsible for all the consequences of vicious action, the correspondent tendency to vicious action also included. The conditions being equal, and he being left to his own free choice, the consequences of either course rest justly upon himself.

The *final causes* of such a constitution are also apparent.

1. It is manifestly and precisely adapted to our present state, when considered as probationary and capable of moral changes, and terminating in one where moral change is impossible. The constitution under which we are placed presents us with the apparent paradox of a state of incessant moral change, in which every individual change has a *tendency* to produce a state that is unchangeable.

2. The fact of such a constitution is manifestly intended to present the strongest possible incentives to virtue, and monitions against vice. It teaches us that consequences are attached to every act of both, not only present, but future, and, so far as we can see, interminable. As every one can easily estimate the pleasures of vice and the pains of virtue, both in extent and duration, but as no one, taking into consideration the results of the tendency which each will produce, can estimate the interminable consequences which must arise from either, there is, therefore, hence derived the strongest possible reason why we should always do right, and never do wrong.

3. And again. It is evident that our capacity for increase in virtue depends greatly upon the present constitution in respect to habit. I have remarked that the effect of the repetition of virtuous action was to give us greater moral power, while the given action itself required less moral effort. There hence arises—if I may so say—a surplus of moral power, which may be applied to the accomplishment of greater moral achievements. He who has overcome one evil temper has acquired moral power to overcome another, and that which was first subdued is kept in subjection without a struggle. He who has formed one habit of virtue practices it without effort, as a matter of course, or of original impulse; and the power thus acquired may be applied to the attainment of other and more difficult habits, and the accomplishment of higher and more arduous moral enterprises. He who desires to see the influence of habit illustrated with great beauty and accuracy will be gratified by the perusal of "The Hermit of Teneriffe," one of the most delightful allegories to be found in the English language. [See Johnson's Works, Vol. XI, p. 333.]¹

¹ Wayland.



J. S. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER VII.

CULTURE.

It is very rare to find ground which produces nothing; if it is not covered with flowers, with fruit-trees and grains, it produces briars and pines.—BRUYÈRE.

THE state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney, a statute book; the mechanic, a machine; the sailor, a rope of a ship.

In this distribution of functions, the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state, he is *Man Thinking*. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or, still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

In this view of him, as Man Thinking, the theory of his office is contained. Him Nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites.

Is not, indeed, every man a student, and do not all things exist for the student's behoof? And, finally, is not the true scholar the only true master?¹

A scholar is the favorite of Heaven and earth, the excellency of his country, the happiest of men. His duties lead him directly into the holy ground where other men's aspirations only point. His successes are occasions of the purest joy to all men. Eyes is he to the blind, feet is he to the lame. His failures, if he is worthy, are inlets to higher advantages. And because the scholar, by every thought he thinks, extends his dominion into the general mind of men, he is not one, but many. The few scholars in each country, whose genius I know, seem to me not individuals, but societies; and when events occur of great import, I count over these representatives of opinion, whom they will affect, as if I were counting nations. And even if his results were incommunicable, if they abode in his own spirit, the intellect hath somewhat so sacred in its possessions, that the fact of his existence and pursuits would be a happy omen.

Meantime, I know that a very different estimate of the scholar's profession prevails in this country, and the opportunity with which society presses its claim upon young men tends to pervert the views of the youth in respect to the culture of the intellect. Hence the historical failure, on which Europe and America have so freely commented. This country has not fulfilled what seemed the reasonable expectation of mankind. Men looked, when all feudal straps and bandages were snapped asunder, that nature, too long the mother of dwarfs, should reimburse itself by a brood of Titans, who should laugh and leap in the continent, and run up the mountains of the West with the errand of genius and of love. But the mark of American merit

¹ Emerson.

in painting, in sculpture, in poetry, in fiction, in eloquence, seems to be a certain grace without grandeur, and itself not new but derivative; a vase of fair outline, but empty—which whoso sees may fill with what wit and character is in him, but which does not, like the charged cloud, overflow with terrible beauty, and emit lightnings on all beholders.

I will not lose myself in the desultory questions, what are the limitations, and what the causes of the fact. It suffices me to say, in general, that the diffidence of mankind in the soul has crept over the American mind; that men here, as elsewhere, are indisposed to innovation, and prefer any antiquity, any usage, any livery productive of ease or profit, to the unproductive service of thought.

Yet, in every sane hour, the service of thought appears reasonable, the despotism of the senses insane. The scholar may lose himself in schools, in words, and become a pedant; but when he comprehends his duties, he above all men is a realist, and converses with things. For the scholar is the student of the world; and of what worth the world is, and with what emphasis it accosts the soul of man, such is the worth, such the call of the scholar.¹

TRUE IDEA OF EDUCATION.—You call the three Royal R's education? They are not education; no more is the knowledge which would enable you to take the highest prizes given by the Society of Arts, or any other body. They are not education; they are only instruction; a necessary groundwork, in an age like this, for making practical use of your education; but not the education itself.²

In the larger, truer sense, Education implies the development, drawing out, of the whole nature, moral, physical, intellectual, social. The acquisition of the mechanical facility of reading,

¹ Ibid.

² Kingsley.

writing, computing, etc., the sharpening of the youthful intellect on the rough grindstone of Letters, is no more Education than is learning to mow or to swim. The direct inculcations of the class can but supply the pupil with a few rude implements of Education—the ax wherewith he may clear, and the plow wherewith he may break up, the rugged patrimony which has fallen to him in its state of primal wilderness. These are most valuable—nay, indispensable—but they must be taken for what they are, and for nothing more. The youth who fancies himself educated because he has fully mastered ever so many branches of mere school learning, is laboring under a deplorable and perilous delusion. . . . Being educated as a Man, he should be able promptly to qualify himself for, and adapt himself to, whatever a man may properly be required to do. Herein is laid the only solid foundation for a life of manly independence, and a readiness to brave all the possible consequences of a frank truthfulness, and a generous, fearless devotion to the highest and enduring good; . . . the central truth that all instruction in letters is but means to an end—an end immensely transcending in importance all scholastic eminence in itself considered—can not be too profoundly realized by the teacher, nor too sedulously impressed on the learner. He whose admiring contemplation rests on the prizes of successful scholarship—who thinks more of the honors awarded to the most proficient in any branch of study than of the remoter uses of his proficiency—is readily perceived to be laboring under a baneful delusion; but not less so is he who prizes Intellectual Culture unless accompanied by Moral, and except as conducive to ends of practical utility. *That* teaching has been most effective, however simple in manner or deficient in quantity, which has qualified, enabled the pupil to find a salutary lesson in every passing event, a healthful compan-

ionship in his own thoughts, a meaning and a wondrous beauty in every changing phase of Nature. He who knows how to do, when to do, and stands ready with a hearty will to do, whatever it is, or fairly may be, incumbent on him to do, perilous though it be, and, apart from the sense of duty, repulsive, is truly educated, though he knows nothing of logarithms or Latin; while the graduate with highest honors at Oxford or Gottingen may be as essentially ignorant as many a Typee or Hottentot.¹

Let us have knowledge by all means—the more the better—but let us rectify the radical mistake that knowledge is power in itself. Let us stop giving prizes for cramming, and save them for those who can do something. Let us banish the idea that scholarship is education, that acquisition is development, and that knowledge is anything more than the furniture of the mind. Our ship is complete in all its parts when she strikes the water, and knowledge is what we take in. We want coal in the bunkers, and provisions in the larder, and water in the tanks, and chart and compass and quadrant—furniture for the cabin and furniture for the steerage; and all these knowledge gives us. But knowledge is neither hull nor spar, neither engine nor paddle-wheels, neither rudder nor capstan, neither captain nor crew. So far as knowledge can be used for propulsion and direction, it becomes power, but it is stowed in many a hull that waits to be manned, or hopelessly rusts and rots in the harbor.²

We all believe in education; but what is it that we call education? A few years at school; a little reading, writing, arithmetic; a few studies superficially pursued—this is commonly understood to be education. But education, in the true sense, is not mere instruction in Latin, English, French, or history. It is the unfolding of the whole human nature. It is growing up in all things to our highest possibility. This is a life-work; a

¹ Greeley.² Holland.

work in which our teachers are the heavens and the earth, day and night, work and rest, nature and society, heavenly inspirations and human sympathies, success and failure, sickness, pain, bereavement—all of this great human life. And with this teaching there must be the earnest desire and purpose in our own soul to grow, to become larger, deeper, higher, nobler, year by year.

For these reasons, we say that all should aim at self-culture. "Very early," said Margaret Fuller, "I perceived that the object of life is to grow." She herself was a remarkable instance of the power of the human being to go forward and upward. Of her it might be said, as Goethe said of Schiller: "If I did not see him for a fortnight, I was astonished to find what progress he had made in that interim." Every year she lived added depth to her thought, largeness to her comprehension, devotion to her soul. Being at first somewhat egotistic, disdainful, proud, she became, at last, modest, sympathetic, and kind to the lowest and humblest. This generous nature took its own way to perfection. Whether teaching young girls in New England, or nursing wounded Italian soldiers in Rome; whether studying with untiring energy the literatures of Europe, or scraping lint for the patriots who followed Mazzini—she was always going forward and onward to the end of her days.¹

Scholars very often ask, when pursuing some difficult study, "What good will it do me to know this?" But that is not the question. They ought to ask, "What good will it do me to *learn* it? What effect upon my habits of thinking, and upon my intellectual powers, will be produced by the efforts necessary to examine and to conquer these difficulties?" . . . You ought, if you wish to secure the greatest advantage, to have some difficult work, that you may acquire habits of patient

¹ Clarke.

research, and increase and strengthen your intellectual powers. . . .

I have often known persons in whom the first of these objects [power, knowledge, skill] alone was secured. You will recognize one who is in danger of such a result in his education, by his taking a strong interest, if he is in college, for example, in those pursuits in his class which require more of great but temporary mental effort, and by his neglecting the equally important parts of his course which would store his mind with facts. He attracts the admiration of his class by his fluent familiarity with all the mazes of the most intricate theorem or problem; and he excites an equal surprise by his apparent dullness at the recitation in history, making, as he does, the most ludicrous blunders, and showing the most lamentable ignorance of everything which is beyond the pale of demonstration. When at last he comes out into the world, his mind is acute and powerful, but he is an entire stranger to the scene in which he is to move; he can do no good, because he does not know where his efforts are to be applied; he makes the same blunders in real life that he did in college in its history, and is soon neglected and forgotten. He had cultivated *simple power*, but was without *information or skill*. His power was, consequently, almost useless.

On the other hand, a young man may spend his whole strength in simply *obtaining knowledge*—neglecting the cultivation of mental power, or the acquisition of skill. He neglects his severer studies, and his various opportunities for practice. "Spherics!" says he, "and trigonometrical formula! What good will they ever do me? I am not going to be an almanac-maker, or to gain my livelihood by calculating eclipses." So he reads history and voyages and travels, and devours every species of

periodical literature which finds its way within college walls. He very probably neglects those duties which, if faithfully performed, would cultivate the powers of conversation and writing and public speaking; and he comes out into the world equally celebrated among all who knew him, on the one hand, for the variety and extent of his general knowledge, and on the other, for the slenderness of his original mental power, and his utter want of any skill in bringing his multifarious acquisitions to bear upon the objects of life.¹

Man is not merely an animal, endowed with limbs, senses, and instincts: he is also a spirit, gifted with understanding, imagination, faith, affection, and conscience. Thus he is called on not merely to free his fleshly frame from every twist, cramp, or stiffness, and render it the supple and melodious instrument of the vital forces; but likewise he must free the mental and moral sides of his being from every prejudice, bias, corrupt inclination, insensibility, or bondage, so that all his psychological faculties, liberated and illuminated, may act in the most perfect harmony with those laws of truth, beauty, and goodness which are the perpetual revelation of God in His works and creatures.

This task is one of immense scope and significance—to weed out all sluggishness, self-will, insurgent pride, deathly sloth, befogging delusions, sinful ambition, fires of lust, and phlegms of stupidity, that the soul may be a pure, open medium for divine reality. But if the cleansing of the spirit from the evils that clog or chain it is a harder task even than to perfect the bodily condition, the reward is richer. The scholar, whose memory, stored with great ranges of learning, has ready command of its treasures; the philosopher, who can think consecutively and deeply, grasping universal truths, and marshaling comprehensive

¹ Jacob Abbott.

systems of ideas for inspection on the echoless plain of his mind; the poet, whose genius bears him at will, amidst visions of entrancing splendor, through the empire of fair possibilities; the philanthropist, whose sympathy, extending to the circumference of his race, broods lovingly over the fortunes of the whole—are as much above the brawny gladiator or hunter as the skyey Apollo, who seems made to tread the amber and crystal heights of immortality, is superior to the stooping Discobolos, who gravitates sheerly to the ground.

It is of especial importance, in this aim at getting the full possession and use of the soul, to avoid that very common error which confounds the material conditions of good with the essence of good. Crowds of men, for example, are so eagerly devoted to the accumulation of the means of life, in quantities beyond their need, that they overlook everything else, and fail to apply the means for the fruition of their proper ends. Nothing is more frequent than an insane bondage to the work of getting money, regardless of the generous and holy uses which alone can give money any true value or charm. The avaricious slave who toils and moils to heap up wealth, without any joyous use of it, is a miserable drudge, no matter how big his heap of dollars is.

Multitudes also estimate conspicuous social rank, political station, or literary fame, above unrecognized genius, ability, worth, and service. And yet how clear it is to unsophisticated thought that the intrinsic should, in the sight of men, as it must in the sight of God, take precedence of the extrinsic! When the incompetent or the unfaithful enter illustrious place, they make it a pillory. The luster of the throne is quenched when the crime and vice of its occupant shed over it the infamy of the gibbet. It is not high and envied place that is desirable, but the mag-

unanimous services and benefits which ought to signalize such a place. No soul of real purity and elevation but would immeasurably prefer to bestow a great blessing on mankind, and receive no acknowledgment for it, than to be crowned with all the luxuries and honors of the earth while leading a life of corrupt selfishness, inoculating the public weal with wrong and misery. Health, strength, harmony, wisdom, love, romantic hopes, innocent ambitions, deathless faith, progressive insight, and generous services to others—intrinsic goods, independent of outer estimates or favor—are to be coveted as beyond all comparison with the delusive or futile prizes of fortune and society. To invert this order is to subordinate the greater to the lesser, and sacrifice ends to means. . . . A learned man has knowledge gathered; but a wise man has knowledge assimilated. The one is a tank; the other is a spring. There was deep sense, as well as keen wit, in the sarcastic epitaph on Hardouin, the crammed and eccentric Jesuit scholar: "Here lies a man of blessed *memory* awaiting judgment." The interiors of many a mind are lumbered and littered with worthless stuff, the mere trumpery of learning, an empty parade of pedantry. To seek truth for the sake of its service in uses, beauty for the joy of its charms, and goodness for the love of its divinity, are the genuine ends of all inward culture.¹

The greatest object of mental powers is as needful for one sex as the other, and requires the same means in both sexes. The same accuracy, attention, logic, and method that are attempted in the education of men should be aimed at in that of women. . . . It may appear pedantic, but I must confess that Euclid seems to me a book for the young of both sexes. The severe rules upon which the acquisition of the dead languages is built would, of course, be a great means for attaining the logical habits in

¹ Alger.

question. But Latin and Greek is a deeper pedantry for women than geometry, and much less desirable on many accounts; and geometry would, perhaps, suffice to teach them what reasoning is. I dare say, too, there are accomplishments which might be taught scientifically, and so even the prejudice against the manifest study of science by women be conciliated. But the appreciation of reasoning must be got somehow.

It is a narrow view of things to suppose that a just cultivation of women's mental powers will take them out of their sphere; it will only enlarge that sphere. The most cultivated women perform their common duties best. They see more in those duties; they can do more. Lady Jane Grey would, I dare say, have bound up a wound, or managed a household, with any unlearned woman of her day. Queen Elizabeth did manage a kingdom; and we find no pedantry in her way of doing it.

People who advocate a better training for women must not, necessarily, be supposed to imagine that men and women are by education to be made alike, and are intended to fulfill most of the same offices. There seems reason for thinking that a boundary line exists between the intellects of men and women, which, perhaps, can not be passed over from either side. But, at any rate, taking the whole nature of both sexes, and the inevitable circumstances which cause them to differ, there must be such a difference between men and women that the same intellectual training applied to both would produce most dissimilar results. It has not, however, been proposed in these pages to adopt the same training, and would have been still less likely to be proposed if it could be shown that such training would tend to make men and women unpleasantly similar to each other. The utmost that has been thought of here is to make more of women's faculties, not by any means to translate them into men's—if such a

thing were possible, which, we may venture to say, is not. There are some things that are good for all trees—light, air, room; but no one expects, by affording some similar advantages of this kind to an oak and a beech, to find them assimilate, though by such means the best of each may be produced.

Moreover, it should be recollected that the purpose of education is not always to foster natural gifts, but sometimes to bring out faculties that might otherwise remain dormant, and especially so far as to make the persons educated cognizant of excellence in those faculties in others. A certain tact and refinement belong to women, in which they have little to learn from the first; men, too, who attain some portion of these qualities, are greatly the better for them, and, I should imagine, not less acceptable on that account to women. So, on the other side, there may be an intellectual cultivation for women, which may seem a little against the grain, which would not, however, injure any of their peculiar gifts; would, in fact, carry those gifts to the highest, and would increase, withal, both to men and women, the pleasure of each other's society.¹

In any general or proper use of language, there is no such thing as a finished education. The most successful student that ever left a school, or took his degree at college, never arrived at a good place to stop in his intellectual course. In fact, the farther he goes, the more desirous will he feel to go on; and if you wish to find an instance of the greatest eagerness and interest with which the pursuit of knowledge is prosecuted, you will find it undoubtedly in the case of the most accomplished and thorough scholar which the country can furnish, who has spent a long life in study, and who finds that the farther he goes the more and more widely does the boundless field of intelligence open before him.

¹ Helps.

Give up, then, at once, all idea of *finishing* your education. The sole object of the course of discipline at any literary institution in our land is not to *finish*, but just to show you how to *begin*; to give you an impulse and a direction upon that course which you ought to pursue with unabated and uninterrupted ardor as long as you have being.¹

Education, briefly, is the leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together and by the same means. The training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others.²

ETHICAL.—Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances.³

The great mistake of the age—the great mistake of all ages, perhaps—is that of placing too low an estimate on the value of moral training. As a department of educational culture we have made it entirely subordinate, and there are multitudes who make no account of it whatever. The questions we ask about a young man are: “Is he bright? How much does he know? What can he do?” If these questions can be answered satisfactorily, and it can be further shown that he can box like a professional and run like a hound, we call him one of our most promising young men. With good intellectual and physical training, he is regarded as entirely fitted for the struggle of life. This is what we pay our money for. Our teachers understand that their business lies not with the decalogue, but the multiplication table. The capacity of a teacher for the moral training of a child is

¹ Abbott.

² Ruskin.

³ Webster.

something that we very rarely look into, yet nothing is more easily demonstrable than that moral culture is far more important, if we can have but one, than intellectual.¹

The moral must be the measure of health. If your eye is on the eternal, your intellect will grow, and your opinions and actions will have a beauty which no learning or combined advantages of other men can rival. The moment of your loss of faith, and acceptance of the lucrative standard, will be marked in the pause or solstice of genius, the sequent retrogression, and the inevitable loss of attraction to other minds. The vulgar are sensible of the change in you and of your descent, though they clap you on the back, and congratulate you on your increased common sense.²

A more secret, sweet, and overpowering beauty appears to man when his heart and mind open to the sentiment of virtue. Then he is instructed in what is above him. He learns that his being is without bound; that, to the good, to the perfect, he is born, low as he now lies in evil and weakness. That which he venerates is still his own, though he has not realized it yet. *He ought.* He knows the sense of that grand word, though his analysis fails entirely to render account of it. When, in innocence, or when, by intellectual perception, he attains to say: "I love the Right; Truth is beautiful, within and without, forevermore. Virtue, I am thine; save me; use me; thee will I serve, day and night, in great, in small, that I may be not virtuous, but virtue"—then is the end of the creation answered, and God is well pleased. . . . The intuition of the moral sentiment is an insight of the perfection of the laws of the soul. These laws execute themselves; they are out of time, out of space, and not subject to circumstance. Thus in the soul of man there is a justice whose retributions are instant and entire. He who does

¹ Holland.

² Emerson.

a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is, by the action itself, contracted. He who puts off impurity thereby puts on purity. If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God, do enter into that man with justice. If a man dissemble, deceive, he deceives himself, and goes out of acquaintance with his own being. A man in the view of absolute goodness adores with total humility. Every step so downward is a step upward. The man who renounces himself comes to himself. . . . Good is positive. Evil is merely privative, not absolute: it is like cold, which is the privation of heat. All evil is so much death or nonentity. Benevolence is absolute and real. So much benevolence as a man hath, so much life hath he. For all things proceed out of this same spirit, which is differently named love, justice, temperance, in its different applications, just as the ocean receives different names on the several shores which it washes. All things proceed out of the same spirit, and all things conspire with it. Whilst a man seeks good ends, he is strong by the whole strength of nature. In so far as he roves from these ends, he bereaves himself of power, of auxiliaries; his being shrinks out of all remote channels; he becomes less and less, a mote, a point, until absolute badness is absolute death.¹

I insist that the Education which excludes Moral and even Religious culture—using the term Religious in its legitimate relation to the *sentiment* of devotion, and with no regard to creeds or formulas—is, at best, superficial and defective—it may be pernicious and destructive. I will not now say how much or how little of Education should be left to the school and its ministrations, but I *do* say, that to talk of a man being educated when he has not yet learned profoundly that any wrong action,

¹ *Ibid.*

however outwardly successful or unrebuked, is a deplorable *mistake* on the part of the willful doer—a ruinous subtraction from the sum of his own happiness, considered simply in itself and its irresistible consequences—is to use words in utter contempt of their true meaning. Nay, more: our Education should not merely imprint on the mind the general truth already stated, but the full and particular *reasons* for it in all cases—should show why and how the miser, the swindler, the drunkard, the hypocrite, the libertine, all stand in their own light—all make war upon themselves, while they imagine they are draining others' measure of enjoyment to fill to overflowing their own. This truth thoroughly mastered, the road to all desirable knowledge, to all true happiness, lies open and easy before the learner. Shall it not be the triumph of our age to unfold and apply a truth so simple, yet so mighty? The child but once suffers by clutching the glowing fire-brand; it knows thenceforth that the warmth so genial in its appointed sphere becomes anguish and destruction if grasped thus recklessly. Is it not time that civilized, cultivated Man were at least as truly wise as the infant?

Let none imagine that I am proposing to cure a cancer of the heart by some external ablution; I have not affirmed that the most lucid teaching, the most careful moral culture, will imbue man necessarily with a *right spirit*. But I do contend that, if all the natural and unavoidable consequences of Crime and Wrong-doing were clearly and fully set before our Youth from infancy, and the events transpiring, the influences surrounding them, were made to illustrate and enforce the lessons so imparted, there would be impediments to *actual* transgression which it would be outright madness to overleap. What thief would steal if he saw the officers of justice ready to seize him in the act, with the

door of the State's Prison just opening to receive him? Though fallen as Lucifer, he plainly could not do it. What we need, then, in our Practical Education, is to bring home the consequences of transgression as clearly and directly to every man's understanding as in this instance; to show our youth that they can not possibly step aside from the path of duty without bringing upon themselves suffering and degradation. I would have them taught beyond cavil that any attempt to clutch enjoyment by Sin is as insane as undertaking to warm the hands by grasping a red-hot bar of iron.¹

A complete secularization of our public instruction so as essentially to exclude moral and religious education would be thoroughly *unphilosophical*. To do this is to ignore the true end of education. What is that end? The united testimony of all recognized authority harmonizes with the judgment of all thoughtful persons in answering this question. Pestalozzi, whose place as an educator is universally recognized, and of whom it has been truly said that he has exerted a greater influence on education than any other man in England, America, and the north of Europe, states, as his first principle, that "*education relates to the whole man*, and consists in the drawing forth, strengthening, and perfecting *all the faculties* with which an all-wise Creator has endowed him, physical, intellectual, and moral." "Education," he says, "has to do with the hand, the head, and the heart." Herbert Spencer will surely not be charged with any bias toward Puritanism in matters of education, but he affirms that the one end of all true education is to learn "how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others," or, in other words, "how to live completely. And this, being the great thing needful for us to learn, is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living

¹ Greeley.

is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is to judge in what degree it discharges that function."

What an utter neglect of this true and philosophic end of education is manifest in a system that proposes only to furnish the mind with a few facts, or subject it to the discipline of a few intellectual processes. Such a system also entirely ignores the true nature of the child. It takes but the most partial and imperfect view of him. In the estimation of such a theory, he is a being capable of learning combinations of figures, of chattering grammatical sentences, of remembering incidents and dates of history, and nothing more. That he is a moral being, that he has a conscience, that the awakening and culture of his moral nature is absolutely essential to all true development, that unless this is done no worthy end of education is ever realized and no real success in life is ever achieved—all this is forgotten or treated with supreme indifference, not to say contempt. The noblest part of our nature is thus untouched, its highest functions are never employed, and no appeal is ever made to its most inspiring motives. To expect any valuable results from such an unphilosophical and irrational process is to insult reason and defy logical sequences. As well might you attempt to execute a difficult piece of music upon an organ without touching its principal keys or employing its most important pipes; as well attempt to solve a trigonometrical problem without a knowledge of the multiplication table. You can as soon make a scholar out of a child by throwing a spelling-book and grammar at his head as you can make him a useful member of society by stuffing him with readers, geographies, and arithmetics.¹

Let a man be thoroughly conscientious, and he becomes the salt of society, the light of the world. He is the little candle

¹ Rev. C. H. Payne, D. D., President of Ohio Wesleyan University.

which throws its steady beams very far into the night. Society leans on such men; the Church leans on them; the State leans on them. All depends on character. One man who has a character of his own, poised on principle, is stronger than all other men who copy each other. "When the righteous die," says the Talmud, "it is the earth which loses. The lost jewel will be always a jewel, wherever it goes; but those who have lost it, they may weep." "He who has more knowledge than good works is like a tree with many branches and few roots, which the first wind throws on its face, while he who does more than he says is like a tree with strong roots and few branches, which all the winds can not uproot." Confucius says: "To live according to justice is like the pole-star, which stands firm while the whole heaven moves around it."¹

VOLITIONAL.—The course of duty is not always the easy course. It has many oppositions and difficulties to surmount. We may have the sagacity to see, but not the strength of purpose to do. To the irresolute there is many a lion in the way. He thinks and moralizes and dreams, but does nothing. "There is little to see," said a hard worker, "and little to do; it is only to *do it*."

There must not only be a conquest over likings and dislikings, but, what is harder to attain, a triumph over adverse repute. The man whose first question, after a right course of action has presented itself, is "What will people say?" is not the man to do anything at all. But if he asks, "Is it my duty?" he can then proceed in his moral panoply, and be ready to incur men's censure, and even to brave their ridicule. "Let us have faith in fine actions," says M. de la Cretelle, "and let us reserve doubt and incredulity for bad. It is even better to be deceived than to distrust."

¹ Clarke.

Duty is first learned at home. The child comes into the world helpless and dependent on others for its health, nurture, and moral and physical development. The child at length imbibes ideas; under proper influences he learns to obey, to control himself, to be kind to others, to be dutiful and happy. He has a will of his own; but whether it be well or ill directed depends very much upon parental influences.

The habit of willing is called purpose; and, from what has been said, the importance of forming a right purpose early in life will be obvious.

"Character," says Novalis, "is a completely-fashioned will;" and the will, when once fashioned, may be steady and constant for life. When the true man, bent on good, holds by his purpose, he places but small value on the rewards or praises of the world; his own approving conscience, and the "well done" which awaits him, is his best reward.

Will, considered without regard to direction, is simply constancy, firmness, perseverance. But it will be obvious that, unless the direction of the character be right, the strong will may be merely a power for mischief. In great tyrants it is a demon; with power to wield, it knows no bounds nor restraint. It holds millions subject to it; inflames their passions, excites them to military fury, and is never satisfied but in conquering, destroying, and tyrannizing. The boundless Will produces an Alexander or a Napoleon. Alexander cried because there were no more kingdoms to conquer; and Bonaparte, after overrunning Europe, spent his force amid the snows of Russia. "Conquest has made me," he said, "and conquest must maintain me." But he was a man of no moral principle, and Europe cast him aside when his work of destruction was done.

The strong Will, allied to right motives, is as full of blessings

as the other is of mischief. The man thus influenced moves and inflames the minds and consciences of others. He bends them to his views of duty, carries them with him in his endeavors to secure worthy objects, and directs opinion to the suppression of wrong and the establishment of right. The man of strong will stamps power upon his actions. His energetic perseverance becomes habitual. He gives a tone to the company in which he is, to the society in which he lives, and even to the nation in which he is born. He is a joy to the timid, and a perpetual reproach to the sluggard. He sets the former on their feet by giving them hope. He may even inspire the latter to good deeds by the influence of his example. Tennyson hits the mark in the following words:

O living Will, that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure;

That we may lift, from out of dust,
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquered years,
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved,
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

Besides the men of strong bad wills and strong good wills, there is a far larger number who have very weak wills, or no wills at all. They are characterless. They have no strong will for vice, yet they have none for virtue. They are the passive recipients of impressions, which, however, take no hold of them.

They seem neither to go forward nor backward. As the wind blows, so their vane turns round; and when the wind blows from another quarter, it turns round again. Any instrument can write on such spirits; any will can govern theirs. They cherish no truth strongly, and do not know what earnestness is. Such persons constitute the mass of society everywhere—the careless, the passive, the submissive, the feeble, and the indifferent.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that attention should be directed to the improvement and strengthening of the Will; for without this there can neither be independence, nor firmness, nor individuality of character. Without it we can not give truth its proper force, nor morals their proper direction, nor save ourselves from being machines in the hands of worthless and designing men. Intellectual cultivation will not give decision of character. Philosophers discuss; decisive men act. "Not to resolve," says Bacon, "*is to resolve*"—that is, to do nothing.

"The right time," says Locke, "to educate the Will aright is in youth. There is a certain season when our minds may be enlarged, when a vast stock of useful truths may be acquired; when our passions will readily submit to the government of reason; when right principles may be so fixed in us as to influence every important action in our future lives. But the season for this extends neither to the whole nor to any considerable length of our continuance upon earth. It is limited to but a few years of our term, and if throughout these we neglect it, error or ignorance is, according to the ordinary course of things, entailed upon us. Our Will becomes our law, and our lusts gain a strength which we afterward vainly oppose."¹

ÆSTHETICAL.—All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world; some men even to delight. This love of beauty is Taste. Others have the same love in such excess, that,

¹ Smiles.

not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is Art.

The production of a work of art throws a light upon the mystery of humanity. A work of art is an abstract or epitome of the world. It is the result or expression of nature, in miniature; for, although the works of nature are innumerable and all different, the result or the expression of them all is similar and single. Nature is a sea of forms radically alike, and even unique. A leaf, a sunbeam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analogous impression on the mind. What is common to them all—that perfectness and harmony—is beauty. The standard of beauty is the entire circuit of natural forms—the totality of nature—which the Italians expressed by defining beauty, "*il piu nell'uno*." Nothing is quite beautiful alone; nothing but is beautiful in the whole. A single object is only so far beautiful as it suggests this universal grace. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, seek each to concentrate this radiance of the world on one point, and each in his several work to satisfy the love of beauty which stimulates him to produce. Thus is Art—a nature passed through the alembic of man. Thus in Art does nature work through the will of a man filled with the beauty of her first works.

The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. This element I call an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe. God is the all-fair.¹

The imagination is the faculty by means of which we grasp this beauty, and hold it before our mind while we attempt to realize it. Every human action, done well, partakes of this element of beauty. When books were all written with the pen,

before the invention of printing, many manuscripts were so beautifully written as to become works of art. A piece of good handwriting is still beautiful; good reading is beautiful. This element of beauty descends into the most humble acts of human life, and gives a charm to every human work when it is done according to an ideal standard.

If we limit beauty too narrowly, we fall into the danger of becoming fastidious. This is a disease which affects many artists, and grows into an irritable and nervous dislike of everything not in the best taste. It is a bad thing to cultivate the love of beauty when it makes common things, people, life, distasteful to us. It need not do so, as appears from the example of such great poets as Burns, Wordsworth, Whittier, who have known how to glorify common life and every-day people with the charm of romance. These great masters make the humblest flower immortal in their song; walk in glory and in joy, following their plow along the side of the mountain, and impart some random truth from the common things which lie around us.

No man can be wholly unhappy who is accustomed to look for beauty in nature and in human life. His is a joy which never wearies. As we grow old many of our senses grow dull, but the sense of beauty becomes a more perfect enchantment every year. Each new spring seems to open in more exuberant, miraculous grace, tenderness, and charm than the last. Every new rosebud seems the most perfect one we ever saw. The tender lights and rosy coloring of the auroral dawn; the drifting feathery *cirri* clouds in the depths of the blue heavens; the grace of a kitten playing on the carpet; the wonder in the eyes of an infant; the innocent snow, with its soft curves, drifting over fields and weighing down the laboring trees; the splendor of sunset, when the king of day holds his court, surrounded by his

magnificent cloud-courtiers, appareled in all gorgeous colors; the forest and wood, with their delicate mosses below, and their lights and shadows above—how the goodness of God seems to descend into our human heart through all these messages, saying how He loves us, and what a home He has made for us! . . .

The diseases of the imagination are of two kinds: one is of lethargy, when it is stupefied, and does not act; the other is when it is in excess, and acts without restraint or guidance.

All mere drudgery tends to stupefy the imagination. And all work is drudgery which is done mechanically, with the hand and not with the mind; when we are not trying to do our work as well as possible, but only as well as is necessary. Such work stupefies the ideal faculty, quenches the sense of beauty. The day-laborer is not necessarily a drudge, for he may try to do his work as well as he can. When he does this, he becomes an artist. But, when a man tries to shirk his work, when he does it in a slovenly way, not as well as he might, then he becomes a drudge, even though his work be that of a poet or a sculptor. He ceases to exercise his ideal faculty, and stupefies it. Then the sense of beauty dies out of his mind. When men conform to custom, though they know it is wrong custom, sacrifice conscience to convenience, principle to success, say and do, not what they believe true and right, but what they think to be popular and profitable—then, though they may be senators and statesmen, great lawyers or great preachers, they are really drudges; they are stupefying their ideal nature.

The other disease of the imagination is when it is unrestrained and unregulated. Some people live in a world of dreams, apart from life. They are cradled in illusions; they surround themselves with a world of romance; they become disgusted with actual life; they feed their minds with novels, fairy tales, and

works of fancy, and thus become unfitted for reality. They abhor everything commonplace; they indulge in reverie, and make their daily food of what should be, at best, an occasional refreshment. Now, this is a real disease of the imagination. It is fever, and tends to uselessness, unrest, and insanity.

The cure for both these diseases is the same. It is to seek beauty, not in the world of dreams, but in the actual world, and the actual life. Looking thus, we shall soon see that beauty is no monopoly of artists, poets, dreamers; that all life may become high art; that all we do, when done according to an ideal standard, instantly partakes of this element of beauty. Then, too, it will be seen that all nature is saturated and overflowing with beauty; that our Italy and Switzerland are here in Massachusetts; that one look at the morning sky or evening sunset may reveal inexhaustible delights; that

You can not wave your staff in the air,
Or dip your paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake.¹

If that much-neglected and much-abused faculty of Imagination were trained from youth to clothe common life with charms, how few would be without amusement, even in the most straightened circumstances! Nature is full of light and motion, and sounds and colors; but men do not enjoy these things. Nature is full of mimic life, and that life is full of strife, pursuits, battles, peace, amity, and affection; but, then, men do not care for insect life. Nature is full of grace and charming variety, of hue and shape, of contrast and analogy, in her mineral garden; but, then, men do not care for mineralogy and geology.

So, then, the great theater is open; its scenes are shifted every

¹ Clarke.

hour; its actors are innumerable and inimitable; its orchestra full and tuneful; but men, "having eyes see not, and ears hear not." They yawn and stretch, and wish they had *something to do*.

To make much of little, to find reasons of interest in common things, to develop a sensibility to mild enjoyments, to inspire the imagination, to throw a charm upon homely and familiar things, will constitute a man master of his own happiness.¹

The circle of human nature, then, is not complete without the are of feeling and emotion. The lilies of the field have a value for us beyond their botanical ones—a certain lightening of the heart accompanies the declaration that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The sound of the village bell which comes mellowed from the valley to the traveler upon the hill has a value beyond its acoustical one. The setting sun, when it mantles with the bloom of roses the Alpine snows, has a value beyond its optical one. The starry heavens, as you know, had for Immanuel Kant a value beyond their astronomical one. Round about the intellect sweeps the horizon of emotions from which all our noblest impulses are derived. I think it very desirable to keep this horizon open—not to permit either priest or philosopher to draw down his shutters between you and it.²

No man receives the true culture of a man in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is cheapest and the most at hand; and it seems to me to be the most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind.³

Ideas of beauty are among the noblest which can be presented to the human mind, invariably exalting and purifying it according to their degree; and it would appear that we are

¹ Beecher.

² Professor Tyndall.

³ Channing.

intended by the Deity to be constantly under their influence, because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them, and which, to the rightly perceiving mind, does not present an incalculably greater number of beautiful than of deformed parts; there being, in fact, scarcely anything, in pure, undiseased nature, like positive deformity, but only degrees of beauty, or such slight and rare points of permitted contrast as may render all around them more valuable by their opposition, spots of blackness in creation, to make its colors felt.¹

Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties either of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are strangers. The emotions which they excite are soft and tender. They draw off the mind from the hurry of business and interest; cherish reflection; dispose to tranquillity; and produce an agreeable melancholy, which of all dispositions of the mind is best suited to love and friendship. In the second place, a delicacy of taste is favorable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greater part of men.²

Why not have some elegance in even the humblest home? We must, of course, have cleanliness, which is the special elegance of the poor. But why not have pleasant and delightful things to look upon? There is no reason why the humbler classes should not surround themselves with the evidences of beauty and comfort in all their shapes, and thus do homage alike to the gifts of God and the labors of man. The taste for the beautiful is one of the best and most useful endowments. It is one of the handmaids of civilization. Beauty and elegance do not necessarily belong to the homes of the rich. They are, or

¹ Ruskin.² Hume.

ought to be, all pervading. Beauty in all things—in nature, in art, in science, in literature, in social and domestic life.

How beautiful and yet how cheap are flowers! Not exotics, but what are called common flowers. A rose, for instance, is among the most beautiful of the smiles of nature. The "laughing flowers," exclaims the poet. But there is more than gayety in blooming flowers, though it takes a wise man to see the beauty, the love, and the adaptation of which they are full. . . .

Bring one of the commonest field-flowers into a room, place it on a table or chimney-piece, and you seem to have brought a ray of sunshine into the place. There is a cheerfulness about flowers. What a delight are they to the drooping invalid! They are a sweet enjoyment, coming as messengers from the country, and seeming to say, "Come and see the place where we grow, and let your heart be glad in our presence."

What can be more innocent than flowers? They are like children undimmed by sin. They are emblems of purity and truth, a source of fresh delight to the pure and innocent. The heart that does not love flowers, or the voice of a playful child, can not be genial. It was a beautiful conceit that invented a language of flowers, by which lovers were enabled to express the feelings that they dared not openly speak. But flowers have a voice for all—old and young, rich and poor. "To me," says Wordsworth,

The meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Have a flower in the room, by all means! It will cost only a penny, if your ambition is moderate, and the gratification it gives will be beyond price. If you can have a flower for your window, so much the better. What can be more delicious than the sun's

light streaming through flowers—through the midst of crimson fuchsias and scarlet geraniums? To look out into the light through flowers—is not that poetry? and to break the force of the sunbeams by the tender resistance of green leaves? If you can train a nasturtium round the window, or some sweet-pease, then you will have the most beautiful frame you can invent for the picture without, whether it be the busy crowd, or a distant landscape, or trees with their lights and shades, or the changes of the passing clouds. Any one may thus look through flowers for the price of an old song. And what pure taste and refinement does it not indicate on the part of the cultivator! . . .

Why not, besides the beauty of nature, have a taste for the beauty of art? Why not hang up a picture in the room? Ingenious methods have been discovered—some of them quite recently—for almost infinitely multiplying works of art, by means of wood engravings, lithographs, photographs, and autotypes, which render it possible for every person to furnish his rooms with beautiful pictures. Skill and science have thus brought art within reach of the poorest.

Any picture, print, or engraving that represents a noble thought, that depicts a heroic act, or that brings a bit of nature from the fields or the streets into our room, is a teacher, a means of education, and a help to self-culture. It serves to make the home more pleasant and attractive. It sweetens domestic life, and sheds a grace and beauty about it. It draws the gazer away from mere considerations of self, and increases his store of delightful associations with the world without as well as with the world within.

The portrait of a great man, for instance, helps us to read his life. It invests him with a personal interest. Looking at his features, we feel as if we knew him better, and were more closely

related to him. Such a portrait, hung up before us daily, at our meals and during our leisure hours, unconsciously serves to lift us up and sustain us. It is a link that in some way binds us to a higher and nobler nature.¹

Oh, happy he who is in love with beauty—to whom flowers are a heavenly language, day and night, and weeks and months, and years and centuries a rhythmic song, music a revelation of the infinite and the divine, seas and skies and mountains and plains voiceful echoes of the Everlasting Word, and all life the expression of the Everlasting Love! Oh, happy he whose culture lifts him into an apprehension of fitness and harmony, and who is able to gather around him, in humbler or higher creations of art, those appointments of form and color which make an embodied poem of his life! Oh, happy he who can rise out of his work, and, from this heavenly realm of culture, look down upon it, and recognize the fact that it is only the minister to a life as far above it as the heavens are above the earth.²

STUDIES.—Every act of the mind *ends* in a knowledge, sometimes only subjective, but generally both subjective and objective. Thus I am conscious of a simple emotion; here is a mental act, a mere subjective knowledge. I perceive a tree; here is a subjective consciousness and an objective knowledge. And, on the other hand, every knowledge *presupposes* an act of mind; for, were there no mind, or were the mind incapable of action, knowledge would be impossible.

From this simple and obvious fact it has naturally come to pass that men have looked upon the subject of education in two distinct points of view, as they have contemplated either the act of mind or the knowledge in which it results. Hence, some have considered education to consist merely in the communication of knowledge, others almost entirely in the discipline of

¹ Smiles.² Holland.

mind. If the first be our object, it will be successfully accomplished precisely in proportion to the amount and the value of the knowledge which we communicate. If, on the other hand, we desire simply to cultivate the intellect, our success must be measured by the number of faculties which we improve, and the degree of culture which we have imparted to them.

It is, I presume, for this reason that a division has, to a considerable degree, been established between the studies which enter into our course of higher education. Some of them, of which the results are acknowledged to be, in general, valueless, are prosecuted on account of the mental discipline which they are supposed to impart. That they tend to nothing practical has sometimes been deemed their appropriate excellence. Hence, some learned men have exulted rather facetiously in the "glorious inutility" of the studies which they recommend. On the other hand, there are many studies which communicate knowledge, admitted by all men to be indispensable, which are supposed to convey no mental discipline, or, at least, only that which is of the most elementary character. Hence, you at once perceive that a wide ground for debate is afforded, which writers on education have not been backward to occupy. Hence, also, the various discussions on the best methods of education, which seem to me to approach with but slow and unequal steps to any definite conclusion. The studies which are most relied on for mental discipline, for instance, are the classics and the mathematics. While the advocates for these discard, almost contemptuously, all other methods of culture, they are by no means agreed among themselves. The mathematicians look with small favor upon the lovers of lexicons, and paradigms, and accents, and claim that nothing but exact science can invigorate the power of ratiocination, on which all certainty of knowledge depends. The

philologists, on the other hand, inveigh, in no measured terms, against the narrow range of mathematical culture, and boldly affirm that it unfits men for all reasoning concerning matter actually existing, while it withers up every delicate sentiment and turns into an arid waste the entire field of our emotional nature. . . . Is it not rather to be believed that He has made each of these ends to harmonize with the other, so that all intellectual culture shall issue in knowledge which shall confer benefits on the whole, and all knowledge properly acquired shall, in an equal degree, tend to intellectual development? . . . We might suppose that that which God had made most necessary to our existence would be, in the highest degree, self-disciplinary. Thus every one, whatever his position, may well be supposed to possess the means of developing his own powers, and arriving at the standing of an intellectual man. There is nothing in the nature of any occupation that renders such an expectation extravagant. The uncles of Hugh Miller were highly cultivated men, reading the best books, concerning one of whom he remarks: "There are professors of natural history who know less of living nature than was known by Uncle Sandy;" and yet one of them was a harness-maker, and the other a stonemason, each laboring industriously at his calling, for daily bread, for six days in the week.

But, if we take no account of the acquisition of knowledge and confine ourselves simply to intellectual culture, I apprehend that we shall arrive at substantially the same result. Suppose that our sole object is to develop the powers of the human mind—we must then first ask what are these powers? It will be sufficient for our present purpose to consider the following, as they are allowed to be the most important: Perception, by which we arrive at a knowledge of the phenomena of the world

without us; Consciousness, by which we become aware of the changes in the world within us; Abstraction and Generalization, by which our knowledge of individuals becomes the knowledge of classes; Reasoning, by which we use the known to discover the unknown; Imagination, by which we construct pictures in poetry and ideals in philosophy; and Memory, by which all these various forms of past knowledge are recalled and made available for the present.

Now, if such be the powers conferred on us by our Creator, it must, I think, be admitted that each of them is designed for a particular purpose, and that a human mind would be fatally deficient were any one of them wanting. In our cultivation of mind, then, we must have respect, not to one or two of them, but to all, since that is the most perfect mind in which all of them are the most fully developed.

If, then, we desire to improve the intellect of man by study, it is obvious that that study will be the best adapted to our purpose which cultivates not one, but all, of these faculties, and cultivates them all most thoroughly. We cultivate our powers of every kind by exercise, and that study will most effectually aid us in the work of self-development which requires the original exercise of the greatest number of them.

Supposing this to be admitted, which I think will not be denied, the question will arise what studies are best adapted to our purpose. This is a question which can not be settled by authority. We are just as capable of deciding it as the men who have gone before us. They were once, like ourselves, men of the present, and their wisdom has not certainly any addition from the slumber of centuries. They may have been able to judge correctly for the time that then *was*, but could they revisit us now, they might certainly be no better able than our-

selves to judge correctly for the time that *now is*. If any of us should be heard of two hundred years hence, it would surely be strange folly for the men of A. D. 2054 to receive our sayings as oracles concerning the conditions of society which will be then existing. God gives to every age the means for perceiving its own wants and discovering the best manner of supplying them; and it is, therefore, certainly best that every age should decide such questions for itself. We can not, certainly, decide them by authority.

There are two methods by which we can determine the truth in this matter. First, we may examine any particular study and observe the faculties of mind which it does and which it does not call into action. Every reasonable man, at all acquainted with the nature of his own mind, will be able to do this. Take, for instance, the studies which are pursued for the sake merely of discipline—do they call into exercise one or many of our faculties? Suppose they cultivate the reasoning power and the power of poetic combination—do they do anything else? If not, what have we by which to improve the powers of observation, of consciousness, of generalization, and combination—these most important and most valuable of our faculties? If, then, their range be so limited, it may be deserving of inquiry whether some studies which can improve a larger number of our faculties might not sometimes take their places; and yet more, whether they should occupy so large a portion of the time devoted to education.

But we may examine the subject by another test. We may ask, what are the results actually produced by devotion to those studies which are allowed to be merely disciplinary? We teach the mathematics to cultivate the reasoning power, and the languages to improve the imagination and the taste. We, then,

may very properly inquire, are mathematicians better reasoners than other men in matters not mathematical? As a student advances in the mathematics, do we find his powers of ratiocination, in anything but the relations of quantity, to be visibly improved? Are philologists or classical students more likely to become poets or artists than other men; or does their style, by this mode of discipline, approach more nearly to the classical models of their own or of any other language?

It is by such considerations as these that this question is to be answered. We have long since abjured all belief in magical influences. If we can not discover any law of nature by which a cause produces its effect, and are unable to perceive that the effect is produced, we begin to doubt whether any causation exists in the matter.

If there be any truth in the foregoing remarks, they would seem to lead us to the following conclusions:

First, that every branch of study should be so taught as to accomplish both the results of which we have been speaking; that is, that it should not only increase our knowledge, but also confer valuable discipline; and that it should not only confer valuable discipline, but also increase our knowledge; and that, if it does not accomplish both of these results, there is either some defect in our mode of teaching, or the study is imperfectly adapted to the purposes of education.

Secondly, that there seems no good reason for claiming pre-eminence for one study over another, at least in the manner to which we have been accustomed. The studies merely disciplinary have valuable practical uses. To many pursuits they are important, and to some indispensable. Let them, then, take their proper place in any system of good learning, and claim nothing more than to be judged of by their results. Let them

not be the unmeaning shibboleth of a caste, but, standing on the same level with all other intellectual pursuits, be valued exactly in proportion to their ability to increase the power and range and skill of the human mind, and to furnish it with that knowledge which shall most signally promote the well-being and happiness of humanity.

And, thirdly, it would seem that our whole system of instruction requires an honest, thorough, and candid revision. It has been for centuries the child of authority and precedent. If those before us made it what it is by applying to it the resources of earnest and fearless thought, I can see no reason why we, by pursuing the same course, might not improve it. God intended us for progress, and we counteract his design when we deify antiquity, and bow down and worship an opinion, not because it is either wise or true, but merely because it is ancient.¹

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse, and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and, perhaps, judge of particulars, one by one, but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience. . . . Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and

¹ Wayland.

digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. . . . If a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend.¹

BOOKS AND READING.—Books, as containing the finest records of human wit, must always enter into our notion of culture. The best heads that ever existed—Pericles, Plato, Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton—were well-read, universally educated men, and quite too wise to undervalue letters.²

All that a university or final highest school can do for us is still but what the first school began doing—teach us to read. We learn to read in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of books. But the place where we are to get knowledge—even theoretic knowledge—is the books themselves. It depends on what we read, after all manner of professors have done their best for us. The true university of these days is a collection of books.³

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end, which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world of value is the active soul. . . .

Undoubtedly there is a right way of reading, so it be sternly subordinated. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other

¹ Bacon.² Emerson.³ Carlyle.

men's transcripts of their readings. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must—when the sun is hid, and the stars withdraw their shining, we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is. We hear, that we may speak. The Arabian proverb says: "A fig-tree, looking on a fig-tree, becometh fruitful." . . .

I would not be hurried by any love of system, by any exaggeration of instincts, to underrate the Book. We all know, that, as the human body can be nourished on any food, though it were boiled grass and the broth of shoes, so the human mind can be fed by any knowledge. And great and heroic men have existed, who had almost no other information than by the printed page. I only would say, that it needs a strong head to bear that diet. One must be an inventor to read well. As the proverb says: "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry out the wealth of the Indies." There is, then, creative reading as well as creative writing. When the mind is braced by labor and invention, the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sentence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world. We then see, what is always true, that, as the seer's hour of vision is short and rare among heavy days and months, so is its record, perchance, the least part of his volume. The discerning will read, in his Plato or Shakespeare, only that least part—only the authentic utterances of the oracle; all the rest he rejects, were it never so many times Plato's and Shakespeare's.

Of course, there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable

office—to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim, not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and, by the concentrated fires, set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns, and pecuniary foundations, though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit.¹

The worst influence of books is seen when, instead of stimulating the feelings and illuminating the perceptions of the student, they overlay, befog, and soak his powers. This oftenest results from that dawdling habit of passive reading which is so serious and so common a waste. Multitudes of persons in our day spend a considerable share of their time in turning over the pages of reviews, magazines, and books, listlessly scanning their contents, with no girded attention, resolute discrimination, or patient attempt to estimate and retain, but suffering the words to make such impressions as they can, and then, for the greater part, pass into oblivion. Under the dominion of such a habit, the mind tends to become a mere muddle. To read argumentative works in this way demoralizes the faculties of the intellect, and to read sensational works so debauches the emotions of the soul. A lazy voluptuary may sleepily observe and applaud a company of athletes at their gymnastic fetes, while his torpid habits are reducing his own muscles to strings of jelly, and his connective tissue to a mush. So, the reader of books will get little good from them unless he reproduces by the positive action of his own faculties the mental processes of the authors, verifying their conclusions for himself, and assimilating for his conscious growth in knowledge and power whatever nutritious substance they contain. The most cogent inductions, the most poetic

¹ Emerson.

pictures, the most eloquent appeals, are useless if the pupils approach them with reason relaxed, imagination asleep, and affection dead. The best rule for profiting from books is, Read nothing without giving the alert and intent life of the mind to the work.¹

The clearest and most imperative duty lies on every one of you to be assiduous in your reading; and learn to be good readers, which is, perhaps, a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading—to read all kinds of things that you have an interest in, and that you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in. . . . If you are in a strait, a very good indication as to choice—perhaps the best you could get—is a book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the readiest and best of all possible conditions to improve by that book. It is analogous to what doctors tell us about the physical health and appetites of the patient. You must learn to distinguish between false appetite and real. There is such a thing as a false appetite, which will lead a man into vagaries with regard to diet, will tempt him to eat spicy things which he should not eat at all, and would not but that it is toothsome, and for the moment in baseness of mind. A man ought to inquire and find out what he really and truly has an appetite for—what suits his constitution, and that doctors tell him is the very thing he ought to have in general. And so with books.²

While you are to read nothing that does not interest you, something besides interest must decide what the book shall be. If the interest always coincided with what is best, it were well indeed; but pleasure rarely coincides wholly with judgment. Therefore, I say, read what is best for you, what will teach you something; read to know, to think; but you must also be interested. . . . Read for general culture. As one studies gram-

¹ Alger.

² Carlyle.

mar for correct speech, or travels to learn the ways of the world, or mingles in society for polish, so one ought to read for a certain dress and decoration of the mind. It is not creditable—it is like excessive rusticity in manners and attire—to lack a certain knowledge of English literature. It is unkind and embarrassing to others not to be able to respond, with some degree of intelligence, to what they assume to be well known by all. I hardly know how you manage it when the young lady, fresh from Vassar or Wellesley, asks you which of Shakespeare's plays you most admire. I can assure you that no disquisition upon Buffalo Bill will blind her to the fact that you are unfamiliar with Hamlet. To this end of simple fitness for society one should read parts, at least, of certain authors. It will not be amiss to indicate the lowest requirements, especially as they are available by all—a part of Shakespeare's plays: "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "The Tempest," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Caesar;" Milton's shorter poems and the first two books of "Paradise Lost;" "Pilgrim's Progress;" Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets;" the poems of Goldsmith; Lamb's essays; Burns; Wordsworth's ballads, sonnets, and "Ode on Immortality;" parts of Byron's "Childe Harold;" a few of the shorter poems of Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Cowper; four or five of Scott's novels; some of the essays of Macaulay and De Quincey; Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, and Ruskin in part; some history, or of England—Knight's or Green's; the one or two best works of the greater novelists; some definite knowledge of our own authors—Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Mrs. Stowe, Emerson in "English Traits," and our five great poets. So much we need to read before our minds are well enough attired for good society; otherwise we must appear in intellectual corduroy and cow-skin.

Read somewhat in the way of discipline. This may take you in a direction contrary to your tastes. You are doubtless fond of the novel, but it is not enough to say, I will read only such as are good. You require another kind of book—an essay, a treatise, a review article, a history, or biography—something that may not *win* attention, which, therefore, you must *give*. The chief, if not only value, of mathematics as a discipline lies in its cultivation of the habit of *attention*; close consecutive thought held to its work by the will. I do not see why the same end may not be reached by reading, if it is done in this way of attending—stretching the mind over the subject so as wholly to cover and embrace it. When one reads out of mere interest, and without exercise of the will, the mind gets flabby. There can be no strength where there is no will. The omnivorous reader is often weak and essentially ignorant. There is such a thing as being the slave of books; true reading implies mastery.¹

Read systematically. I mean by this, do not take up and read *any books* merely because they chance to fall in your way. You see on your neighbor's table a book which looks as if it was interesting, as you say, and you think you would like to read it. You borrow it—carry it home—and at some convenient time you begin. You soon, however, either from taking it up at a time when you were interested in something else, or from being frequently interrupted, or perhaps from the character of the book, find it rather dull; and, after wasting a few hours upon the first fifty pages, you tumble over the remainder of the leaves, and then send the book home. After a few days more, you find some other book by a similar accident, and pursue the same course. Such a method of attempting to acquire knowledge from books will only dissipate the mind, destroy all habits of accurate thinking, and unfit you for any intellectual progress.

¹ Munger.

But you must not go into the opposite extreme of drawing up for yourself a set of rules and a system of reading full enough to occupy you for years, and then begin upon that with the determination of confining yourself, at all hazards, rigidly to it. . . .

Systematic reading requires, too, that you should secure *variety* in your books. Look over the departments of human knowledge, and see that your plan is so formed that it will give you some knowledge of them all. In regard to the precise time and manner in which you shall fill up the details, it is undoubtedly best not to form any exact plan. It is better to leave such to be decided by circumstances, and even by your inclinations, from time to time. You will enter with more spirit and success into the prosecution of any inquiry if you engage in it at a time when it seems alluring and interesting to you.

Read thoroughly. Avoid getting into the habit of going over the page in a listless and mechanical manner. Make an effort to penetrate to the full meaning of your author, and think patiently of every difficult passage until you understand it; or, if it baffles your unassisted efforts, have it explained. Reading thoroughly requires also that you should make yourself acquainted with all those attendant circumstances which enable you the more fully to understand the author's meaning. Examine carefully the title page and preface of every book you read, that you may learn who wrote it, where it was written, and what it was written for. Have at hand, if possible, such helps as maps and a gazetteer and a biographical dictionary. Be careful, then, to find upon the map every place mentioned, and learn from the gazetteer what sort of place it is. If an allusion is made to any circumstances in the life of an eminent man, or in public history, investigate the allusion by books or by inquiry,

so as to fully understand it. If possible, find other accounts of the transactions which your author is describing, and compare one with another—reflect upon the differences in the statements, and endeavor to ascertain the truth. Such a mode of reading as this is a very slow way of getting over the pages of a book, but it is a very rapid way of acquiring knowledge.

Do not often undertake to read extensive works. A young person will sometimes commence some extensive work, beginning it with no calculation of the time which will be required to complete it, and, in fact, with no definite plan whatever. Such an undertaking is almost always a failure. Any mind under twenty years of age will get wearied out again and again in going through a dozen octavo volumes on any subject whatever. There is no objection to reading such works, but let it be *in detached portions at a time*. Select, for instance, from some approved history of England, the reign of some one monarch—Elizabeth, Alfred—or make choice of such a subject as the Crusades, or the life of Mary Queen of Scots, and mark off such a portion of the whole work as shall relate to the topic thus chosen. This can be easily done, and with no greater difficulty, on account of its compelling the reader to begin in the middle of the history, than must always be felt in reading history. If you begin at the beginning of a work, and go regularly through to the end, you will find a thousand cases in which the narrative you read is connected with other histories in such a way as to demand the same effort to understand the connection which will be necessary in the course I have proposed. . . .

It is sometimes the case that young persons, when they meet anything remarkable in the course of their reading, *transcribe it*, with the expectation of referring to their copy afterwards to refresh their memories, and thus, after a while, they get their

desks very full of knowledge, while very little remains in the head. Now, it ought to be remembered that knowledge is of no value, or, at least, of scarcely any, unless it is fairly lodged *in the mind*, and so digested, as I have before shown, as to become a permanent possession. Now, if transcribing and writing notes and abstracts of what you read is made the *means* of fixing thus firmly in the mind your various acquisitions, it is of immense value; if made the *substitute* for it, it is worse than useless. It may be a most powerful means, as any one may prove to himself by the following experiment:

Read some history in the ordinary way, without the use of the pen, with the exception that you select some chapter in the middle of the work with which you may try the experiment of an abstract. After having read it attentively, shut the book and write the substance of the narrative it contains. The more you deviate in style and language from your author the better, because, by such a deviation, you employ more your own original resources, you reduce the knowledge you have gained to a form adapted to your own habits of thought, and you consequently make it more fully your own, and fix it more indelibly in the mind. After finishing the abstract of that chapter, go on with the remainder of the book in the usual way by simply reading it attentively. You will find now, if you carefully try this experiment, that the chapter which you have thus treated will, for many years, stand out most conspicuous of all in your recollections of the work. The facts which it has stated will retain a lodging in your minds when all the rest are forgotten, and they will come up, when wanted for use, with a readiness which will show how entirely you made them your own.¹

If we consider what are the objects men pursue, when conscious of any object at all. in reading, they are these: amuse-

¹ Abbott.

ment, instruction, a wish to appear well in society, and a desire to pass away time. Now, even the lowest of these objects is facilitated by reading with method. The keenness of pursuit thus engendered enriches the most trifling gain, takes away the sense of dullness in details, and gives an interest to what would otherwise be most repugnant. No one who has never known the eager joy of some intellectual pursuit can understand the full pleasure of reading. . . .

There is another view of reading, which, though it is obvious enough, is seldom taken, I imagine, or at least acted upon; and that is, that in the course of our reading, we should lay up in our minds a store of goodly thoughts in well-wrought words, which should be a living treasure of knowledge always with us, and from which at various times, and amidst all the shifting of circumstances, we might be sure of drawing some comfort, guidance, and sympathy. We see this with regard to the sacred writings. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" But there is a similar comfort on a lower level to be obtained from other sources than sacred ones. In any work that is worth carefully reading, there is generally something that is worth remembering accurately. A man whose mind is enriched with the best sayings of the poets of his own country, is a more independent man, walks the streets in a town, or the lanes in the country, with far more delight than he otherwise would have; and is taught, by wise observers of man and nature, to examine for himself. Sancho Panza with his proverbs is a great deal better than he would have been without them: and I contend that a man has something in himself to meet troubles and difficulties, small or great, who has stored in his mind some of the best things which have been said about troubles and difficulties. Moreover, the loneliness of sorrow is thereby diminished.

It need not be feared that a man whose memory is rich in such resources, will become a quoting pedant. Often, the sayings which are dearest to our hearts, are least frequent on our lips; and those great ideas which cheer men in their direst struggles, are not things which they are likely to inflict by frequent repetition upon those they live with. There is a certain reticence with us as regards anything we deeply love.

I have not hitherto spoken of the indirect advantage of methodical reading in the culture of the mind. One of the dangers supposed to be incident upon a life of study is, that purpose and decisiveness are worn away. Not, as I contend, upon a life of study, such as it ought to be. For, pursued methodically, there must be some, and not a little, of the decision, resistance, and tenacity of pursuit which create, or further, greatness of character in action. Though, as I have said, there are times of keen delight to a man who is engaged in any distinct pursuit, there are also moments of weariness, vexation, and vacillation, which will try the metal in him and see whether he is worthy to understand and master anything. For this you may observe, that in all times and all nations, sacrifice is needed. The savage Indian who was to obtain any insight into the future, had to starve for it for a certain time. Even the fancy of this power was not to be gained without paying for it. And was anything real ever gained without sacrifice of some kind?

There is a very refined use which reading might be put to—namely, to counteract the particular evils and temptations of our callings, the original imperfections of our characters, the tendencies of our age, or of our own time of life. Those, for instance, who are versed in dull crabbed work all day, of a kind which is always exercising the logical faculty and demanding minute, not to say vexatious criticism, would, during their leisure, do wisely

to expatiate in writings of a large and imaginative nature. These, however, are often the persons who particularly avoid poetry and works of imagination, whereas they ought, perhaps, to cultivate them most. For it should be one of the frequent objects of every man who cares for the culture of his whole being, to give some exercise to those faculties which are not demanded by his daily occupations and not encouraged by his disposition.¹

Life being very short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books; and valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one, printed in excellent form, for a just price; but not in any vile, vulgar, or, by reason of smallness of type, physically injurious form, at a vile price. For we none of us need many books, and those which we need ought to be clearly printed on the best paper, and strongly bound.

I would urge upon every young woman to obtain as soon as she can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life; making her little library, of all the furniture in her room, the most studied and decorative piece, every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche.²

If there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects; and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less, frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit; and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought. I enter not now into any question of choice of books;

¹ Helps.² Ruskin.

only be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly.¹

Reading suitable books stores the mind with facts and principles; reflection converts those facts and principles into a real mental aliment, and thus quickens the soul into growth; while writing tends to precision of thought and beauty of expression. Every young lady should, therefore, read much, reflect more, and write as frequently and carefully as she has opportunity.²

NOVELS.—We find almost the whole world engaged in novel-reading. Many of the wise and good shake their heads over it. Careful and conscientious parents place fiction under ban in their households. The pulpit fulminates against it, even if the church fail in terms to proscribe it. Signal instances of its sad effects upon the mind and the morals are portrayed in the issues of the Tract Society, but still the reading goes on; and from one to one hundred editions of every work find buyers and readers. If the novel is not read openly, it is read in secret; if not by sun-light, by gas-light; if not in the house, or under genial sanction, then in the barn, or under a green tree. Why all this swallowing of so much that is trash? Why this almost indiscriminate devotion to worth and worthlessness? Is this all from a debased or morbid appetite? By no means. You will find the high and the low all agreed upon a work of fiction from the pen of genuine genius, true to its mission. Mr. Dickens and Mrs. Stowe will have the most convenient shelf of the library of him who reads "The Devil's Darning Needle: a Tale of Love, Madness, and Suicide," as well as that of the man of high and chastened tastes.

Life! Life! This is the cry of the multitude—life, true and chaste and beautiful—life that shall nourish and enrich us, if

¹ Ibid.

² Rev. Daniel Wise.

we can get it, but life of some kind—life of any kind—rather than none.¹

So universally accepted is the novel that it has become one of the favorite instruments of reform. If a great wrong is to be righted, the sentiments, convictions, and efforts of the people are directed against it through the means of a novel. It is mightier to this end than conventions, speeches, editorials, and popular rebellions. If a social iniquity is to be uncovered that it may be cured, the pen of the novelist is the power employed. The adventurer, the drunkard, the libertine, the devotee of fashion and folly, are all punctured and impaled by the same instrument, and held up to the condemnation or contempt of the world. At the same time, we are compelled to look to our novels rather than to our histories and biographies for our finest and purest idealizations of human character and human society. There is nothing more real and nothing more inspiring in all history and cognate literature than the characters which fiction, by the hands of its masters, has presented to the world.

There was a time when the church was afraid of the novel; and it is not to be denied that there are bad novels—novels which ought not to be read, and which are read simply because there are people as bad as the novels are—but the church itself is now the most industrious producer of the novel. It is found next to impossible to induce a child to read anything but stories, and therefore the shelves of our Sunday-school libraries are full of them. These stories might be better, yet they undoubtedly contain the best presentation of religious truth that has been made to the infantile mind. The pictures of character and life that are to be found in a multitude of these books can not fail of giving direction and inspiration to those for whom they are

¹ Holland.

painted. Among much that is silly and preposterous and dissipating, there is an abundance that is wholesome and supremely valuable. Religious novels, too, have become a large and tolerably distinct class of books, of very wide acceptance and usefulness in the hands of men and women. The church, least of all estates, perhaps, could now afford to dispense with the novel, because it is found that the novel will be produced and universally consumed.¹

After biography, no reading can be made more profitable, if the substructure of education has been attended to, than novels. Of course, they must be read for something beyond sensations—as products of art and of thought.

A library of novels is like a gallery of pictures. One man saunters through the gallery and sees what the pictures are about—one is a battle-piece, one a sunset in Italy, one a love scene, one a Madonna, one a mountain range, one a sea-storm. Another man goes through the gallery, sits before the chief pictures, and sees what the artists were about—what is the range of the powers of each, the degrees of their technical skill, and the directions in which they lie open to the Infinite. The first man sees the paint—all of it; the second man sees the paintings. The first has whiled away an hour, and had a sensation; the last has enjoyed himself intelligently, and fed his mind. Novels—good ones—have all the range and all the characteristics of the higher classes of paintings—color, tone, grouping, precision of drawing, perspective, and the quality of the lesson, or the elevation of spirit, that looks out through all. And when read with one eye to the story (the left eye) and the other (the right) to the art of the book, the pleasure is intellectually as profitable as it is noble. . . . What is more dreary than moral philosophy, or the abstract discussion of questions of ethics bearing on

¹ Ibid.

the grades of sentiments and conflicts of duties? But no question was ever raised, possibly, by the acutest casuist which has not been set at work, vitally and dramatically, in some modern novel. And if all novel-readers were compelled, when they close a book, to write out the main doctrine or proposition which is the axis of the incidents and plot, it would be better for their moral education than if they could listen once a week to the best lecture on ethics that is delivered by the foremost professor in civilization.

One of the most practical, impressive, and strong-headed preachers in this country is a constant student of novels. They are the staple of his reading. They furnish him with a museum of characters, and with revelations of the status and needs of modern society which no other reading could furnish. He sees the world, he tastes life, by means of them, as we all may if we will approach them for something besides their pepper and salt, for what their condiments merely flavor. And I have often thought that the pulpit could not do better, with one sermon in every quarter, than by preaching on the health or disease of the most prominent novel which all parishioners are reading, and showing wherein and how far its main characters illustrate or reject the spirit of life which glows through the incidents of the four Gospels from "the Word made flesh."¹

Not to read Fiction now-a-days would be to make a vow of ignorance, and count reading heretical. Imaginative literature never had so wide or so beneficent a reign. It is multiplying readers immensely, and supplying them with an infinite variety of healthful food. The greatest trouble is lest the appetite should grow tyrannical, and refuse anything in other forms. . . . Mere foolish readers, who fly from novel to novel, good, bad, or indifferent, whose only thought is amusement, forget

¹ King.

what is due to themselves, and dissipate what powers they have. Coleridge was right in saying that this unsettledness and dislike of real mental work was one of the greatest evils of excessive liking for light reading. Make the Novel an indulgence, not a pursuit; turn to it as a rest after work, not in place of conscientious industry, and read only the best.¹

Would you admit a thief to your cabinet of jewels? Would you invite a base profligate to your society? Nay. The question itself pains you. Pardon me, lady; I would not willingly inflict the slightest wound on your spirit, but I must deal frankly with you, or forfeit my claims of friendship. Hearken, therefore, to my statement. If you are an *indiscriminating* novel reader, you admit both thieves and profligates, not merely to your society, but to your most intimate companionship—yea, into the palace of your soul. Novels rob you of a higher pleasure than they afford, since the same attention to solid reading would procure you a loftier, purer pleasure; hence, they are thieves who rob you of real delight. Then, what are their heroes, chiefly, but villains, robbers, profligates, and murderers? These you take to your fellowship, listen to their language, grow interested in their adventures, and imbibe a portion of their spirit; for all this is necessarily implied in the devotion with which your tossed and excited mind follows them in the windings of their history. Can your soul be a bright mirror, in which none but pure images are reflected, after such reading? Can they leave you wholly free from sympathy with impure thought? Can you escape contamination? Nay. As soon might the mirror be undimmed in the densest fog, or a person walk undefiled through an overflowing ditch.¹

Read but few novels, and with carefulest selection, and at decided intervals of time. I would have two objects in view,

Geikie. ² Wise.

varying them according to the end, namely, amusement and knowledge of life.

Every hard worker is entitled to a holiday now and then. Treat yourself to a novel as you take a pleasure trip, and, because you do it rarely, let it be a good one. We have a friend who prays that his life may be spared till he has read all of the *Waverley*, for he will not dull his interest in one by soon taking up another. Having selected your novel with something of the care you would choose a wife, give yourself up to it; lend to its fancy the wings of your own imagination, revel in it without restraint; drink its wine; keep step with its passion; float on its tide, whether it glides serenely to happy ends, or sweeps dark and tumultuous to tragic destinies.

Such reading is not only a fine recreation, but of highest value, especially to business men. It cultivates what the American lacks by nature, and doubly lacks through social atmosphere—namely, *sentiment*; by which I mean responsiveness to the higher and finer truths.

But the main use of the novel is to unfold character and society; this is its vocation—to depict life. It may be historical, domestic, social, psychological, political, or religious, but its theme is *life*. Its value consists in the fidelity of the picture and the literary charm with which it is invested. When I read a novel of Thackeray my knowledge of man is increased. I get broader views of humanity. I see what a wide, deep, complex thing life is. Hence I will read no novels but the best, since they alone can show me life as it is; and above all things I must not think of life falsely. We might live virtuously while holding that the world is flat, but not if we were deceived as to the shape and proportions of man. Ptolemaic astronomy were better than unnatural fiction.

If you ask who these best novelists are, I will venture to name those who, at least, head the column. Pardon the dry list: Scott, Cooper, Thackeray, Mrs. Stowe, Dickens, "George Eliot," Hawthorne, Mac Donald, Miss Bronte, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Whitney, Jane Austen, Bulwer, Lever, Mrs. Trollope, Charles Kingsley, Black, Howells, Blackmore; of foreign authors, Victor Hugo, Auerbach, Ruffini, and Ebers.¹

With respect to that sore temptation of novel-reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, but its overwrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious exciting literature, and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

I speak, therefore, of good novels only; and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, these books have serious use, being nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry; studies of human nature in the elements of it. But I attach little weight to this function; they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfill it.²

NEWSPAPERS.—What of newspapers and magazines? Read the former as a matter of business and necessity, and expect no advantage from them except as they report to you current events. I must know what is going on in the world; I buy the newspaper to tell me, and for no other reason. If the keen-eyed editor puts a few of the events together, and says they point in this or that direction, I thank him, but keep a lookout for my-

¹ Munger.² Ruskin.

self. I ask of him chiefly facts, events, the daily history of the globe. As a mental discipline, the reading of newspapers is hurtful. What can be worse for the mind than to think of forty things in ten minutes? It is commonly understood that the great editors pursue a definite course of continuous study for the sake of mental integrity, and as a defense against the dissipation of their daily work.

Magazines, the monthlies and quarterlies, fall into a different category. They often contain solid and thorough pieces of thought and information, and are the channels of much of the best current literature. But beware of the magazine story, except it be from a master; and as for serials—to read a good story thus is a self-inflicted cruelty.¹

Next to the Bible, the *newspaper*—swift-winged, and everywhere present, flying over the fences, shoved under the door, tossed into the counting-house, laid on the work-bench, hawked through the cars! All read it: white and black, German, Irishman, Swiss, Spaniard, American, old and young, good and bad, sick and well, before breakfast and after tea, Monday morning, Saturday night, Sunday and week day!

I now declare that I consider the newspaper to be the grand agency by which the Gospel is to be preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, heaven rejoiced, and God glorified.

In the clanking of the printing-press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth: "Lazarus, come forth!" And to the retreating surges of darkness: "Let there be light!" In many of our city newspapers professing no more than secular information there have appeared, during the past ten years, some of the grandest appeals in behalf of religion, and some of the most

¹ Munger.

effective interpretation of God's government among the nations. That man has a shriveled heart who begrudges the five pennies he pays to the newsboy who brings the world to his feet.

There are to-day connected with the editorial and reportorial corps of newspaper establishments men of the highest culture and most unimpeachable morality, who are living on the most limited stipends, martyrs to the work to which they feel themselves called. . . . But we are all aware that there is a class of men in towns and cities who send forth a baleful influence from their editorial pens. There are enough bad newspapers weekly poured out into the homes of our country to poison a vast population. In addition to the home manufacture of iniquitous sheets, the mail-bags of other cities come in gorged with abominations. New York scoops up from the sewers of other cities, and adds to its own newspaper filth. And to-night, lying on the tables of this city, or laid away on the shelf, or in the trunk, for more private perusal, are papers the mere mention of the names of which would send a blush to the cheek, and make the decent and Christian world cry out: "God save the city!" . . .

A bad newspaper scruples not at any slander. It may be that, to escape the grip of the law, the paragraphs will be nicely worded, so that the suspicion is thrown out and the damage done without any exposure to the law. Year by year thousands of men are crushed by the ink-roller. An unscrupulous man in the editorial chair may smite as with the wing of a destroying angel. What to him is commercial integrity, or professional reputation, or woman's honor, or home's sanctity? It seems as if he held in his hand a hose, with which, while all the harpies of sin were working at the pumps, he splashed the waters of death upon the best interests of society. . . .

The bad newspaper stops not at publishing the most damaging and unclean story. The only question is: "Will it pay?" And there are scores of men who, day by day, bring into the newspaper offices manuscripts for publication which unite all that is pernicious; and, before the ink is fairly dry, tens of thousands are devouring with avidity the impure issue. Their sensibilities deadened, their sense of right perverted, their purity of thought tarnished, their taste for plain life despoiled—the printing-press, with its iron foot, hath dashed their life out! While I speak, there are many people, with feet on the ottoman, and the gas turned on, looking down on the page, submerged, mind and soul, in the perusal of this God-forsaken periodical literature, and the last Christian mother will have put the hands of the little child under the coverlet for the night before they will rouse up, as the city clock strikes the hour of midnight, to go death-struck to their prayerless pillows.¹

AMUSEMENTS.—The mind ought sometimes to be amused, that it may the better return to thought, and to itself.²

If those who are the enemies of innocent amusements had the direction of the world, they would take away the spring and youth, the former from the year, the latter from human life.³

It is very important that people who have passed forty years of age do not forget that once they were boys and girls. That memory seems from a multitude to have been obliterated. Put yourself back twenty or forty years ago, and see what you needed then. Rheumatism is incompetent to make laws for sound ankles. Do not demand that people have the tastes of old age before they get into the thirties. Don't expect golden-rod and china-asters to bloom on a May morning. The people who start life aged in preferences are the people who, after a

¹ Talmage.² Phædrus.³ Balzac.

while, bore the life out of prayer-meetings and make religion a snuffling cant, and disgust the world with that which ought to be attractive. You can't improve upon the Divine plan, and when God made boys and girls He intended them to be boys and girls until called to other conditions. They will come to the hard tug of life soon enough.¹

One can not be always working, eating, and sleeping. There must be time for relaxation, time for mental pleasures, time for bodily exercise.

There is a profound meaning in the word "amusement;" much more than most people are disposed to admit. In fact, amusement is an important part of education. It is a mistake to suppose that the boy or the man who plays at some out-door game is wasting his time. Amusement of any kind is not wasting time, but economizing life.

Relax and exercise frequently, if you would enjoy good health. If you do not relax, and take no exercise, the results will soon appear in bodily ailments which always accompany sedentary occupations. "The students," says Lord Derby, "who think they have not time for bodily exercise will, sooner or later, find time for illness."

There are people in the world who would, if they had the power, hang the heavens about with crape; throw a shroud over the beautiful and life-giving bosom of the planet; pick the bright stars from the sky; veil the sun with clouds; pluck the silver moon from her place in the firmament; shut up our gardens and fields, and all the flowers with which they are bedecked; and doom the world to an atmosphere of gloom and cheerlessness. There is no reason or morality in this, and there is still less religion. . . .

Make a man happy, and his actions will be happy too; doom

¹ Talmage.

him to dismal thoughts and miserable circumstances, and you will make him gloomy, discontented, morose, and probably vicious. Hence, coarseness and crime are almost invariably found among those who have never been accustomed to be cheerful; whose hearts have been shut against the purifying influences of a happy communion with nature, or an enlightened and cheerful intercourse with man. Man has a strong natural appetite for relaxation and amusement, and, like all other natural appetites, it has been implanted for a wise purpose. It can not be repressed, but will break out in one form or another. Any well-directed attempt to promote an innocent amusement is worth a dozen sermons against pernicious ones. If we do not provide the opportunity for enjoying wholesome pleasures, men will certainly find out vicious ones for themselves. Sydney Smith truly said: "In order to attack vice with effect, we must set up something better in its place."

Temperance reformers have not sufficiently considered how much the drinking habits of the country are the consequences of gross tastes, and of the too limited opportunities which exist in this country for obtaining access to amusements of an innocent and improving tendency. The workman's tastes have been allowed to remain uncultivated; present wants engross his thoughts; the gratification of his appetites is his highest pleasure; and when he relaxes, it is to indulge immoderately in beer or whisky.¹

If you are animated by right principles, and have awakened to the dignity of life, the subject of amusements may be left to settle itself. It is not a difficult, unless it is made a primary, question. When, however, amusements dominate the life; when they consume any considerable fraction of one's time or income; when they are found to be giving a tone to the thoughts; when

¹ Smiles.

they pass the line of moderation and run into excess; when they begin to be in any degree a necessity, having shaped the mind to their form, they grow vexatious, and become a difficult factor in the adjustment of conduct. . . .

The war of opinions is waged chiefly over the opera and theater. If the question were to take the form of indiscriminate and habitual attendance upon them, it would admit of quick answer. There is an old criticism of the stage that is not easily answered. It is twofold: the appeal to sensibilities is excessive; the scenic can not be made a vehicle of moral teaching, because the medium is one of unreality—in fine, because it is *acting*. If one were to choose the surest and speediest method of reducing himself to a mush of sensibility, let him steadily frequent the opera and theater. What emotion do they not stir? What good purpose do they confirm? . . . The opera gives us music in nearly the highest degree of the art. Human Society will never shut itself off from the realization of any true art, nor ought it to do so. Its instinctive course is to insist on the art, and trust to time and change to rid it of evil association. A like claim may be made for the theater; it is a field for the expression of the highest literature through a genuine art. Here is a solid fact that will never be wiped out. The stage has stood for three thousand years because it has a basis in human nature. It represents an art, and society never drops an art. The abuses that have clustered about it are enormous. In evil days it sinks to the bottom of the scale of decency, and in best days it hardly rises to the average. Still, it reflects society, and with the growing habit of attendance it has steadily gained in respectability. A long journey, however, is before it in this direction. "Oh, reform it altogether," prays Hamlet. But the drift is plain, and the final solution is apparent. Society will not drop

the stage, but will demand that it shall rise to its own standards, and be as pure as itself; decent people will have a decent stage. . . . Shall we never visit the theater? When the place is decent in its associations, when the play is pure and has some true worth, when the acting has the merit of art, I know of no principle that forbids it. But if, under these conditions, you see fit to attend, let it be no reason for visiting the average theater, nor let it represent a habit. The technical amusements should not be made *habits*; it is recreation—a very different thing—that is to be made habitual. . . .

I have said so much on amusements, chiefly in order to get them into a region of clear thought; but I have another and more difficult end in view—namely, to take you altogether away from them, or to lead you to regard them as but trivial secondary matters. They are not of the substance of life; they do not face the heights of our nature, but are turned toward the child-side of it. The dance, the game, the play, all quite innocent in themselves and involving something of art, are not the stuff out of which manhood is built, nor must they enter largely into it. We naturally connect them with early years, and expect them to drop their claims when life fully asserts itself.¹

Observe order in your amusements; that is, allow them no more than their proper place; study to keep them within due bounds; mingle them in a temperate succession with serious duties, and the higher business of life. Human life can not proceed to advantage without some measure of relaxation and entertainment. We require relief from care. We are not formed for a perpetual stretch of serious thought. By too intense and continued application, our feeble powers would soon be worn out. At the same time, from our propensity to ease and pleasure, amusement proves, among all ranks of men, the

¹ Munger.

most dangerous foe to order. For it tends incessantly to usurp and encroach, to widen its territories, to thrust itself into the place of more important concerns, and thereby to disturb and counteract the natural course of things. One frivolous amusement, indulged out of season, will often carry perplexity and confusion through a long succession of affairs.

Amusements, therefore, though they be of an innocent kind, require steady government to keep them within a due and limited province. But such as are of an irregular and vicious nature are not to be governed, but to be banished from every orderly society.¹

All styles of recreation are only intended to fit us for usefulness. Have any of you fallen under the delusion that your chief aim ought to be to enjoy yourself? Hand me a list of those people whom you find all hours of the day and evening in places of entertainment, and I will give you a list of people who are being sacrificed for both worlds. Pepper, salt, sugar and cinnamon are good and important in their places, but that would be an unhealthy repast in which there was nothing else on the table. Amusements and recreation are the spice and condiments of the solid feast of this life, but some of you over-pleasuring people are trying to feed your body, mind, and soul on condiments. Only those who have useful work to do, and do it well, are entitled to recreations. The Bible was not sarcastic, as is generally supposed, when it says: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment." It means to say: "Have a good time; have a real good time; but don't go into anything that the judgment throne will frighten. Don't forget your duties; don't forget your immortality."²

¹ Blair.² Talmage.

COMPANY.—For many years of our life we are forming ourselves upon what we observe in those about us. We learn not only their phrases, but their manners. The civility and courtesy which, in a well-ordered family, are constantly seen by its younger members, can not fail to influence their deportment, and, whatever their natural vulgarity may be, will dispose them to check its appearance. Let the descendant of the meanest cottager be placed from his infancy where he perceives every one mindful of decorum, the marks of his extraction are soon obliterated; at least, his carriage does not discover it. And, were the heir of a dukedom to be continually in the kitchen or stable, the young lord would soon be recognized only by his clothes and title: in other respects, he might be taken for the son of a groom or the scullion.¹

There is a certain magic or charm in company, for it will assimilate, and make you like to them, by much conversation with them; if they be good company, it is a great means to make you good, or confirm you in goodness; but if they be bad, it is twenty to one but they will infect and corrupt you. Therefore, be wary and shy in choosing and entertaining, or frequenting any company or companions; be not too hasty committing yourself to them; stand off a while till you have inquired of some (that you know by experience to be faithful) what they are; observe what company they keep; be not too easy to gain acquaintance, but stand off, and a distance yet awhile, till you have observed and learnt touching them. Men or women that are greedy of acquaintance, or hasty in it, are oftentimes snared in ill company before they are aware, and entangled so that they can not easily loose from it after, when they would.²

Never let yourself down: have no companions rather than

¹ Dean Bolton.² Sir M. Hale.

bad ones. A poor scholar is as much a gentleman, if his mind be on a level with his calling, as if he had an estate; but the owner of a county, with the mind of a chuff or churl, is beneath you. What a man's father was is indifferent, if he were honest, and have transmitted no shame to his children. There is a peerage of poverty as much as of title—a peerage both intellectual and moral. Want of money is no disgrace, else we have to lament His to whom we all look; the trouble is when the man is poor as well as his purse. Refinement of mind, thirst for knowledge, sensibility, and high principle are the grandest court robes. I know no finer type of young manhood than he who, fired by a divine impulse, has consecrated himself to knowledge, and, through many struggles, is true to his vow. The republic of letters and that of worth know no titles but their own. The gentleman is not an affair of clothes or purse. Descent, hereditary culture, the influence of conscious power that comes with gentle birth, are gifts of God; but there are other gifts with which they can make alliance where all these are wanting. But be sure you are not sentimental merely, and that you do not see qualities that do not exist, for companionship never levels up, where the inequality is essential, but always levels down.

Any sign of want of principle should make you draw back at once from intimacy, or even acquaintance. Never think any instance too trifling. A chink lets in light enough to show what full day would do. A trifle is often the only test you can have, and shows rottenness as much as a speck of mold on ripe fruit. Rely on it, the wind may be judged by a feather. Dishonor of any kind; a thought of dishonesty; any coquetting with a lie, if even with equivocation only; undutifulness in any relationships; wrong done, or even proposed, to employers; want of

heart or conscience in any indication, however slight, are vanes that show the currents of the soul.

Cowper was right:

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
(Yet wanting sensibility), the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

To give pain for amusement, whether by a word or an act, argues moral defect; want of thought may by chance wound, but the regret that follows discovery atones for the error. Want of heart plays with feelings, and laughs at the pain it can not comprehend. . . .

Have nothing to do with one who jests at what you or others think sacred. To have no reverence is to want the higher manhood. A light mocker is a mere fribble in soul. Religion and religious men, serious and earnest, are far above any laughter. With the pale kingdoms so near, and the throne of God shining through the vast heavens, joking is quite out of place on such things. . . . A sneer is of the pit, and idiot laughter is infinitely beneath the poorest psalm singing.¹

No man, in effect, doth accompany with others, but he learneth, ere he is aware, some gesture, voice, or fashion.²

Look well to this matter of companions. Evil influences are not resistible. They may not always overcome, but they inevitably hurt. . . .

Resolutely avoid all companionship that falls below your taste and standard of right. If it offends you, reject it with instant decision; a second look is dangerous. Pope is now so little read that his wise lines may seem new:

¹ Gelkie.

² Bacon.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Familiarity with evil—the familiarity of contact or intimate knowledge—never ceases to be dangerous to any one. It is the glory and perfection of female virtue that it does not know evil.¹

CONVERSATION.—Remember that talking is one of the fine arts—the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult—and that its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note. Therefore conversation which is suggestive rather than argumentative, which lets out the most of each talker's results of thought, is commonly the pleasantest and the most profitable. It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them.²

When we are in the company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things—their good opinion, and our own improvement; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.³

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.⁴

Hazlitt tells us that the best converser he ever knew was the best listener. "I mean Northcote, the painter. Painters, by their profession, are not bound to shine in conversation, and they shine the more. He lends his ear to an observation as if you had brought him a piece of news, and enters into it with as much avidity and earnestness as if it interested him personally." Romilly was a similar talker; his conversation never indicated a wish to display, but flowed from the abundance of a refined

Munger.

* Holmes.

* Colton.

* Lavater.

and richly informed understanding. Carlyle, on the other hand, is a poor listener. He gives no one else a chance, but, according to Margaret Fuller, bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority, raising his voice and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound.¹

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was unsociable, and even irritable, when pressed into conversation. Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meager and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse, and stupid; he could not describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved. Corneille, in conversation, was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company and suck *his* wine and *their* humors. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox, in conversation, never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious. Grotius was talkative. Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Burke was eminently entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity: he soared into every region, and was at home in all. Dr. Birch dreaded a pen as he did a torpedo; but he could

¹ Mathews.

talk like running water. Dr. Johnson wrote monotonously and ponderously, but in conversation his words were close and sinewy; and "if his pistol missed fire, he knocked down his antagonist with the butt of it." Coleridge, in his conversation, was full of acuteness and originality. Leigh Hunt has been well termed the philosopher of hope, and likened to a pleasant stream in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs. Fisher Ames was a powerful and effective orator, and not the less distinguished in the social circle. He possessed a fluent language, a vivid fancy, and a well-stored memory.¹

When Dr. Johnson was asked by Mr. Boswell how he had attained to his extraordinary excellence in conversation, he replied, he had no other rule or system than this: that, whenever he had anything to say, he tried to say it in the best manner he was able. It is this perpetual striving after excellence on the one hand, or the want of such effort on the other, which more than the original difference of gifts (certain and great as that difference may be) contributes to bring about the differences we observe in the works and characters of men.²

The house stands for comfort and for conversation, and parlors were misnamed if not peopled with ideas. Whatever may be spoken is here best spoken, and what may not be delicately implied is forbidden anywhere. Here is woman's world; here are the graces, the proprieties, the wit, the wisdom of discourse—woman's discretion presiding over all. And where women are, the better things are implied if not spoken. In the company of accomplished women one finds his best gifts at command, his happiest utterances. In the flow of discourse he dips into the sweetness and depth of his mother tongue to bring forth its riches of sentiment and of phrase. Remarkable, too, with what salient sense and sparkle the sex are trained in this genial

¹ A. W. Chambers.² Gladstone.

school, how readily they in conversation bring forth the full opulence of speech to the surprise and confusion of scholars and men of social accomplishments, their wise tongues silencing the egotists who may venture on a tilt with them.

Oft woman's wit prompts and prevails
When man's best counsel halts and fails.

Nor is she a stranger to the decorum of silence; for

Though discreetly speak, she can
Still be silent rather than
Talk while others may be heard,
As if she did hate, or feared
Their condition who will force
All to wait on their discourse.

True intercourse involves the interplay of the feminine and masculine forces. Heart and head appear and disappear in alternate rhyme of sentiment and thought, giving soul and body to the argument. Only as idealists persons meet gracefully. The tender touch is most effective, the best in each answering to the best in all. It is this modesty and docility of bearing that constitute the charm of discourse—a hospitality given to opinions of diverse shades of difference, along with a depth of insight that seizes the truths underlying the extremes, however wide these may appear. The diffident accost each other with a certain coy respectfulness, having its rise in self-reverence, a regard for persons and principles. The obtrusive egotists,

Bred ere manners were the fashion,
And their beginnings set them free
Alike from honor and civility,

may best be left to solve the Socratic paradox at their leisure.

To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of the ignorant. Modesty and docility render one teachable; then reverence and civility are possible. He who has not surveyed himself thus personally excludes himself from society, remains still in his den of individualism, that burrow of the baser nature. "The right society among men consists in the communication of reason and discourse, and not, as with beasts, to graze in the same pasture."¹

RIGHT USE OF SPEECH.—Words, words, words, good and bad, loud and soft, millions in the hour, innumerable in the day, unimaginable in the year—what, then, in the life? What in the history of a nation? What in that of the world? And not one of them is ever forgotten. There is a book where they are all set down.²

Oh! let the thought add dignity, add solemnity, add truthfulness, add absolute and perfect purity, add sacred and illimitable charity to all we say! . . . Our duty is to see that all our words be holy words, true words, clean words, charitable words; our effort, if herein we would live nobly, should be to avoid all impurity, all impiety, all malice, and all lies. . . . Other sins offer at least some ghastly simulacrum of a pleasure, or some poor excuse of a temptation; this sin of swearing offers none. What? to use the name of God, and of God's most dread judgments, in the mere riotous intemperance of brainless speech!—to fling about thoughts so dread that they should be immured, "like the garden of Eden with the swords of the cherubim," and to prostitute them into petulant curses or idle expletives—one hardly knows whether most to admire the stupidity of such a degradation or to detest its guilt. But remember that there are other, and, alas! far commoner ways of taking God's word in vain. You may take it in vain by the irreverent utterance of a petition, by the empty repetition of a creed, by the undevo-

¹ Alcott.² Dean Alford.

tional singing of a hymn: you may take it in vain as you read a lesson in chapel, or say a grace in hall—ay, take it in vain, though the lips move not, as you join in acts of adoration and listen to words of prayer. Oh, let there be reverence among us for sacred things. . . .

More criminal even than irreverence, more degrading even than falsehood, more pestilent even than slander—oh, if there be a sin which needs "the fiery whip of an exterminating angel," it is the sin of those who degrade one of the highest gifts of God to do the vilest office of His enemies. What should we think of one who smeared the walls of a city with the elements of plague? what of him who, on the most dangerous headlands, kindled, of purpose, the wrecker's fire? Yet even he would be doing the devil's work less obviously and less perilously than he who, into the ear of another, pours the leprous distillment of his own most evil thoughts. The influence of such words is truly baleful; their effects often terribly permanent. They paint the soul's inmost chambers with unhallowed imagery; they break on its holiest memories with satanic songs. The troubled sea, when it can not rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt—raging waves, foaming out their own shame—such are the Scripture metaphors for these.¹

Avoid the habit of *speaking carelessly*, using ungrammatical expressions, low phrases, unauthorized words, provincialisms, etc. This, you will say, is a very small matter; but if a neglect of such counsel should preclude your admission into more refined circles of society, it will prove to you a matter of some consequence. Wealth, station, influential connections, may do much toward securing respect; but vulgarity can counteract them all. Wit and intelligence, enchanting as they are, can not atone for those coarse expressions which denote ill-breeding and low con-

¹ Farrar.

ceptions. Many amiable ladies, whose connections are wealthy, of high official standing and great political influence, wonder why it is they are not admitted to the circles to which they aspire. Not a few of this class could solve the perplexing problem which embitters their existence, if they would pause over the hint just given. Pedantry and affectation are as much to be avoided as vulgarity. A pretended delicacy of expression is often a sign of real indelicacy of thought. Words are often corrupted by the channel through which they pass. To the pure all things are pure: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" We question the refinement which calls Hog Island Swine Island, and dog the "domestic quadruped which guards the habitation." The language of Paris is that of attenuated refinement; yet it is the vehicle of the grossest moral pollution. Above all, shun every appearance of *profanity*. It is a sure sign of very bad breeding or a very bad heart.¹

It is a very common thing for young women to indulge in hyperbole. A pretty dress is very apt to be "perfectly splendid;" a disagreeable person is too often "perfectly hateful;" a party in which the company enjoyed themselves somehow becomes transmuted into the "most delightful thing ever seen." A young man of respectable parts and manly bearing is very often "such a magnificent fellow!" The adjective "perfect," that stands so much alone as never to have the privilege of help from comparatives and superlatives, is sadly overworked, in company with several others of the intense and extravagant order. The result is that, by the use of such language as this, your opinion soon becomes valueless.

A woman who deals only in superlatives demonstrates at once the fact that her judgment is subordinate to her feelings, and that her opinions are entirely unreliable. All language thus

¹ Bishop Thomson.

loses its power and significance. The same words are brought into use to describe a ribbon in a milliner's window as are employed in the endeavor to do justice to Thalberg's execution of Beethoven's most heavenly symphony. The use of hyperbole is so common among women that a woman's criticism is generally without value. Let me insist upon this thing. Be more economical in the use of your mother tongue. Apply your terms of praise with precision; use epithets with some degree of judgment and fitness. Do not waste your best and highest words upon inferior objects, and find that when you have met with something which really is superlatively great and good, the terms by which you would distinguish it have all been thrown away upon inferior things—that you are bankrupt in expression. If a thing is simply good, say so; if pretty, say so; if very pretty, say so; if fine, say so; if very fine, say so; if grand, say so; if sublime, say so; if magnificent, say so; if splendid, say so. These words all have different meanings, and you may say them all of as many different objects, and not use the word "perfect" once. That is a very large word. You will probably be obliged to save it for application to the Deity, or to his works, or to that serene rest which remains for those who love him.

Young women are very apt to imbibe another bad habit, namely, the use of slang. I was walking along the street the other day, when I met an elegantly dressed lady and gentleman upon the sidewalk. My attention was the more attracted to them because they were evidently strangers. At any rate, they impressed me as being very thoroughly refined and genteel people. As I came within hearing of their voices—they were quietly chatting along the way—I heard these words from the woman's lips: "You may bet your life on that." I was disgusted. I could almost have boxed her ears. I remember

once being in the company of a belle—one who had had a winter's reign in Washington. Some kind of game was in progress, when, in a moment of surprise, she exclaimed: "My gracious!" Now, you may regard this as a finical notion, but I tell you that woman fell as flatly in my esteem as if she had uttered an oath. A lady, fresh from Paris, once informed me that it would do the residents of a certain quiet village a great deal of good to be "stirred up with a long pole."

I would by no means insinuate that all young women use slang as coarse as this, but I acknowledge to have heard phrases as coarse as these from friends whom I really esteem. Is not the use of these phrases, and of phrases like them, whose number is legion, a very vulgar habit? It seems so to me, and I can hear them from the lips of no pretty woman except with pain, and a certain degree of diminution of my respect for her. The habit certainly detracts from womanly dignity. It can be dropped without the slightest danger of going into that extreme of precision in the use of language which takes out all the life and freedom from social intercourse. Slang is bad enough in young men, and they indulge in far too much of it; but in a young woman it is disgusting. It is not the outgrowth of fine natures; it is not accordant with refined taste. Any young woman who indulges in it does it at a very sad expense to her mind and manners and reputation. Therefore, beware of it; discard it; guard the door of your lips, and leave it to those coarse specimens of your sex of whose natures and habits of thought it is the natural and fitting expression.¹

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—This world is a house of instruction. It is not a prison, nor a penitentiary, nor a palace of ease, nor an amphitheater for games and spectacles; it is a school. And this view of life is the only one that goes to the depths of the

¹ Holland.

philosophy of life; the only one that answers the great question, solves the great problem of life. For what is life given? If for enjoyment alone, if for suffering merely, it is a chaos of contradictions. But, if for moral and spiritual learning, then everything is full of significance, full of wisdom. And this view, too, is of the utmost practical importance. It immediately presents to us and presses upon us the question: What are we learning? And is not this, truly, the great question? When your son comes home to you at the annual vacation, it is the first question in your thoughts concerning *him*; and you ask him, or you ask for the certificates and testimonials of his teachers, to give you some evidence of his learning. At every passing term in the great school of life, also, this is the all-important question. What has a man got from the experience, discipline, opportunity of any past period? Not what has he gathered together in the shape of any tangible good, but what has he got—in that other and eternal treasure-house, his mind? . . .

Life, I repeat, is a school. The periods of life are its terms; all human conditions are but its forms, all human employments its lessons. Families are the primary departments of this moral education; the various circles of society its advanced stages; kingdoms are its universities; the world is but the material structure, built for the administration of its teachings; and it is lifted up in the heavens and borne through its annual circuits for no end but this. . . .

With what an early care and wonderful apparatus does Providence begin the work of human education! An infant being is cast upon the lap of nature, not to be supported or nourished only, but to be instructed. The world is its school. All elements around are its teachers. Long ere it is placed on the first form before the human master it has been at school, inasmuch

that a distinguished statesman has said, with equal truth and originality, that he had probably obtained more ideas by the age of five or six years than he has acquired ever since. And what a wonderful ministration is it! What mighty masters are there for the training of infancy in the powers of surrounding nature! What a finer influence than any human dictation—they penetrate the secret places of that embryo soul, and bring it into life and light! . . .

So begins the education of man in the school of life. It were easy, did the time permit, to pursue it into its successive stages; into the period of youth, when the senses, not yet vitiated, are to be refined into grace and beauty, and the soul is to be developed into reason and virtue; of manhood, when the strength of the ripened passions is to be held under the control of wisdom, and the matured energies of the higher nature are to be directed to the accomplishment of worthy and noble ends; of age, which is to finish, with dignity, the work begun with ardor; which is to learn patience in weakness, to gather up the fruits of experience into maxims of wisdom, to cause virtuous activity to subside into pious contemplation, and to gaze upon the visions of heaven, through the parting veils of earth.¹

All life is an education. I use the word not of books, not of science, not of language, but in its very widest sense, of that wisdom which is far loftier than knowledge, because it is health of mind, and self-content, and well-directed industry, and perfect kindliness. The true education of life—and, for all we know, it may go on even beyond the grave—is never attained until the awful, eternal difference between right and wrong is fully, finally, personally, practically, irrevocably learned. Alas! the experience of every day teaches us that the lesson, which looks so simple, is in reality terribly difficult; at all times, I

¹ Dewey.

fear, and especially in youth, we get easily confused in our judgments about wrong-doing; easily blunted in the edge of our moral sense; easily apt to estimate the seriousness of sin, only by the gravity of its consequences, not by the fatality of its nature. "I saw in Rome," says a modern writer, "an old coin, a silver denarius, all coated and crusted with green and purple rust. I called it rust, but I was told that it was copper; the alloy thrown out from the silver until there was none left within—the silver was all pure. It takes ages to do it, but it does get done. Souls are like that. Something moves in them slowly, till the debasement is all thrown out. Some day perhaps the very tarnish shall be taken off." Well, there is this alloy, this tarnish in all of us, and the education of life is to purge it all away; if we do not do this ourselves, God in mercy helps us to do it by sorrows, by disappointments, by failures, by judgments,

By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate!

Such an estimate surely lends an ennobling and attractive aspect to human life. It transfigures and glorifies the whole course of it. It lends "the consecration and the poet's dream" to the hard, dry facts of human life. The merchant, amid the multiplicity of his engagements and avocations, may think that he is forming and disciplining some special faculty which it has been given him to cultivate, and which may be developed hereafter. The humblest laborer who tills the soil may, in the same way, cultivate the garden of his own soul, and may believe that he is sowing seed that will yield fruit a hundred-fold. Such a theory shows that, not in retirement and separation from the world, but in the energies and activities of life are the true

¹ Farrar.

means of man's highest culture to be found. It will not deprive life of its happiness or its innocent gayety, but will rather give the settled sunshine of a heart which is firmly based on that serene, deep love. Here, then, we have the expression of the belief that human gifts and faculties, here vouchsafed, are the embryo and blossom of what shall be fully developed hereafter.¹

Our life may be food to us, or may, if we will have it so, be poison; but one or the other it must be. Whichever and whatever it is, beyond all doubt it is eminently real. So, merely as the day and the night alternately follow one another, does every day when it yields to darkness, and every night when it passes into dawn, bear with it its own tale of the results which it has silently wrought upon each of us, for evil or for good. The day of diligence, duty, and devotion leaves it richer than it found us; richer sometimes, and even commonly, in our circumstances; richer always in ourselves. But the day of aimless lethargy, the day of passionate and rebellious disorder, or of a merely selfish and perverse activity, as surely leaves us poorer at its close than we were at its beginning. The whole experience of life, in small things and in great, what is it? It is an aggregate of real forces, which are always acting upon us, we also reacting upon them. It is in the nature of things impossible that, in their contact with our plastic and susceptible natures, they should leave us as we were; and to deny the reality of their daily and continual influence, merely because we can not register its results, as we note the changes of the barometer, from hour to hour, would be just as rational as to deny that the sea acts upon the beach because the eye will not tell us to-morrow that it has altered from what it has been to-day. If we fail to measure the results that are thus hourly wrought on shingle and in sand, it is not because those results are unreal, but because our vision is too

¹ Rev. F. Arnold.

limited in its powers to discern them. When, instead of comparing day with day, we compare century with century, then we may often find that land has become sea, and sea has become land. Even so we can perceive, at least in our neighbors—toward whom the eye is more impartial and discerning than toward ourselves—that, under the steady pressure of the experience of life, human characters are continually being determined for good or evil; are developed, confirmed, modified, altered, or undermined. It is the office of good sense, no less than of faith, to realize this great truth before we see it, and to live under the conviction that our life from day to day is a true, powerful, and searching discipline, molding us and making us, whether it be for evil or for good.

Nor are these real effects wrought by unreal instruments. Life and the world, their interests, their careers, the varied gifts of our nature, the traditions of our forefathers, the treasures of laws, institutions, usages of languages, of literature, and of art; all the beauty, glory, and delight with which the Almighty Father has clothed this earth for the use and profit of his children, and which evil, though it has defaced, has not been able utterly to destroy; all these are not merely allowable, but ordained and appointed instruments for the training of mankind.¹

LESSON OF ENERGY.—There is a multitude of ringing maxims with which the wise in all ages have tried to enforce this salutary lesson on idlers, unbelievers, and shivering deserters. Fortune favors the bold. God reaches us good things with our own hands. Little can be done for him who will himself do nothing. The laggards are left contemptuously behind, the weak are remorselessly trampled down, and the cowards are omitted in the distribution of prizes. Like it or dislike it, this is the law—namely, that we must either resolve and strive, or fail and die.

¹ Gladstone.

Nor will frenzied fits of enterprise answer. Determined, sober continuity of toil is necessary. The brawny arm and the heavy hammer are required to make the anvil of our opportunity ring, and to shape the stubborn masses of our fortune. Uncertainty, timidity, laziness, and enervation are the most fatal betrayers of men, while a believing and vital intrepidity is their surest guide to success. Volition must tread on the heels of desire; that is to say, we must *earn* what we would have by conquering the impediments to it and fearlessly seizing it. The optative mood should always lead in the imperative, a firm resolve chasing a worthy wish, if we would have the glorious indicatives of victory displace the wretched subjunctives of condition.

There are no obstacles which will not go down before the fire and charge of enthusiasm, heroism, clearness, and decision. Thrilling voices breathe from the monuments of the mighty dead, and thunder through the dome of fame the truth that determination, strength, and perseverance are the three champions of the world.¹

All that we call progress—civilization, well-being, and prosperity—depends upon industry diligently applied—from the culture of a barley-stalk to the construction of a steamship; from the stitching of a collar to the sculpturing of “the statue that enchants the world.”

All useful and beautiful thoughts, in like manner, are the issue of labor, of study, of observation, of research, of diligent elaboration. The noblest poem can not be elaborated, and send down its undying strains into the future, without steady and painstaking labor. No great work has ever been done “at a heat.” It is the result of repeated efforts, and often of many failures. One generation begins, and another continues—the present co-operating with the past. Thus, the Parthenon began

¹ Alger.

with a mud-hut; the “Last Judgment” with a few scratches on the sand. It is the same with individuals of the race. They begin with abortive efforts, which, by means of perseverance, lead to successful issues.¹

LESSON OF OBEDIENCE.—The first law that ever God gave to man was a law of pure obedience; it was a commandment naked and simple, wherein man had nothing to inquire after, or to dispute, forasmuch as to obey is the proper office of a rational soul, acknowledging a heavenly superior and benefactor. From obedience and submission spring all other virtues, as all sin does from self-opinion.²

That high virtue—the true school of empire—has two applications, a narrower and a wider, but the two are essentially connected. In the narrower sense it means the opposite of vain presumption, of spurious independence, of self-asserting importance; it means loyalty, humility, modesty of character and of demeanor, cheerful submission to just authority; in its wider—to which the narrower leads—it means the law of duty cheerfully accepted as the law of life.³

How false is the conception, how frantic the pursuit, of that treacherous phantom which men call Liberty! There is no such thing in the universe. There can never be. The stars have it not; the earth has it not; the sea has it not; and we men have the mockery and semblance of it only for our heaviest punishment.

The enthusiast would reply that by Liberty he meant the Law of Liberty. Then why use the single and misunderstood word? If by liberty you mean chastisement of the passions, discipline of the intellect, subjection of the will; if you mean the fear of inflicting, the shame of committing a wrong; if you mean respect for all who are in authority, and consideration for all who are in

¹ Smiles.

² Montaigne.

³ Farrar.

dependence; veneration for the good, mercy to the evil, sympathy with the weak;—if you mean, in a word, that service which is defined in the liturgy of the English Church to be “perfect Freedom,” why do you name this by the same word by which the luxurious mean license, and the reckless mean change; by which the rogue means rapine, and the fool equality; by which the proud mean anarchy, and the malignant mean violence? Call it by any name rather than this, but its best and truest test is, Obedience.¹

There can be no permanent peace for man until he has learned both in theory and practice the great lesson of submission to the necessary limits which hedge him in on every side, and to the inevitable disappointments he must meet at every step of his life. But when at last, be it early or be it late, he has really assimilated this profound truth, and transmuted it into instinctive habit, no matter what fortunes befall him, they will both find and leave him contented, serene, and trustful.²

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?—What fact more conspicuous in modern history than the creation of the gentleman? Chivalry is that, and loyalty is that, and, in English literature, half the drama, and all the novels, from Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Walter Scott, paint this figure.³

Two great errors, coloring, or rather discoloring, severally, the minds of the higher and lower classes, have sown wide dissension, and wider misfortune, through the society of modern days. These errors are in our modes of interpreting the word “gentleman.”

Its primal, literal, and perpetual meaning is “a man of pure race,” well bred, in the sense that a horse or dog is well bred.

The so-called higher classes, being generally of purer race than the lower, have retained the true idea, and the convictions

¹ Ruskin.² Alger.³ Emerson.

associated with it; but are afraid to speak it out, and equivocate about it in public; this equivocation mainly proceeding from their desire to connect another meaning with it, and a false one;—that of “a man living in idleness on other peoples’ labor;”—with which idea the term has nothing whatever to do.

The lower classes, denying vigorously, and with reason, the notion that a gentleman means an idler, and rightly feeling that the more any one works, the more of a gentleman he becomes, and is likely to become, have nevertheless got little of the good they otherwise might from the truth, because, with it, they wanted to hold a falsehood,—namely, that race was of no consequence. It being precisely of as much consequence in man as it is in any other animal.

The nation can not truly prosper till both these errors are finally got quit of. Gentlemen have to learn that it is no part of their duty or privilege to live on other people’s toil. They have to learn that there is no degradation in the hardest manual, or the humblest servile, labor, when it is honest. But that there *is* degradation, and that deep, in extravagance, in bribery, in indolence, in pride, in taking places they are not fit for, or in coining places for which there is no need. It does not disgrace a gentleman to become an errand boy, or a day laborer; but it disgraces him much to become a knave or a thief. And knavery is not the less knavery because it involves large interests, nor theft the less theft because it is countenanced by usage, or accompanied by failure in undertaken duty. It is an incomparably less guilty form of robbery to cut a purse out of a man’s pocket than to take it out of his hand, on the understanding that you are to steer his ship up channel, when you do not know the soundings.

On the other hand, the lower orders, and all orders, have to learn that every vicious habit and chronic disease communicates itself by descent; and that by purity of birth the entire system of the human body and soul may be gradually elevated, or, by recklessness of birth, degraded; until there shall be as much difference between the well-bred and ill-bred human creature (whatever pains be taken with their education) as between a wolf-hound and the vilest mongrel cur. And the knowledge of this great fact ought to regulate the education of our youth, and the entire conduct of the nation.¹

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him.²

A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the finest arts.³

A gentleman is a rarer thing than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant and elevated; who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners; but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out his list.⁴

A Christian is the Almighty's gentleman; a gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the word, is the devil's Christian.⁵

For what, I pray, is a gentleman? what properties hath he? what qualities are characteristic or peculiar to him, whereby he is distinguished from others and raised above the vulgar? Are they not especially two, courage and courtesy? which he that wanteth is not otherwise than equivocally a gentleman, as an

¹ Ruskin. ² Locke. ³ Emerson. ⁴ Thackeray. ⁵ Archdeacon Hare.

image or carcass is a man; without which gentility, in a conspicuous degree, is no more than a vain show or an empty name.¹

A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body, which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation; and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, simply, "fineness of nature." This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest and feel no touch of the boughs; but the white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle, and behave itself like iron. I do not mean to call an elephant a vulgar animal; but if you think about him carefully, you will find that his non-vulgarity consists in such gentleness as is possible to elephantine nature; not in his insensitive hide, nor in his clumsy foot; but in the way he will lift his foot if a child lies in his way; and in his sensitive trunk, and still more sensitive mind, and capability of pique on points of honor.

And, though rightness of moral conduct is ultimately the great purifier of race, the sign of nobleness is not in this rightness of moral conduct, but in sensitiveness. When the make of the creature is fine, its temptations are strong, as well as its perceptions; it is liable to all kinds of impressions from without in their most violent form; liable, therefore, to be abused and hurt by all kinds of rough things which would do a coarser creature little harm, and thus to fall into frightful wrong if its fate will have it so. Thus David, coming of gentlest as well as royalist race, of Ruth as well as of Judah, is sensitiveness through all flesh and spirit; not that his compassion will restrain him from murder when his terror urges him to it; nay, he is driven to the

murder all the more by his sensitiveness to the shame which otherwise threatens him. But when his own story is told him under a disguise, though only a lamb is now concerned, his passion about it leaves him no time for thought. "The man shall die"—note the reason—"because he had no pity." He is so eager and indignant that it never occurs to him as strange that Nathan hides the name. This is true gentleman. A vulgar man would assuredly have been cautious, and asked "who it was." Hence it will follow that one of the probable signs of high breeding in men generally will be their kindness and mercifulness, these always indicating more or less fineness of make in the mind, and miserliness and cruelty the contrary.¹

WHO IS A LADY?—Examples of ladyhood should not be sought in the Sultan's seraglio, for ladyhood implies independence of spirit and womanly self-respect, with ableness for self-direction; nor would one look for the higher illustrations in a community coarse and unfashioned, for ladyhood is an emanation from the heart, subtilized by culture. Nor would you be likely to come upon the finer type among the rings of the garish, bedizenized, recurrent whirl of fashion; for a continued blaze of publicity is no more favorable to the growth of ladyhood than is gaslight to the ripening of rose-buds. Ladies of the purest water hesitate not to enter Broadway, but they neither seek nor enjoy an ostentatious thoroughfare. The glare of its gaze, if too often submitted to, dries the auroral moisture which glistens on the countenance of ladyhood—aye, glistens when years have pinched the smoothness of outward beauty.

Only through example and authority can the lady be unfolded. The earthly angel of girlhood is matronly womanhood, ever hovering near its trust. Youth, permitted to be unbound and irreverent, runs into excesses, which sap its chasteness and its

¹ Ruskin.

strength. Of adolescence maturity is the guardian appointed by nature; and nature ever punishes with imprisonment a breach of her mandates. The guardianship of matrons over girls is the guardianship of their freedom, and freedom not thus guarded carries a latent chain in its temporary license.

Any, even the slightest, decrement of modesty lays a weight upon the spring of ladyhood, whose essence is a refined womanly self-consciousness. Nature's choicest product is woman; and modesty being the interior fount that suffuses her with spiritual bloom, ladyhood, as the consummate flower, the florescent acme of womanhood, a distillation from its superlatives, draws from this fount a perennial freshness. Thence, the wealthiest dower wherewith a maiden can enter womanhood is modest reserve. From this deep, clear, sparkling source are recruited all the feminine virtues of her life. We say modest reserve; for there is a cold and a proud reserve, and these are barren. Modesty implies warmth and a living store of power; denotes impulses, emotions, desires, to be directed, protected, controlled; and reserve betokens capacity to protect and control this palpitating material of conduct.

All integrants of being, the low and higher,
The lords of work, the visionary powers,
Leap with the lightnings of a holier fire,

in a woman whose speech and bearing are ever thus guarded.
A lady of the highest type is the unmatched

Delight of whate'er lives and wills and loves,
The central majesty to all that moves;

and, to be this, her life must be steadied, refreshed, empowered
by modest reserve.

If the nest wherein ladyhood is hatched be modesty, out of beauty, spiritual beauty, are wrought the wings wherewith it soars to its serene dominance. Of the higher type of ladyhood may always be said what Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that "unaffected freedom and conscious innocence gave her the attendance of the graces in all her actions." At its highest, ladyhood implies a spirituality made manifest in poetic grace. From the lady there exhales a subtler magnetism. Unconsciously she circles herself with an atmosphere of unruffled strength, which, to those who come into it, give confidence and repose. Within her influence the diffident grow self-possessed, the impudent are checked, the inconsiderate admonished; even the rude are constrained to be mannerly, and the refined are perfected; all spelled unawares by the charm of the flexible dignity, the commanding gentleness, the thorough womanliness of her look, speech, and demeanor. A sway, is this, purely spiritual. Every sway, every legitimate, every enduring sway, is spiritual, a regnancy of light over obscurity, of light over brutality. The only real gains we ever make are spiritual gains,—a further subjection of the gross to the incorporeal, of body to soul, of the animal to the human. The finest, the most characteristic acts of a lady involve a spiritual ascension, a going out of herself. In her being and bearing, patience, benignity, generosity, are the graces that give shape to the virtues of truthfulness. In the radiant reality of ladyhood the artificial and the conventional are naught. Different from, opposite to, the superpositions of art, or the dictates of mode, is the culture of the innate, the unfolding of the living; as different as the glow of health is from the cosmetic stain that would counterfeit its tint.¹

¹ Calvert.



THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOMESTIC ASPECTS.

Domestic happiness is the end of almost all our pursuits, and the common reward of all our pains. When men find themselves forever barred from this delightful fruition . . . they become bad subjects, bad relations, bad friends, and bad men. —FIELDING.

WIND and water wander round the world, and grow fresher for the journey. The lost diamond knows no difference between the dust where it lies and the bosom from which it fell; but everything that has vitality requires a home. Everything that lives seeks to establish permanent relations with that upon which it must depend for supplies. Every plant and every animal has its country, and in that country a favorite location, where it finds that which will give it the healthiest development and the most luxurious life. Maize will not grow in England, and oranges are not gathered in Lapland. The white bear pines and dies under the equator, and the lion refuses to live in polar latitudes. The elm of a century may not be transplanted with safety, unless a large portion of its home be taken with it. In jungles and dens, in root-beds and parasitic footholds, in rivers and brooks and bays, in lakes and seas, in cabins and tents and palaces—everything that lives, from the lowest animal and plant to the lordliest man—has a home, a place, or a region, with whose resources its vitality has established relations. . . . A homeless man, or a man hopeless

of home, is a ruined man. A man who, in the struggles of life, has no home to retire to, in fact or in memory, is without life's best rewards and life's best defenses. Away from home, shut off from the income of those influences which feed his life, from those relations along which the life of God is accustomed to flow to him, a man stands exactly where evil will the most readily get the mastery of him. A man is always nearest to his good when at home, and farthest from it when away.

One of the very first duties of life, I say again, is the establishment of a home which shall be to us and to our children the fountain and reservoir of our best life; and this home should be a permanent one, if possible. Home is the center of every true life, the place where all sweet affections are brought forth and nurtured, the spot to which memory clings the most fondly, and to which the wanderer returns most gladly. It is worth a life of care and labor to win for ourselves, and the dear children whom we love as ourselves, a home whose influence shall enrich us and them while life lasts. God pity the poor child who can not associate his youth with some dear spot where he drank in life's freshness, and shaped the character he bears!

The choosing of a home is one of the most momentous steps a man is ever called upon to make. If we plant a tree with the hope to sit some time beneath its shadow, and eat of its fruit, we do not plant it in the sand, or in a stream of running water. It is astonishing to see the multitudes that thoughtlessly plant their homes in moral and intellectual deserts—to see them building houses where there is no society, or only that which is bad, where the church-bell is never heard, and where a fertile and fruitful home life is absolutely impossible. For money men will rush from the healthful and pleasant country village to the feverish and stony city, or forsake a thousand privileges that are val-

uable beyond all price, and settle in a wilderness where the degeneration of their home is certain. Circumstances may force one into locations like these, but they can only be regarded as calamitous. Communion is the law of growth, and homes only thrive where they sustain relations with each other.

The sweetest type of heaven is home—nay, heaven itself is the home for whose acquisition we are to strive the most strongly. Home, in one form and another, is the great object of life. It stands at the end of every day's labor, and beckons us to its bosom, and life would be cheerless and meaningless did we not discern across the river that divides it from the life beyond glimpses of the pleasant mansions prepared for us.¹

That word *home* always sounds like poetry to me. It rings like a peal of bells at a wedding, only more soft and sweet, and it chimes deeper into the ears of my heart. It does not matter whether it means thatched cottage or manor house, home is home; be it ever so homely, there is no place on earth like it. Green grows the house-leek on the roof forever, and let the moss flourish on the thatch. Sweetly the sparrows chirrup and the swallows twitter around the chosen spot which is my joy and rest. Every bird loves its own nest; the owls think the old ruins the fairest spot under the moon, and the fox is of opinion that his hole in the hill is remarkably cozy. When my master's nag knows that his head is toward home, he wants no whip, but thinks it best to put on all steam; and I am always of the same mind, for the way home, to me, is the best bit of road in the country. I like to see the smoke out of my own chimney better than the fire on another man's hearth; there's something so beautiful in the way in which it curls up among the trees. Cold potatoes on my own table taste better than roast meat at my neighbor's, and the honeysuckle at my

¹ Holland.

own door is the sweetest I ever smell. When you are out friends do their best, but still it is not home. "Make yourself at home," they say, because everybody knows that to feel at home is to feel at ease.

East and west,
Home is best.¹

Is there any calamity more grave, or that more invokes the best good will to remove it, than this?—to go from chamber to chamber, and see no beauty; to find in the housemates no aim; to hear an endless chatter and blast; to be compelled to criticise; to hear only to dissent and to be disgusted; to find no invitation to what is good in us, and no receptacle for what is wise—this is a great price to pay for sweet bread and warm lodging—being defrauded of affinity, of repose, of genial culture, and the inmost presence of beauty. . . . A house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous, and not less noble than theirs.²

I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there was never a chair too good for a cobbler or cooper or king to sit in, never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a home for the sake of the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut.

¹ Spurgeon.

² Emerson.

Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garments, house, and furniture, is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole ship-loads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers of the world could gather together.¹

WOMAN.—The organization of the home depends, for the most part, upon woman. She is necessarily the manager of every family and household. How much, therefore, must depend upon her intelligent co-operation! Man's life revolves round woman. She is the sun of his social system. She is the queen of domestic life. The comfort of every home mainly depends upon her—upon her character, her temper, her power of organization, and her business management. A man may be economical, but unless there be economy at home his frugality will be comparatively useless. "A man can not thrive," the proverb says, "unless his wife let him."²

I have always said it—nature meant to make woman as its masterpiece.³

Honor to women! They twine and weave the roses of heaven into the life of man; it is they that unite us in the fascinating bonds of love; and, concealed in the modest veil of the Graces, they cherish carefully the external fire of delicate feeling with holy hands.⁴

There is a deep to which reason goes down with its flambeau in its hand; there is a height to which imagination goes up, on wide wings borne; and that is the deep of philosophy, that is the height of eloquence and song. But there is a deeper depth, where reason goes not, a higher height, where imagination never wanders; and that is the deep of justice, that is the height of love. It is the great wide heaven of religion. Conscience goes

¹ Parker.

² Smiles.

³ Lessing.

⁴ Schiller.

down there, affection goes up there, the soul lives up there. And that is the place of woman. Woman has gone deeper in justice, and has gone higher in love and trust, than man has gone.¹

There is one in the world who feels for him who is sad a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honor more than in any which is one's own; there is one on whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than one's own; there is one who loses all sense of *self* in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness, and devotion to another—that one is woman.²

Woman is superior to man in taste; her songs are more sweet and tender; her epistles more bright and sparkling; her delineations of character more accurate, and her descriptions of nature more perfect. Her mind, like an unruffled sea, reflects the forms and hues of all things around and above it.

Chiefly does her moral sensibility evince superior delicacy; her views of right are generally more vivid, and her moral impulses more powerful. Pity, gentleness, and compassion are among her marked characteristics. The stranger who is driven from the abode of the savage, by man, may hope to find mercy from woman. It is woman that, in her pity, can administer relief to the bleeding or dying invader of her country at the risk and even at the cost of life—and who, at the couch of suffering or of death, like unto a wife, a sister, or a mother?³

For woman is not undevelop'd man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this—
Not like to like, but like in difference:

¹Parker.²Irving.³Bishop Thomson.

Yet in the long years liker must they grow—
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Not loose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:
More as the double-natured poet, each;
Till at last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To be,
Still reverent and reverencing each.
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, ev'n as those who love:
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.¹

To those of us who hate emphasis and exaggeration, who believe that whatever is good of its kind is good, who shrink from love of excitement and love of sway, who, while ready for duties of many kinds, dislike pledges and bonds to any—this talk about “Woman's Sphere,” “Woman's Mission,” and all such phrases as mark the present consciousness of an impending transition from old conventions to greater freedom, are most repulsive.²

In the matter of rights, I suppose that I should not differ materially with any strong-minded woman; but I have always observed that the most truly lovable, humble, pure-hearted, God-fearing and humanity-loving women of my acquaintance never say anything about these rights, and scorn those of their sex who do. I have never known a woman who was at once satisfied in her affections and discontented with her woman's lot and her woman's work. There is a weak place, or a wrong

¹Tennyson.²Margaret Fuller.

place, or a rotten place, in the character or nature of every woman who stands and howls upon the spot where her Creator placed her, and neglects her own true work and life while claiming the right to do the work and live the life of man. I will admit all the rights that such a woman claims—all that I myself possess—if she will let me alone, and keep her distance from me. She may sing bass, but I do not wish to hear her. She is repulsive to me. She offends me.

I believe in women. I believe they are the sweetest, purest, most unselfish, best part of the human race. I have no doubt on this subject, whatever. They do sing the melody in all human life, as well as the melody in music. They carry the leading part, at least in the sense that they are a step in advance of us, all the way in the journey heavenward. I believe that they can not move very widely out of the sphere which they now occupy, and remain as good as they now are; and I deny that my belief rests upon any sentimentality, or jealousy, or any other weak or unworthy basis. A man who has experienced a mother's devotion, a wife's self-sacrificing love, and a daughter's affection, and is grateful for all, may be weakly sentimental about some things, but not about women. He would help every woman he loves to the exercise of all the rights which hold dignity and happiness for her. He would fight that she might have those rights, if necessary; but he would rather have her lose her voice entirely, than to hear her sound a bass note so long as a demi-semi-quaver.¹

In regard to one of the vexed questions of the day—the rights of women—it seems to me that what women demand it is not for men to withhold. It is not their business to lay down the law for women. That women must lay down for themselves. I confess that—although I must herein seem to many of my read-

¹ Holland.

ers old-fashioned and conservative—I should not like to see any woman I cared much for either in parliament or in an anatomical class-room; but, on the other hand, I feel that women must be left free to settle that matter. If it is not good, good women will find it out, and recoil from it. If it is good, then God give them good-speed. One thing they have a right to—a far wider and more valuable education than they have been in the habit of receiving. When the mothers are well taught, the generations will grow in knowledge at a fourfold rate. But still the teaching of life is better than all the schools, and common sense than all learning. This common sense is a rare gift, scantier in none than in those who lay claim to it on the ground of following commonplace, worldly, and prudential maxims.¹

“It was because you were out of sorts with the world, smarting with the wrongs you saw on every side, struggling after something better and higher, and siding and sympathizing with the poor and weak, that I loved you. We should never have been here, dear, if you had been a young gentleman satisfied with himself and the world, and likely to get on well in society.”

“Ah, Mary, it's all very well for a man; it's a man's business. But why is a woman's life to be made wretched? Why should you be dragged into all my perplexities, and doubts, and dreams, and struggles?”

“And why should I not?”

“Life should be all bright and beautiful to a woman. It is every man's duty to shield her from all that can vex, or pain, or soil.”

“But have women different souls from men?”

“God forbid!”

“Then are we not fit to share your highest hopes?”

“To share our highest hopes! Yes, when we have any. But

¹ Macdonald.

the mire and clay, where one sticks fast over and over again, with no high hopes or high anything else in sight—a man must be a selfish brute to bring one he pretends to love into all that.”

“Now, Tom,” she said, almost solemnly, “you are not true to yourself. Would you part with your own deepest convictions? Would you, if you could, go back to the time when you cared for and thought about none of these things?”

He thought a minute, and then, pressing her hand, said:

“No, dearest, I would not. The consciousness of the darkness in one and around one brings the longing for light. And then the light dawns—through mist and fog, perhaps, but enough to pick one’s way by.” He stopped a moment, and then added, “and shines ever brighter into the perfect day. Yes, I begin to know it.”

“Then, why not put me on your own level? Why not let me pick my way by your side? Can not a woman feel the wrongs that are going on in the world? Can not she long to see them set right, and pray that they may be set right? We are not meant to sit in fine silks, and look pretty, and spend money, any more than you are meant to make it, and cry peace where there is no peace. If a woman can not do much herself, she can honor and love a man who can.”

He turned to her, and bent over her, and kissed her forehead, and kissed her lips. She looked up with sparkling eyes and said:

“Am I not right, dear?”

“Yes, you are right, and I have been false to my creed. You have taken a load off my heart, dearest. Henceforth there shall be but one mind and one soul between us. You have made me feel what it is that a man wants, what is the help that is meet for him.”

He looked into her eyes and kissed her again, and then rose up, for there was something within him like a moving of new life, which lifted him and set him on his feet. And he stood with kindling brow, gazing into the autumn air, as his heart went sorrowing, but hopefully “sorrowing, back through all the faultful past.” And she sat on at first, and watched his face, and neither spoke nor moved for some minutes. Then she rose, too, and stood by his side:

And on her lover’s arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold;
And so across the hills they went,
In that new world which is the old.¹

LOVE.—The man who has never felt the influence of love is like one who lives ever in gloomy winter, or he resembles a book that never gives forth a pleasant murmur, a dumb bird that never sings, or a withered tree whose boughs never unfold a blossom to the sun.²

No man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light; the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart bound, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone.³

That adoration which a young man gives to a woman whom he feels to be greater and better than himself is hardly distinguishable from religious feeling. What deep and worthy love is so, whether of woman or child or art or music? Our caresses,

¹ Hughes.

² Gessner.

³ Emerson.

our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of autumn sunsets, or pillared vistas, or calm, majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies—all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty; our emotion in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence, our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery.¹

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dewdrop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.²

Love is instinct with activity, it can not be idle; it is full of energy, it can not content itself with littles; it is the well-spring of heroism, and great deeds are the gushings of its fountain; it is a giant, it heapeth mountains upon mountains, and thinks the pile but little; it is a mighty mystery, for it changes bitter into sweet; it calls death life, and life death; and it makes pain less painful than enjoyment.³

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite in the finite, of the ideal made real.⁴

How is it that the poets have said so many fine things about our first love, so few about our latter love? Are their first poems their best, or are not those the best which come from their fuller thought, their larger experience, their deeper-rooted affections? The boy's flute-like voice has its own spring charm, but the man should yield a richer, deeper music.⁵

One of the most frequent errors we all commit in life is the valuing a thing according to the difficulty of obtaining it. And this error is universal. I do not believe anybody is free from it. No doubt the desire of overcoming a difficulty was implanted in

¹ George Eliot.² Richter.³ Spurgeon.⁴ Carlyle.⁵ George Eliot.

the human breast for very good reasons, but we have carried this desire to an extreme; and it mostly renders us blind as to the real value of the object we pursue.

In love, for instance, the easiest conquest is the best. I know that this is a very daring saying, but I am persuaded that it is a true one. The love which soonest responds to love—even what we call “love at first sight”—is the surest love, and for this reason, that it does not depend upon any one merit or quality, but embraces in its view the whole being. That is the love which is likely to last—incomprehensible, undefinable, unarguable about. But this love often fails to satisfy man or woman. And he or she pursues that which is difficult to obtain, but which, from that very circumstance, is not the best for him or her.¹

At first it surprises one that love should be made the principal staple of all the best kinds of fiction; and perhaps it is to be regretted that it is only one kind of love that is chiefly depicted in works of fiction. But that love itself is the most remarkable thing in human life there can not be the slightest doubt. For, see what it will conquer. It is not only that it prevails over selfishness, but it has the victory over weariness, tiresomeness, and familiarity. When you are with the person loved you have no sense of being bored. This humble and trivial circumstance is the great test, the only sure and abiding test, of love. With the persons you do not love you are never supremely at your ease. You have some of the sensation of walking upon stilts. In conversation with them, however much you admire them and are interested in them, the horrid idea will cross your mind of, “What shall I say next?” Converse with them is not perfect association. But with those you love, the satisfaction in their presence is not unlike that of the relation of the heavenly bodies to one another, which, in their silent revolutions, lose none of

their attractive power. The sun does not talk to the world, but it attracts it!¹

Many young ladies indulge in very nonsensical opinions; or, I should rather say, notions, concerning love. They foolishly fancy themselves bound to be "smitten," to "fall in love," to be "lovesick," with almost every silly idler who wears a fashionable coat, is tolerably good-looking, and pays them particular attention. Reason, judgment, deliberation, according to their fancies, have nothing to do with love: hence, they yield to their feelings, and give their company to young men, regardless of warning advice or entreaty. A father's sadness, a mother's tears, are treated with contempt, and often with bitter retorts. Their lovers use flattering words, and, like silly moths fluttering round the fatal lamp, they allow themselves to be charmed into certain misery. Reader, beware of such examples; eschew such false notions! Learn that your affections are under your own control; that pure affection is founded upon esteem; that estimable qualities in a man can alone secure the continuance of connubial love; that if these are not in him, your love has no foundation, it is unreal, and will fall, a wilted flower, as soon as the excitement of youthful passion is overpast. Restrain your affections, therefore, with vigor; it will cost you far less pain to stifle them in their birth, than to languish through the years of woe which are inseparable from an unsuitable marriage.²

The love that dwells in one man is an angel, the love in the other is a bird, that in another a hog. Some would count worthless the love of a man who loved everybody. There would be no distinction in being loved by such a man!—and distinction, as a guarantee of their own great growth, is what such seek. There are women who desire to be the *sole* object of a man's affection, and are all their lives devoured by unlawful

¹Ibid.²Wise.

jealousies. A love that had never gone forth upon human being, but themselves, would be to them the treasure to sell all that they might buy. And the man who bought such a love might in truth be all absorbed therein himself—just because he was the poorest of the creatures—therefore all absorbed in the poorest of loves. A heart has to be taught to love, and its first lesson, however learnt, no more makes it perfect in love than the A B C makes a *savant*. The man who loves most will love best. The man who thoroughly loves God and his neighbor, is the only man who will love a woman ideally.¹

COURTSHIP.—What is it in its beginning but an opportunity for the parties to ascertain their fitness for each other? What, in its progress, but a means of forming and strengthening that genuine affection, which is the true basis of marriage? With every young lady the paramount question concerning him who offers her particular attentions, ought to be, "Is he worthy of my love?" Her first aim should be to decide it. She should observe him well and thoughtfully—study his character as it may be expressed in his countenance, his words, spirit, and actions. . . . Heed your reason. Keep the precious love of your young heart, till you find a man every way worthy of it. You have no treasure like that love. Bestow it unworthily, and you are hopelessly ruined. Give it to some manly heart, full of noble qualities, and you will drink joy from a pure fountain. If no such heart seeks it, then let it remain in your own breast, reserved for heaven alone. Say of your love—

It is

The invaluable diamond, which I give
Freely away, or else, forever hid,
Must bury—like the noble-hearted merchant,
Who, all unmoved by the Rialto's gold

¹Macdonald.

Or king's displeasure, to the mighty sea
Gave back his pearl—too proud to part with it
Below its price.

The human "heart is deceitful above all things," says its great Creator. Perhaps it is never more inclined to conceal itself than in the intercourse of the sexes. Duplicity, to some extent, is almost universal in courtship. Hence follows the necessity of the utmost caution on the part of a young lady, in admitting a lover to her confidence. The value she places on her purity must be very trifling, if she admits a stranger, however plausible his manners, or however specious his pretenses, to the sacred intimacy of courtship, without some unquestionable assurances of his morality and respectability. He may wear the garb of a gentleman, he may use the most courteous language, he may profess the utmost regard for virtue, and yet be a villain! Be wary, therefore, of an entire stranger, who professes to admire you. Demand references, ascertain his principles, study watchfully his spirit. A man soon exhibits his real self in the interchange of thought; and the chief reason why so many women are cheated by seducers is, because they are not sufficiently anxious to know the true characters of the men who flatter them. . . .

The man whom you accept as your suitor should, therefore, be pure-minded, sincere, and spotless in his moral character. He should be a *self-denying man*, rejecting the wine-cup, tobacco, and all other forms of intemperance. If any single vice acts the tyrant over him, it is not safe to intrust your happiness to his keeping. He should be an *energetic man*, or he will sink in seas of difficulty, and drag you down to cavernous depths of sorrow. He should possess a *cultivated intellect*, otherwise he will either keep you in obscurity or subject you to incessant mortification

by his ignorance. He should be *industrious*; if he is a drone, he will pluck down ruin on your habitation. He must be *economical*; a spendthrift husband will sow the field of your after life with the seed of unknown struggles and trials—with thorns and briers. He must be *benevolent*, since a covetous man, who sacrifices his own soul at the shrine of the gold demon, will not hesitate to immolate your happiness on the same accursed altar. He must not be a *proud man*, for pride is always cruel, selfish, remorseless. He should not be *clownish* on the one hand, nor *foppish* on the other, because a stupid clown and a conceited fop are alike mortifying to the sensibilities of every woman of good sense. He should not be deformed or badly defeatured; I do not say he must needs be handsome, for beauty is far from being necessary to goodness, yet he should not be repulsive; if he is so, your heart will recoil from him. Above all things, he ought to be *religious*. No man's character is reliable if his virtues are not founded on reverence and love for his Creator. . . .

Having a parent's approval, and a kindred spirit for a suitor, you still need to cultivate caution in the intimacies of courtship. While you avoid all coquettishness of spirit, you must also guard against too much freedom. Be frank, simple, trustful in your intercourse, but avoid all boldness on your own part, and shrink from the least approach to impropriety on his. Do not permit your lover to remain in your company later than ten o'clock in the evening. It ought to make a young lady blush even to listen to a proposal to sit up all, or nearly all night—an ancient practice, which, I am pleased to know, is becoming unfashionable. I condemn it, because it is wrong, and disgraces the parties in their own estimation, as well as in the opinion of all virtuous persons. Your conversation ought, also, to be seasoned with common sense. All mere soft, silly talk about love should

be discarded by sensible young persons. You and your suitor are not silly children, but intelligent and immortal minds. You do not meet to sigh and look foolish at each other, but to grow into a high and holy unity of mind and heart, and your intercourse should be governed by this exalted purpose.¹

Never content yourself with the idea of having a commonplace wife. You want one who will stimulate you, stir you up, keep you moving, show you your weak points, and make something of you. Don't fear that you can not get such a wife. I very well remember the reply which a gentleman, who happened to combine the qualities of wit and common sense, made to a young man who expressed a fear that a certain young lady of great beauty and attainments would dismiss him if he should become serious. "My friend," said the wit, "infinitely more beautiful and accomplished women than she is have married infinitely uglier and meaner men than you are." And such is the fact. If you are honest and honorable, if your character is spotless, if you are enterprising and industrious, if you have some grace and a fair degree of sense, and if you love appreciatingly and truly, you can marry almost anybody worth your having. So, to encourage yourself, carry in your memory the above aphorism, reduced to a form something like this: "Infinitely finer women than I ever expect to marry have loved and married men infinitely meaner than I am."

The apprehensions of women are finer and quicker than those of men. With equal early advantages, the woman is more of a woman at eighteen than a man is a man at twenty-one. After marriage, as a general thing, the woman ceases to acquire. Now, I do not say that this is necessary, or that it should be the case, but I simply state a general fact. The woman is absorbed in family cares, or, perhaps, devotes from ten to twenty years to the

¹ Wise.

bearing and rearing of children—the most dignified, delightful, and honorable office of her life. This consumes her time, and, in a great multitude of instances, deprives her of intellectual culture.

In the meantime the man is out, engaged in business. He comes in daily contact with minds stronger and sharper than his own. He grows and matures, and, in ten years from the date of his marriage, becomes, in reality, a new man. Now, if he was so foolish as to marry a woman because she had a pretty form and face, or sweet eyes, or an amiable disposition, or a pleasant temper, or wealth, he will find that he has passed entirely by his wife, and that she is really no more of a companion for him than a child would be. I know of but few sadder sights in this world than that of mates whom the passage of years has mis-mated. A woman ought to have a long start of a man, and then, ten to one, the man will come out ahead in the race of a long life.

I suppose that in every young man's mind there exists the hope and the expectation of marriage. When a young man pretends to me that he has no wish to marry, and that he never expects to marry, I always infer one of two things: that he lies, and is really very anxious for marriage, or that his heart has been polluted by association with unworthy women. In a thousand cases we shall not find three exceptions to this rule. A young man who, with any degree of earnestness, declares that he intends never to marry, confesses to a brutal nature or perverted morals.

But how shall a good wife be won? I know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors: but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire in men is gallantry; not the gallantry of courts and fops,

but boldness, courage, devotion, decision, and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his boots and brains win one. If a man stand before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore, never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world, to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you have not the spirit in you to come up to a test like this, you have not that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with the simple girl who, in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you.

But don't be in a hurry about the matter. Don't get into a feverish longing for marriage. It isn't creditable to you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years old he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry. The more of a man you become, and the more of manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." So don't be in a hurry, I say again. You don't want a wife now, and you have not the slightest idea of the kind of wife you will want by-and-by. Go into female society if you can find that which will improve you, but not otherwise. You can spend your time better. Seek the society of good men. That is often more accessible to you than

the other, and it is through that mostly that you will find your way to good female society. . . . One thing more: not the least important, but the last in this letter. No woman without piety in her heart is fit to be the companion of any man. You may get, in your wife, beauty, amiability, sprightliness, wit, accomplishments, wealth, and learning, but if that wife have no higher love than herself and yourself, she is a poor creature. She can not elevate you above mean aims and objects, she can not educate her children properly, she can not in hours of adversity sustain and comfort you, she can not bear with patience your petulance induced by the toils and vexations of business, and she will never be safe against the seductive temptations of gayety and dress.¹

MARRIAGE.—The maxim is current, that "marriage is a lottery." It may be so, if we abjure the teachings of prudence; if we refuse to examine, inquire, and think; if we are content to choose a husband or a wife with less reflection than we bestow upon the hiring of a servant, whom we can discharge any day; if we merely regard attractions of face, of form, or of purse, and give way to temporary impulse or to greedy avarice—then, in such cases, marriage does resemble a lottery, in which you *may* draw a prize, though there are a hundred chances to one that you will only draw a blank.

But we deny that marriage has any necessary resemblance to a lottery. When girls are taught wisely how to love, and what qualities to esteem in a companion for life, instead of being left to gather their stock of information on the subject from the fictitious and generally false personations given to them in novels, and when young men accustom themselves to think of the virtues, graces, and solid acquirements requisite in a wife, with whom they are to spend their days, and on whose temper and

¹ Holland.

good sense the whole happiness of their home is to depend, then it will be found that there is very little of the "lottery" in marriage; and that, like any concern of business or of life, the man or woman who judges and acts wisely, with proper foresight and discrimination, will reap the almost certain consequences in a happy and prosperous future.¹

The world in general looks simply to the question of the prudence or improvidence of marriage, and whether the young people can afford to marry. . . .

But the material view of marriage is altogether inferior to the moral view. Where the unhappiness of married life is in one instance due to limited means, in a dozen instances it is due to other causes. English people in general exaggerate the money difficulty, and underrate the moral difficulty. The great consideration which a man has to face is not whether his choice will bring poverty, but whether it has been a right choice at all. Happiness in married life is not very much affected by outward circumstances. Charles Dickens, in his "David Copperfield," dwells on the fact that "there is no incompatibility like that of mind and purpose." . . .

An immense amount of unhappiness is found in married life. No religious person can have any true basis of happiness unless the partner is religious. There may be the deepest happiness between married people whose lives beat harmoniously to the impulse of the same great principles. I believe also that there may be a great amount of happiness between people who are not, as are called, believers, when their minds and tastes are in harmony, and they belong to the same order of life. Unequal marriages are almost uniformly unhappy. For a religious person to be yoked with one who is decidedly irreligious can only be provocative of the keenest misery.

¹ Smiles.

It is misery for which there is not the slightest palliation, especially for the woman. When we hear of trouble and unhappiness in married life, the usual thing said is that there are faults on both sides. Both being human, that can be well believed. But, in looking closely at the history of such cases, we can generally see that the fault lies originally or principally in one direction or another. Self-will, self-indulgence, the despising of knowledge and reproof, often make up the unamiable and unchristian character that is incompatible with happiness. . . .

It is this—the irrevocable nature of the marriage tie, the consciousness that nothing but death, which it were almost murder to wish for, or sin that is worse than death, can dissolve that tie—which, far more than any pecuniary considerations, should make men pause long and considerably before they marry. The whole shape and color of life are determined by this transaction. They surround a man with a network of circumstances which subjugates him, unless in the case of a lofty ideal or a determined character. Jeremy Taylor's famous apology will be remembered: "The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream, but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice till the young herdsmen took them in their strange snare. It is the unhappy chance of men, finding many inconveniences on the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or a woman's peevishness." . . .

Neither, on the simply prudential grounds, is the pecuniary question the one that is really fundamental. The question of

health and constitution is deeply important. A little conversation with the officers of an insurance company would be highly beneficial to many people who are rushing into matrimony without a thought of consequences. It is important to know that there is no constitutional taint; and, even when such a taint has been very slight, right-minded persons have thought it best to abstain from marriage. No man has a right to bring children into the world condemned to a life of disease and a premature death. Moreover, the question of family and connections are, I will not say overpowering considerations to determine the character of a marriage, but still matters of deep importance. A just-minded man will be careful of the interests of his children yet unborn. For the same reason a man ought to be very careful what kind of mother he is about to give his children. The nature of their family connection will be of the highest importance to the children of a marriage. Is she one likely to pray for them, to instruct them, to give them generous and liberal ideas, to give them the training that shall be elevated, graceful, and religious, to make them regard their parents with intensest love and gratitude? . . .

The love passages in the life of Dr. Hamilton are very interesting. . . . He writes to his *fiancé* .

"I am glad you are so fond of work, and that you have a taste for music. The only other thing about which I am anxious is your information. The world is full of accomplished and ignorant women, who can dance, and draw, and embroider, but whose company is far more irksome than the solitary confinement of Pentonville prison. If you have, what you can so easily get, a well-furnished mind (by adding diligently to the knowledge you have already attained), you will possess what few of your lady sisters have. Two hours of solid reading daily, in which I

would gladly be a sharer on the days I am at Willenhall, would be a goodly acquisition in the course of a year." . . .

It is a beautiful and instructive love-story which we read in the "Memoirs" of Henry Venn Elliott, of Brighton. He asked her father for "a jewel, which, though unworthy in himself, he would wear most delicately, and treasure as his life." Mr. Elliott's own letters tell the story, and there is hardly any prettier story in any book of fiction than that gradually revealed by these religious letters.

"I have made my proposals to Julia Marshall, and am accepted by the parents, if Julia consents. She will see me, and then decide. It was a bold step I took. But my mind was so agitated, since hope sprang up, that I have never had a day's quiet or a night's usual rest since. I believe I am following my Lord's gracious guiding. If ever I committed my way to him, it was in this instance. He only knows how it will end. It has, altogether, been a wonderful story."

"Rejoice with me," he says. "Julia has accepted me. A few hours after I wrote my dejected letter to my beloved mother, I had a walk of two hours with my Julia, and instead of keeping me in long suspense and probation, she generously plighted her precious heart in exchange for mine. How joyful was I! and my heart at this moment overflows with thankfulness to God, who has led me by the right way to the right person."

"Deeply as I have loved Julia, and highly as I valued her, I find every day fresh and fresh reason to bless God, who has provided for me such a treasure. And her sentiments are so just, so holy, so pure, so gentle; all her behavior is so modest and winning; her heart so confiding and affectionate; her manner so delicate and lady-like; her mind so richly furnished, and so finely constituted in its original powers, that I find in her noth-

ing to be changed, and everything to be loved. She is, I do assure you, an exquisite creature; advanced from the rudiments in which she appeared at Brighton to a mature perfection, not only of Christian character, but also of manners and influence, which prove her to be most richly qualified to adorn the station which is to be hers, and to superintend all the female departments of my church. I am, I confess, in danger of making an idol of her, but I pray day by day that my love and *perpetual complacency* in her, in all she says, in all she does, in all she appears, may be submitted and consecrated to the Lord."¹

He that hath wife and children, hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. . . . Certainly, wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust; yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted, good to make severe inquisitors, because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands: as was said of Ulysses, "*Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati.*" Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife, if she think her husband wise; which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel [an excuse] to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question, when a man should marry? "A young man not yet, an elder man not at all."²

I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful in human life, is to be enjoyed in greater perfection in the married than in

¹ Rev. F. Arnold.

² Bacon.

the single condition. He that has this passion in perfection, in occasions of joy, can say to himself, besides his own satisfaction, "How happy will this make my wife and children!" upon occurrences of distress, or danger, can comfort himself, "But all this while my wife and children are safe." There is something in it that doubles satisfactions, because others participate them; and dispels afflictions, because others are exempt from them. All who are married without this relish of their circumstance, are in either a tasteless indolence and negligence which is hardly to be attained, or else live in the hourly repetition of sharp answers, eager upbraidings, and distracting reproaches. In a word, the married state, with and without the affection suitable to it, is the completest image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life.¹

In his enamored hour the young man puts a glass bell over the young woman, then out of romance paints a maiden fairer than the romantic curving moon, endows her with virtues collected from written fictions and from his own dreams, and then loves the visionary angel. The young maiden does the same, only painting her ideal fairer than the young man his, with less austere traits than he puts upon her. By and by time breaks the bells, the mist of romance has vanished, the visionary angel has fled, and there are two ordinary mortals left, with good in each, ill in both, and they are to find out each other, and make the best of life they can. No doubt there is always a surprise to the most discreet and sober persons. There are ill things which we did not look for in our mates, in ourselves, but there are good things, also, unexpected. With brimming eyes the wife of five years' standing has sometimes said to me, when I asked intimately how her marriage sped: "I thought I knew him before you married us, but I did not know what a deep mine of noble

¹ Steele.

things there was in him." And the husband of five-and-forty years' standing has sometimes told me of the same discovery in his wife, when age had loosed the modest portals of the manly tongue, and the words came straightway from his heart. Perhaps the mutual surprise it as often a mutual pleasure as unexpected disappointment. Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-assorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual; a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to the brown hair, and plump, round, crimson cheek. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love, with its prophetic crimson, violet, saffron, purple, and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful, also, is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth.

Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say: "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve;" and when these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it; each thinks the other just like himself. Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey those young opposites will

fall out by the way a great many times, and both get away from the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to, and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies, and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity is not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to take, must associate himself with one like himself.

A perfect and complete marriage, where wedlock is everything you could ask, and the ideal of marriage becomes actual, is not common, perhaps is as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally—now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season in. But a real, happy marriage, of love and judgment, between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome, that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world and hold it still now and then in order to look all day long on some example thereof, and feast his eyes with such a spectacle.¹

Happy will that house be in which the relations are formed from character—after the highest, and not after the lowest order; the house in which character marries, and not confusion and a miscellany of unavowable motives. Then shall marriage be a covenant to secure to either party the sweetness and honor of being a calm, continuing, inevitable benefactor to the other.

Yes, and the sufficient reply to the skeptic who doubts the competence of man to elevate and to be elevated is in that desire and power to stand in joyful and ennobling intercourse with individuals which makes the faith and the practice of all reasonable men.¹

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Young people often rush into marriage without reflection. A young man meets a pretty face in a ball-room, likes it, dances with it, flirts with it, and goes home to dream about it. At length he falls in love with it, courts it, marries it, and then he takes the pretty face home, and begins to know something more about it. . . .

Most newly married people require some time to settle quietly down together. Even those whose married life has been the happiest arrive at peace and repose through a period of little struggles and bewilderments. The husband does not all at once find his place, nor the wife hers. One of the very happiest women we know has told us that the first year of her married life was the most uncomfortable of all. She had so much to learn—was so fearful of doing wrong—and had not yet found her proper position. But, feeling their way, kind and loving natures will have no difficulty in at last settling down comfortably and peacefully together.

It was not so with the supposed young man and his pretty "face." Both entered upon their new life without thinking, or perhaps with exaggerated expectations of its unalloyed happiness. They could not make allowances for lovers subsiding into husband and wife; nor were they prepared for the little ruffles and frettings of individual temper; and both felt disappointed. There was a relaxation of the little attentions which are so novel and charming to lovers. Then the pretty face, when neglected, found relief in tears. There is nothing of which men tire

¹ Emerson.

sooner, especially when the tears are about trifles. Tears do not, in such cases, cause sympathy, but breed repulsion. They occasion sourness, both on the one side and the other. Tears are dangerous weapons to play with. Were women to try kindness and cheerfulness instead, how infinitely happier would they be! Many are the lives that are made miserable by an indulgence in fretting and carking, until the character is indelibly stamped, and the rational enjoyment of life becomes next to a moral impossibility.¹

Ask yourself where it is that you show the worst side of your nature? Where is it that you feel at the greatest liberty to exhibit your spleen, to give way to your fretfulness, to speak harsh words, to make hateful little speeches that are contemptible from their unprovoked bitterness? Is it among your fellows, and in the society of other ladies, that you take occasion to say your meanest things? No, sir! You go home to your wife, you go home from those who care no more for you than they do for a thousand others, to the woman whom, in the presence of God and men, you have promised to love and cherish above all others, to the woman who loves you, and who regards you as better than all else earthly, to a woman who is unprotected save by you, and wholly unprotected from you, and spit your spleen into her ear, and say things to her which, if any one else were to say, would secure him a well-deserved caning. Are you not ashamed of this? You say things to her which you would not dare to say to any other lady, however much you might be provoked. You say them, O courageous friend, because nobody has the right to cowhide you for it. Isn't that brave and manly? As the good mothers of us all have told us a thousand times, "Don't you never let me hear of your doing that again." It isn't pretty. It is ineffably wicked and dastardly.

¹ Smiles.

That husbands and wives may entertain perfect sympathy, there should be the closest confidence between them. I need not tell the wife to give her husband the most perfect confidence in all affairs. She does this naturally, if her husband do not repulse her. But you, young husband, do not give your wife your confidence—you do not make her your confidante—you have an idea that your business is not your wife's business. So you keep your troubles, your successes—everything—to yourself. Numberless disturbances of married life begin exactly at this point. Your wife receives the money for her personal expenses, and for the expenses of the house, at your hands. You do not tell her how hardly it has been won, with how much difficulty you have contrived to get it into your purse, and how necessary it is for her to be economical. You often deceive her, out of genuine love for her, into the belief that you are really doing very well; and yet you wonder the woman can give twenty dollars for a hat and fifty dollars for a cloak. Perhaps you chide her for her extravagance, and so, in course of time, she comes to think you have got a niggardly streak in you, and very naturally rebels against it. She will not be curtailed in her expenditures. She dresses no better than her neighbors. So you run your fingers through your hair, and sigh over the fact that you have got an extravagant wife, while she, in turn, wonders how it is possible for a loving husband to be so selfish and stingy. . . .

And this matter of confidence between you and your wife must be carried into everything, for she is your life-partner—your next soul. There is no way by which she can understand fully her relations to the community and its various interests, save by understanding your own. So I say, in closing, that to your wife you owe a reasonable portion of your time and society,

the very choicest side of your nature and character when in her society, and your fullest confidence in all the affairs connected with your business, your ambitions, your hopes, and your fears. In the fierce conflicts of life you will find abundant recompense for all this. Your wife will soften your resentments, assuage your disappointments, pour balm upon your wounded spirit, and harmonize and soften you. At the same time, the exercise of heart and soul which this will give her, will make her a nobler, freer, better woman. It will give her greater breadth and strength of mind, and deepen her sensibilities. To a pair thus living and acting, may well be applied a couplet which occurs in that charming picture painted by Pickney, of the Indian husband and his pale-faced wife:

She humanizes him, and he
Educates her to liberty.¹

Man, oppressed by cares, perplexed by responsibilities, fatigued with business, needs at the evening fireside the relief of agreeable conversation; there is no opiate so soothing, no tonic so invigorating. But this relief he can not find unless his wife be as intelligent as himself; she must be able to understand his words and allusions, to be interested with his studies, to be pleased with his amusements, to appreciate his reflections, and respond to his appeals; to exchange with him thoughts, sentiments, images, joys. If there be an intellectual chasm between them, woe to both! they may understand each other's obligations and struggle to fulfill them; but all in vain; the wife will prefer the companionship of menials to that of her husband, and will generally make an excuse to be in the kitchen or the nursery when he is in the parlor; or, if she endure his presence, will leave him to his reflections and relapse into her own—now and

¹ Holland.

then relieving the silence by a smile that renders her vacancy visible. Under such circumstances, what wonder if the husband, especially if he be not under strong moral restraint, should seek company at the coffee-house, the theater, the assembly, or the billiard-saloon; and, instead of pursuing a safe voyage over the ocean of life, should drown his bark in the lake of intemperance, and wreck his fortunes forever! This is the secret history of most of the children of genius. The women are not to blame; society is to blame for not educating them upon the same platform with men. Marriage under such circumstances is but half marriage—it is a mere civil bond; whereas it *should* be also a spiritual one, one that death can hardly sever, that heaven may reunite, and that eternity may mature. Hard indeed is it, under the most favorable auspices, to struggle up to the high places of the earth; doubly hard, scarcely possible, when a man's wife does not appreciate his merits, second his efforts, and encourage his heart.¹

Young wife, . . . if you expect a man, as a matter of duty, to give any considerable amount of time to your society, daily, through a long series of years, you are to see that that society is worth something to him. Where are your accomplishments? Where are your books? Where are your subjects of conversation?

But let us take up this question separately: how shall a wife make her home pleasant and her society attractive? This is a short question, but a full answer would make a book. I can only touch a few points. In the first place, she should never indulge in fault-finding. If a man has learned to expect that he will invariably be found fault with by his wife, on his return home, and that the burden of her words will be complaint, he has absolutely no pleasure to anticipate and none to enjoy.

¹ Bishop Thomson.

There is but one alternative for a husband in such a case: either to steel himself against complaints, or be harrowed up by them and made snappish and waspish. They never produce a good effect under any circumstances whatever. There should always be a pleasant word and look ready for him who returns from the toils of the day, wearied with earning the necessities of the family. If a pretty pair of slippers lie before the fire, ready for his feet, so much the better.

Then, again, the desire to be pleasing in person should never leave a wife for a day. The husband who comes home at night, and finds his wife dressed to receive him—dressed neatly and tastefully, because she wishes to be pleasant to his eye—can not, unless he be a brute, neglect her, or slight her graceful pains-taking. It is a compliment to him. It displays a desire to maintain the charms which first attracted him, and to keep intact the silken bonds which her tasteful girlhood had fastened to his fancy.

I have seen things managed very differently from this. I have known an undressed head of "horrid hair" worn all day long, because nobody but the husband would see it. I have seen breakfast dresses with sugar plantations on them of very respectable size and most disagreeable stickiness. In short, I have seen slatterns whose kiss would not tempt the hungriest hermit that ever forswore women, and was sorry for it. I have seen them with neither collar nor zone—with a person which did not possess a single charm to a husband with his eyes open and in his right mind. This is all wrong, young wife, for there is no being in this world for whom it is so much for your interest to dress as for your husband. Your happiness depends much on your retaining not only the esteem of your husband, but his admiration. He should see no greater neatness and no more taste in material

and fitness in any woman's dress than in yours; and there is no individual in the world before whom you should always appear with more thorough tidiness of person than your husband. If you are careless in this particular, you absolutely throw away some of the strongest and most charming influences which you possess. What is true of your person is also true of your house. If your house be disorderly; if dust cover the table, and invite the critical finger to write your proper title; if the furniture look as if it were tossed into a room from a cart; if your tablecloth have a more intimate acquaintance with gravy than with soap, and from cellar to garret there be no order, do you blame a husband for not wanting to sit down and spend his evening with you? I should blame him, of course, on general principles, but as all men are not so sensible as I am, I should charitably entertain all proper excuses.

Still again, have you anything to talk about—anything better than scandal—with which to interest and refresh his weary mind? I believe in the interchange of caresses, as I have told you before, but kisses are only the spice of life. You can not always sit on your husband's knee, for, in the first place, it would tire him, and, in the second place, he would get sick of it. You should be one with your husband, but never in the shape of a parasite. He should be able to see growth in your soul, independent of him, and whenever he truly feels that he has received from you a stimulus to progress and to goodness, you have refreshed him and made a great advance into his heart.

He should see that you really have a strong desire to make him happy, and to retain forever the warmest place in his respect, his admiration, and his affection. Enter into all his plans with interest. Sweeten all his troubles with your sympathy. Make him feel that there is one ear always open to the revelation of his

experiences; that there is one heart that never misconstrues him; that there is one refuge for him in all circumstances; and that in all weariness of body and soul there is one warm pillow for his head, beneath which a heart is beating with the same unvarying truth and affection, through all gladness and sadness, as the faithful chronometer suffers no perturbation of its rhythm by shine or shower. A husband who has such a wife as this has little temptation to spend much time away from home. He *can not* stay away long at a time. He may "meet a man," but the man will not long detain him from his wife. He may go to the "post-office," but he will not call upon the friend's wife on the way. He can do better. The great danger is that he will love his home too well; that he will neither be willing to have you visit your aunts and cousins, nor, without a groan, accept an invitation to tea at your neighbor's.

But I leave this special point, to which I have devoted my space somewhat improvidently. There is one relation which you bear to your husband, or one aspect of your relation to him, to which I have not alluded sufficiently. You are not only the wife of his bosom, the object of his affections, but you have a business relation with him—you are his helpmate. To a very great extent you are dependent upon him, but you are also his assistant—bound to use his money economically, and to aid, so far as you can, in saving and accumulating it.¹

If a man goes into a business transaction that he *dare* not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with, but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture. On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman that could

¹ Holland.

have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, have actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have the husband say: "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battle. Four eyes to watch for the danger. Four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." As far as I understand "a genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and comes home at two or three in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. This is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him.¹

Husbands should try to make home happy and holy. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, a bad man who makes his home wretched. Our house ought to be a little church, with holiness

¹ Talmage.

to the Lord over the door, but it ought never to be a prison, where there is plenty of rule and order, but little love and no pleasure. Married life is not all sugar, but grace in the heart will keep away most of the sours. Godliness and love can make a man, like a bird in a hedge, sing among thorns and briars and set others a-singing too. It should be the husband's pleasure to please his wife, and the wife's care to care for her husband. He is kind to himself who is kind to his wife. I am afraid some men live by the rule of self, and when that is the case home happiness is a mere sham. When husbands and wives are well yoked, how light their load becomes! It is not every couple that is a pair, and the more's the pity. In a true home all the strife is which can do the most to make the family happy. A home should be a Bethel, not Babel. The husband should be the house-band, binding all together like a corner-stone, but not crushing everything like a millstone. Unkind and domineering husbands ought not to pretend to be Christians, for they act clean contrary to Christ's demands. . . .

Wives should feel that home is their place and their kingdom, the happiness of which depends mostly upon them. She is a wicked wife who drives her husband away by her long tongue. A man said to his wife the other day, "Double up your whip;" he meant, keep your tongue quiet, it is wretched living with such a whip always lashing you. When God gave to men ten measures of speech, they say the women ran away with nine, and in some cases I am afraid the saying is true. A dirty, slatternly, gossiping wife is enough to drive her husband mad; and if he goes to the public-house of an evening, she is the cause of it. It is doleful living where the wife, instead of reverencing her husband, is always wrangling and railing at him. It must be a good thing when such women are hoarse, and it is a pity

that they have not as many blisters on their tongues as they have teeth in their jaws. God save us all from wives who are angels in the streets, saints in the church, and devils at home.¹

A true wife is her husband's better half, his lump of delight, his flower of beauty, his guardian angel, and his heart's treasure. He says to her, "I shall in thee most happy be. In thee, my choice, I do rejoice. In thee I find content of mind. God's appointment is my contentment." In her company he finds his earthly heaven; she is the light of his home, the comfort of his soul, and (for this world) the soul of his comfort. Whatever fortune God may send him, he is rich so long as she lives. His rib is the best bone of his body.

The man who weds a loving wife,
Whate'er betideth him in life,
Shall bear up under all;
But he that finds an evil mate,
No good can come within his gate,
His cup is filled with gall.

A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor with them; they are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married; they are like Tomkin's dog, which could not bear to be loose, and howled when it was tied. Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carry the cluster of Eshcol. They are a brace of birds of Paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them: this is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together, and when it drags a little heavily, or

¹ Spurgeon.

there's a hitch anywhere, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labor.¹

Hast thou a soft heart? It is of God's breaking. Hast thou a sweet wife? She is of God's making. The Hebrews have a saying, "He is not a man that hath not a woman." Though man alone may be good, yet it is not good that man should be alone. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." A wife, though she be not a perfect gift, is a good gift, a beam darted from the Sun of mercy. How happy are those marriages where Christ is at the wedding! Let none but those who have found favor in God's eyes find favor in yours. Husbands should spread a mantle of charity over their wives' infirmities. Do not put out the candle because of the snuff. Husbands and wives should provoke one another to love, and they should love one another notwithstanding provocations. The tree of love should grow up in the midst of the family, as the tree of life grew in the garden of Eden. Good servants are a great blessing; good children a greater blessing; but a good wife is the greatest blessing; and such a help let him seek for her that wants one; let him sigh for her that hath lost one; let him delight in her that enjoys one.²

DUTIES OF PARENTS.—Whatever may be the efficiency of our schools, the examples set in our Homes must always be of vastly greater influence in forming the characters of our future men and women. The Home is the crystal of society—the very nucleus of national character; and from that source, be it pure or tainted, issue the habits, principles, and maxims which govern public as well as private life. The nation comes from the nursery; public opinion itself is for the most part the outgrowth of the home; and the best philanthropy comes from the fireside. "To love the little platoon we belong to in society," says Burke,

¹ Ibid.

² William Secker.

"is the germ of all public affections." From this little central spot the human sympathies may extend in an ever-widening circle, until the world is embraced; for, though true philanthropy, like charity, begins at home, assuredly it does not end there.¹

The schoolmaster sees the mother's face daguerreotyped in the conduct and character of each little boy and girl. Nay, a chance visitor, with a quick eye, sees very plainly which child is daily baptized in the tranquil waters of a blessed home, and which is cradled in violence and suckled at the bosom of a storm. Did you ever look at a little pond on a sour, dark day in March? How sullen the swampy water looked! The shore pouted at the pond, and the pond made mouths at the land; and how the scraggy trees, cold and bare-armed, scowled over the edge! But look at it on a bright day in June, when great, rounding clouds, all golden with sunlight, checker the heavens, and seem like a great flock of sheep which the good God is tending in that upland pasture of the sky, and then how different looks that pond—the shores all green, the heavens all gay, and the pond laughs right out and blesses God! As the heaven over the water, so a mother broods over the family, March or June, just as she will.²

Parents should themselves be living in the Spirit, and be so tempered by their faithful walk as to have the Christly character on them. Nothing but this will so lift their aims, quiet their passions, steady their measures and proceedings, as to give them that personal authority which is requisite. . . . Children love the realities, and are worried by all shams of character. . . .

There is also another pre-condition of authority in parents closely related to this; I mean that they be so far entered into the Christian order of marriage as to fulfill gracefully what belongs to the relation in which they are set, and show them to

¹ Smiles.² Parker.

the children as doing fit honor to each other. By a defect just here all authority in the house is blasted. Thus Dr. Tiersch, in his excellent little treatise on the Christian Family Life, says: "A wife can not weaken the authority of the father without undermining her own, for her authority rests upon his, and if that of the mother is subordinated to that of the father, yet it is but one authority, which can not be weakened in either of the two who bear it without injury to both. The mother, therefore, must consider it a matter of family decorum, which is not to be broken, never, even in little matters, to contradict the father in the presence of the children, except with the reservation of a modest admission of his right of decision, and that in cases which admit of no delay. But just as much is it the duty of the husband to leave the authority of his wife unassailed in the presence of other members of the household, and, when he is obliged to overrule her objections, to do it in a tender and kindly form. If he turns to her with roughness and harshness from jealousy of his place of rule, it is not only the heart of his wife which is estranged from him; with the children, too, intervenes a weakening of the moral power, under which they should feel themselves placed. If in their presence their mother is blamed as foolish or obstinate, and so lowered to the place of a child or a maid-servant, that sanctity immediately vanishes, which, in the eyes of the children, surrounds the heads of both father and mother in common."¹

I have seen scores and scores of women leave school, leave their piano and drawing and fancy work, and all manner of pretty and pleasant things, and marry and bury themselves. You hear of them about six times in ten years, and there is a baby each time. They crawl out of the farther end of the ten years, sallow and wrinkled and lank—teeth gone, hair gone,

¹ Bushnell.

roses gone, plumpness gone—freshness, and vivacity, and sparkle, everything that is dewy, and springing, and spontaneous, gone, gone, gone forever. . . . A man can not burrow in his counting-room for ten or twenty of the best years of his life, and come out as much of a man and as little of a mole as he went in. But the twenty years should have ministered to his manhood, instead of trampling on it. Still less can a woman bury herself in her nursery, and come out without harm. But the years should have done her great good. This world is not made for a tomb, but a garden. You are to be a seed, not a death. Plant yourself, and you will sprout. Bury yourself, and you can only decay. . . . If the mother stands on high ground, she brings her children up to her own level; if she sinks, they sink with her.

To maintain her rank, no exertion is too great, no means too small. Dress is one of the most obvious things to a child. If the mother wears cheap or shabby or ill-assorted clothes, while the children's are fine and harmonious, it is impossible that they should not receive the impression that they are of more consequence than their mother. . . . It is essential, also, that the mother have sense, intelligence, comprehension. As much as she can add of education and accomplishments will increase her stock in trade. Her reading and riding and music, instead of being neglected for her children's sake, should, for their sake, be scrupulously cultivated. . . . Let them see her sought for her social worth; let them see that she is familiar with all the conditions of their life; that her vision is at once broader and keener than theirs; that her feet have traveled along the paths they are just beginning to explore; that she knows all the phases alike of their strength and their weakness, and her influence over them is unbounded. Let them see her uncertain;

uncomfortable, hesitating, fearful without discrimination, leaning where she ought to support, interfering, without power of suggesting; counseling, but not controlling; with no presence, no bearing, no experience, no prestige, and they will carry matters with a high hand. They will overrule her decisions, and their love will not be unmingled with contempt. . . . Hence it follows that our social gatherings consist, to so lamentable an extent, of pert youngsters or faded oldsters. Thence come those abominable "young people's parties," where a score or two or three of boys and girls meet and manage after their own hearts. . . .

Yet fathers and mothers not only acquiesce in this state of things, they approve of it. They foster it. They are forward to annihilate themselves. They are careful to let their darlings go out alone, lest they be a restraint upon them—as if that were not what parents were made for. If they were what they ought to be, the restraint would be not only wholesome, but impalpable. The relation between parents and children should be such that pleasure shall not be quite perfect, unless shared by both. Parents ought to take such a tender, proud, intellectual interest in the pursuits and amusements of their children that the children shall feel the glory of the victory dimmed, unless their parents are there to witness it. If the presence of a sensible mother is felt as a restraint, it shows conclusively that restraint is needed. . . .

A slouchy garb is both effect and cause of a slouchy mind. A woman who lets go her hold upon dress, literature, music, amusement, will almost inevitably slide down into a bog of muggy moral indolence. She will lose her spirit, and when the spirit is gone out of a woman, there is not much left of her. When she cheapens herself, she diminishes her value. . . .

A mother must battle against the tendencies that drag her downward. She must take pains to grow, or she will not grow. She must sedulously cultivate her mind and heart, or her old age will be ungraceful; and if she lose freshness without acquiring ripeness, she is indeed in an evil case. . . .

If a woman wishes and purposes to be the friend of her husband—if she would be valuable to him, not simply as the nurse of his children and the directress of his household, but as a woman fresh and fair and fascinating—to him intrinsically lovely and attractive—she should make an effort for it. It is not by any means a thing that comes of itself, or that can be left to itself. She must read, and observe, and think, and rest up to it.¹

CHILDHOOD.—It is out of the unregulated desires and indulgences of childhood—in ninety-nine cases of every hundred—that the moral infirmities and vices of mature life proceed. The thief and the liar, the libertine and his weak victim or wicked paramours, the drunkard and the gambler, the selfish miser and the careless spendthrift, are all shaped in childhood and youth. The boy is father of the man. Every illustration that history, nature, and revelation can furnish, shows this. The general fact is universally admitted. Mind, like matter, can only be shaped when it is plastic. Human character, like the tree, can only be bent when it is young.²

Happy season of Childhood! Kind Nature, that art to all a bountiful Mother; that visiteth the poor man's hut with auroral radiance; and for thy Nursling hast provided a soft swathing of Love and infinite Hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced-round by sweetest Dreams! If the paternal Cottage still shuts us in, its roof still screens us; with a Father we have as yet a prophet, priest, and king, and an Obedience that makes us Free.

¹ Gall Hamilton.

² Holland.

The young spirit has awakened out of Eternity, and knows not what we mean by Time; as yet Time is no fast-hurrying stream, but a sportful sun-lit ocean; years to the child are as ages: ah! the secret of Vicissitude, of that slower or quicker decay and ceaseless down-rushing of the universal World-fabric, from the granite mountain to the man or day-moth, is quite unknown; and in a motionless Universe, we taste, what afterwards in this quick-whirling Universe is forever denied us, the balm of Rest. Sleep on, thou fair Child, for thy long, rough journey is at hand! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles; thou too, with old Arnauld, wilt have to say in stern patience: "Rest? Rest? Shall I not have all Eternity to rest in?" Celestial Nepenthe! though a Pyrrhus conquers empires, and an Alexander sack the world, he finds thee not; and thou hast once fallen gently, of thy own accord, on the eyelids, on the heart of every mother's child. For as yet, sleep and waking are one: the fair Life-garden rustles infinite around, and everywhere is dewy fragrance, and the budding of Hope; which budding, if in youth, too frostnapt, it grow to flowers, will in manhood yield no fruit, but a prickly, bitter-rinded stone-fruit, of which the fewest can find the kernel.¹

GOVERNMENT.—When I look and observe in the little creatures the seeds of all those virtues and qualities which will hereafter be so necessary to them, when I mark in the self-willed all the future firmness and resolution of a noble character, in the petulant that good humor and gayety of temper, which will enable them to skim lightly over the dangers of life—their whole nature simple and unpolluted!—then I call to mind the golden words of the Great Teacher of mankind, "If you become not like one of these." And now, my friend, these children, who are our equals, whom we ought to regard as ensamples, we treat as

¹ Carlyle.

subjects. They are allowed no will of their own. And have we then none ourselves? And whence comes our exclusive privilege? Is it because we are older and more experienced? Good God! from thy heaven thou seest old children and young children, and no others; and in which thou hast the most pleasure thy Son has long ago declared. But they believe in Him, and hear Him not—that also is an old story—and they bring up their children after their own image.¹

Many children grow up like plants under bell-glasses. They are surrounded only by artificial and prepared influences. They are house-bred, room-bred, nurse-bred, mother-bred—everything but *self-bred*. The object of training is to teach the child to take care of himself: but many parents use their children only as a kind of spool on which to reel off their own experience; and they are bound and corded until they perish by inanity, or break all bonds and cords, and rush to ruin by reaction.²

Men often speak of breaking the will of a child; but it seems to me they had better break the neck. The will needs regulating, not destroying. I should as soon think of breaking the legs of a horse in training him, as a child's will. I would discipline and develop it into harmonious proportions. I never yet heard of a will in itself too strong, more than of an arm too mighty, or a mind too comprehensive in its grasp, too powerful in its hold.

The instruction of children should be such as to animate, inspire, and train, but not to hew, cut, and carve; for I would always treat a child as a live tree, which was to be helped to grow, never as dry, dead timber, to be carved into this or that shape, and to have certain moldings grooved upon it. A live tree, and not dead timber, is every little child.³

¹ Goethe.² Beecher.³ Parker.

When a child can be brought to tears, not from fear of punishment, but from repentance for his offense, he needs no chastisement. When the tears begin to flow from grief at one's own conduct, be sure there is an angel nestling in the bosom.¹

As for ourselves, we tried the rod on our own children, but are now trying the sugar-plum with our grandchildren. Thus far, our success is remarkable. Family government has risen in popularity. Children cry for it. Our children used to look with aversion on the spot where we locked up the switch; but now there is not in the whole house a place so favorite as the drawer where is stored the sweet moral suasion. Good conduct thrives; obedience is at a premium; the will is broken; the children are governed without knowing it. Blessings on sugar-plums!²

Every child born to you should learn among the first things it is capable of learning, that in your home your will is supreme. The earlier a child learns this, the better; and he should learn, at the same time, from all your words and all your conduct, that such authority is the companion of the tenderest love and the most genial kindness. Play with your children as much as you please; make yourselves their companions and sympathizers and confidants; but keep all the time the reins of your authority steadily drawn, and never allow yourselves to be trifled with. It is only in this way that you can keep the management of your home in your own hands, and retain the affectionate respect of those whom you love as you do yourselves.³

In my dealing with my child, my Latin and Greek, my accomplishments and my money, stead me nothing; but as much soul as I have avails. If I am willful, he sets his will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I please, the degradation of beating him by my superiority of strength. But if I renounce my

¹ Mann.² Beecher.³ Holland.

will, and act for the soul, setting that up as umpire between us two, out of his young eyes looks the same soul; he reveres and loves with me.¹

Is this infant child to fill the universe with his complete and total self-assertion, owning no superior, or is he to learn the self-submission of allegiance, obedience, duty to God? Is he to become a demon let loose in God's eternity, or an angel and free prince of the realm?

That he may be this, he is now given, will and all, as wax, to the wise molding power of control. Beginning, then, to lift his will in mutiny, and swell in self-asserting obstinacy, refusing to go or come, or stand, or withhold in this or that, let there be no fight begun, or issue made with him, as if it were the true thing now to break his will, or drive him out of it, by mere terrors and pains. This willfulness, or obstinacy, is not so purely bad, or evil, as it seems. It is partly his feeling of himself and you, in which he is getting hold of the conditions of authority, and feeling out his limitations. No, this breaking of a child's will, to which many well-meaning parents set themselves with such instant, almost passionate, resolution, is the way they take to make him a coward, or a thief, or a hypocrite, or a mean-spirited and driveling sycophant—nothing, in fact, is more dreadful to thought than this breaking of a will, when it breaks, as it often does, the personality itself, and all highest, noblest firmness of manhood. The true problem is different; it is not to break, but to bend rather, to draw the will down, or away from self-assertion toward self-devotion, to teach it the way of submitting to wise limitations, and raise it into the great and glorious liberties of a state of loyalty to God. See, then, how it is to be done. The child has no force, however stout he is in his will. Take him up, then, when the fit is upon him, carry him, stand him on

¹ Emerson.

his feet, set him here or there, do just that in him which he refuses to do in himself—all this gently and kindly, as if he were capable of maintaining no issue at all. Do it again and again, as often as may be necessary. By and by he will begin to perceive that his obstinacy is but the bluster of his weakness, till finally, as the sense of limitation comes up into a sense of law and duty, he will be found to have learned, even beforehand, the folly of mere self-assertion. And, when he has reached this point of felt obligation to obedience, it will no longer break him down to enforce his compliance, but it will even exalt into greater dignity and capacity that sublime power of self-government by which his manhood is to be most distinguished.¹

At first, or in the earlier periods of childhood, authority should rest upon its own right, and expect to be obeyed just because it speaks. It should stake itself on no assigned reasons, and have nothing to do with reasons, unless it be after the fact, when, by showing what has been depending, in a manner unseen to the child, it can add a presumption of reason to all future commands. It is even a good thing to the moral and religious nature of a child to have its obedience required, and to be accustomed to obedience, on the ground of simple authority; to learn homage and trust, as all subject natures must, and so to accept the rule of God's majesty, when the reasons of God are inscrutable. . . .

At the same time, it should never be forgotten, in this due assertion of authority and restrictive law, that there is a great difference between the imperative and the dictatorial, between the exact and the exacting. I have spoken already of the common fault of commanding overmuch, and forgetting or omitting to enforce what is commanded; there is another kind of fault which commands overmuch, and rigidly exacts what is com-

¹ Bushnell.

manded; laying on commands, as it seems to the child, just because it can, or is willing to gall his peace by exacting something that shall cut away even the semblance of liberty. No parent has a right to put oppression on a child in the name of authority. And, if he uses authority in that way to annoy the child's peace, and even to forbid his possession of himself, he should not complain if the impatience he creates grows into a bitter animosity, and finally a stiff rebellion.

Nothing should ever be commanded except what is needed and required by the most positive reasons, whether those reasons are made known or not.

Another qualification here to be observed, belongs to what may be called the emancipation of the child. A wise parent understands that his government is to be crowned by an act of emancipation; and it is a great problem to accomplish that emancipation gracefully. Pure authority, up to the last limit of minority, then a total, instantaneous self-possession, makes an awkward transition. A young eagle kept in the nest and brooded over till his beak and talons are full grown, then pitched out of it and required to take care of himself, will most certainly be dashed upon the ground. The emancipating process, in order to be well finished, should begin early, and should pass imperceptibly. Thus the child, after being ruled for a time by pure authority, should begin, as the understanding is developed, to have some of the reasons given why it is required to abstain, or do, or practice, in this or that way instead of some other. The tastes of the child, too, should begin to be a little consulted, in respect to his school, his studies, his future engagements in life.¹

Punishment should be severe enough to serve their purpose; and gentle enough to show, if possible, a tenderness that is averse from the infliction. There is no abuse more shocking

¹ Ibid.

than when they are administered by sheer impatience, or in a fit of passion. Nor is the case at all softened, when they are administered without feeling, in a manner of uncaring hardness. Whenever the sad necessity arrives, there should be time enough taken, after the wrong or detection, to produce a calm and thoughtful revision; and a just concern for the wrong, as evinced by the parent, should be awakened, if possible, in the child. I would not be understood, however, in advising this more tardy and delicate way of proceeding, to justify no exceptions. There are cases, now and then, in the outrageous and shocking misconduct of some boy, where an explosion is wanted; where the father represents God best by some terrible outburst of indignant violated feeling, and becomes an instant avenger, without any counsel or preparation whatever. Nothing else expresses fitly what is due to such kind of conduct. And there is many a grown-up man, who will remember such an hour of discipline, as the time when the plowshare of God's truth went into his soul like redemption itself. That was the shock that woke him up to the staunch realities of principle; and he will recollect that father, as God's minister, typified to all dearest, holiest, reverence, by the pungent indignations of that time.

There is great importance in the closing of a penal discipline. Thus it should be a law never to cease from the discipline begun, whatever it be, till the child is seen to be in a feeling that justifies the discipline. He is never to be let go, or sent away sulking in a look of willfulness unsubdued. Indeed, he should even be required always to put on a pleasant, tender look, such as clears all clouds and shows a beginning of fair weather. No reproof or discipline is rightly administered till this point is reached. Nothing short of this changed look gives any hope of a changed will. . . .

Have it as a caution that, in holding a magisterial relation, asserting and maintaining law, discovering and redressing wrong, you are never, as parents, to lose out the parental; never to check the demonstrations of your love; never to cease from the intercourse of play. If you assert the law, as you must, then you must have your gospel to go with it, your pardons judiciously dispensed, your Christian sympathies flowing out in modes of Christian concern, your whole administration tempered by tenderness. Above all, see that your patience is not easily broken or exhausted.¹

One of the first duties of a genuinely Christian parent is to show a generous sympathy with the plays of his children, providing playthings and means of play, giving them play-times, inviting suitable companions for them, and requiring them to have it as one of their pleasures to keep such companions entertained in their plays, instead of playing always for their own mere self-pleasing. Sometimes, too, the parent, having a hearty interest in the plays of his children, will drop out, for the time, the sense of his years, and go into the frolic of their mood with them. They will enjoy no other play-time so much as that, and it will have the effect to make the authority, so far unbent, just as much stronger and more welcome, as it has brought itself closer to them, and given them a more complete show of sympathy.

On the same principle, it has an excellent effect to make much of the birthdays of children, because it shows them, little and dependent as they are, to be held in so much greater estimation in the house. When they have each their own day, when that day is so remembered and observed as to indicate a real and felt interest in it by all, then the home in which they are so cherished is proportionately endeared to feeling, and what has magnified them they are ready to magnify.

¹ Bushnell.

On the same principle, too, public days and festivals, those of the school, those of the state, and those of religion, are to be looked upon with favor, as times in which they are to be gladdened by the shows, and plays, and simple pleasures appropriate to the occasions; care being only taken to put them in no connection with vice, or any possible excess. Let them see what is to be seen, enjoy what is to be enjoyed, and shun with just so much greater sensibility whatever is loose, or wild, or wicked. . . .

Happily there is now such an abundance of games and plays prepared for the entertainment of children, that there is no need of allowing them in any that stand associated with vice. Those plays are generally to be most favored that are to be had only in the open air, and in forms of exercise that give sprightliness and robustness to the body. At the same time, there needs to be a preparation of devices for the entertainment of children in-doors in the evening; for the prophet did not give it as a picture of the happy days of Jerusalem, that the streets of the city should be full of boys and girls playing there in the evening, or into the night, away from their parents and the supervision of their home. There is anything signified in that but happiness and public well-being. Christian fathers and mothers will never suffer their children to be out in the public streets in the evening, unless they are themselves too loose and self-indulgent to assume that care of the conduct and the hours of their children, which is imposed upon them by their parental responsibilities. In country places, far removed from all the haunts of vice, and in neighborhoods where there are no vicious children, it might work no injury if boys were allowed to be out, now and then, in their coasting or skating parties in the evening. But the better rule in large towns, the absolute rule, having no excep-

tions as regards very young children, will be that they are never to be out or away from home in the evening. Meantime, it will be the duty of the parents, and a kind of study especially of the mother, to find methods of making the house no mere prison, but a place of attraction, and of always cheerful and pleasant society. She will provide books that will feed their intelligence and exercise their tastes—pictures, games, diversions, plays; set them to inventing such themselves, teaching them how to carry on their little society, in the playful turns of good nature and fun, by which they stimulate and quicken each other; drilling them in music, and setting them forward in it by such beginnings that they will shortly be found exercising and training each other; shedding over all the play, infusing into all the glee, a certain sober and thoughtful look of character and principle, so that no overgrown appetite for sport may render violent pleasures necessary, but that small, and gentle, and easy, and almost sober pleasures, may suffice; becoming, at last, even most satisfactory. Here is the field of the mother's greatest art, viz.: in the finding how to make a happy and good evening for her children. Here it is that the lax, faithless, worthless mother most entirely fails; here the good and wise mother wins her best success.¹

¹ Ibid.



GEORGE.

CHAPTER IX.

SOCIAL ASPECTS.

Man perfected by society is the best of all animals. — ARISTOTLE.

TO understand man we must look beyond the individual man and his actions or interests, and view him in combination with his fellows. It is in society that man first feels what he is, first becomes what he can be. In society an altogether new set of spiritual activities are evolved in him, and the old immeasurably quickened and strengthened. Society is the genial element wherein his nature first lives and grows; the solitary man were but a small portion of himself, and must continue forever folded in, stunted and only half alive. "Already," says a deep Thinker, with more meaning than will disclose itself at once, "my opinion, my conviction, gains *infinitely* in strength and sureness the moment a second mind has adopted it." Such, even in its simplest form, is association; so wondrous the communion of soul with soul as directed to the mere act of Knowing! In other higher acts the wonder is still more manifest; as in that portion of our being which we name the Moral: for properly, indeed, all communion is of a moral sort, whereof such intellectual communion (in the act of knowing) is itself an example. But, with regard to Morals, strictly so called, it is in Society, we might almost say, that Morality begins; here, at least, it takes an altogether new form, and on every side, as in living growth,

expands itself. The Duties of Man to himself, to what is Highest in himself, make but the First Table of the Law: to the First Table is now superadded a Second, with the Duties of Man to his Neighbor; whereby also the significance of the First now assumes its true importance. Man has joined himself with man; soul acts and reacts on soul; a mystic, miraculous, unfathomable Union establishes itself; Life, in all its elements, has become intensified, consecrated. The lightning-spark of Thought, generated, or say, rather, heaven-kindled, in the solitary mind, awakens its express likeness in another mind, in a thousand other minds, and all blaze up together in combined fire; reverberated from mind to mind, fed also with fresh fuel in each, it acquires incalculable new light as Thought, incalculable new heat as converted into Action. By and by a common store of Thought can accumulate, and be transmitted as an everlasting possession. Literature, whether as preserved in the memory of Bards, in Runes and Hieroglyphs engraved on stone, or in Books of written or printed paper, comes into existence, and begins to play its wondrous part. Politics are formed; the weak submitting to the strong; with a willing loyalty, giving obedience that he may receive guidance; or say, rather, in honor of our nature, the ignorant submitting to the wise; for so it is in all, even the rudest, communities—man never yields himself wholly to brute Force, but always to moral Greatness; thus the universal title of respect, from the Oriental *Sheik*, from the *Sachem* of the red Indians, down to our English *Sir*, implies only that he whom we mean to honor is our *Senior*. Last, as the crown and all-supporting keystone of the fabric, Religion arises. The devout meditation of the isolated man, which flitted through his soul like a transient tone of Love and Awe from unknown lands, acquires certainty, continuance, when it is shared in by his brother

men. "Where two or three are gathered together" in the name of the Highest, there first does the Highest, as it is written, "appear among them to bless them;" there first does an Altar and act of united Worship open a way from Earth to Heaven; whereon, were it but a simple Jacob's-ladder, the heavenly Messengers will travel, with glad tidings and unspeakable gifts for men. Such is Society, the vital articulation of many individuals into a new collective individual: greatly the most important of man's attainments on this earth; that in which, and by virtue of which, all his other attainments and attempts find their arena and have their value. Considered well, Society is the standing wonder of our existence; a true region of the Supernatural; as it were, a second all-embracing Life, wherein our first individual Life becomes doubly and trebly alive, and whatever of Infinitude was in us bodies itself forth, and becomes visible and active.¹

It is not well to keep entirely apart from the stream of common life; so, though I never go out when busy, nor keep late hours, I find it pleasanter and better to enter somewhat into society. I thus meet with many entertaining acquaintances, and some friends. I can never, indeed, expect, in America, or in this world, to form relations with nobler persons than I have already known; nor can I put my heart into these new ties as into the old ones, though probably it would still respond to commanding excellence. But my present circle satisfies my wants. As to what is called "good society," I am wholly indifferent. I know several women whom I like very much, and yet more men. I hear good music, which answers my social desires better than any other intercourse can; and I love four or five interesting children, in whom I always find more genuine sympathy than in their elders.²

¹Carlyle.²Margaret Fuller.

You ask me what society would have of you. Anything that you possess which has value in society. Society is not particular on this point. . . . Can you tell a story well? Have you traveled, and have you a pleasant faculty of telling your adventures? Are you educated, and able to impart valuable ideas and general information? Have you vivacity in conversation? Can you sing? . . . Are you willing to assist those to a pleasant evening who are not able to stand through a party? Do you wear a good coat, and can you bring good dress into the ornamental department of society? Are you up to anything in the way of private theatricals? If you do not possess a decent degree of sense, can you talk decent nonsense? Are you a good bean, and are you willing to make yourself useful in waiting on the ladies on all occasions? Have you a good set of teeth, which you are willing to show whenever the wit of the company gets off a good thing? Are you a true, straightforward, manly fellow, with whose healthful and uncorrupted nature it is good for society to come in contact? In short, do you possess anything of any social value? If you do, and are willing to impart it, society will yield itself to your touch. If you have nothing, then society, as such, owes you nothing. Christian philanthropy may put its arm around you, as a lonely young man, about to spoil for want of something, but it is very sad and humiliating for a young man to be brought to that. There are people who devote themselves to nursing young men, and doing them good. If they invite you to tea, go by all means, and try your hand. If, in the course of the evening, you can prove to them that your society is desirable, you have won a point. Don't be patronized. . . . The more you mix with men, the less you will be disposed to quarrel, and the more charitable and liberal will you become. The fact that you do not understand a

man, is quite as likely to be your fault as his. There are a good many chances in favor of the conclusion that, if you fail to like an individual whose acquaintance you make, it is through your own ignorance and illiberality. So I say, meet every man honestly; seek to know him; and you will find that in those points in which he differs from you rests his power to instruct you, enlarge you, and do you good. Keep your heart open for everybody, and be sure that you shall have your reward. You shall find a jewel under the most uncouth exterior; and associated with homeliest manners and the oddest ways and the ugliest faces, you will find rare virtues, fragrant little humanities, and inspiring heroisms.

Again: you can have no influence unless you are social. An unsocial man is as devoid of influence as an ice-peak is of verdure. . . . The revenge which society takes upon the man who isolates himself, is as terrible as it is inevitable. The pride which sits alone, and will do nothing for society because society disgusts it, or because its possessor does not at once have accorded to him his position, will have the privilege of sitting alone in its sublime disgust till it drops into the grave. The world sweeps by the isolated man, carelessly, remorselessly, contemptuously. He has no hold upon society, because he is not a part of it. The boat that refuses to pause in its passage, and throw a line to smaller craft, will bring no tow into port. So let me tell you, that if you have an honorable desire in your heart for influence, you must be a thoroughly social man. You can not move men until you are one of them. They will not follow you until they have heard your voice, shaken your hand, and fully learned your principles and your sympathies. It makes no difference how much you know, or how much you are capable of doing. You may pile accomplishment upon acquisi-

tion mountain high; but if you fail to be a social man, demonstrating to society that your lot is with the rest, a little child with a song in its mouth, and a kiss for all, and a pair of innocent hands to lay upon the knees, shall lead more hearts and change the direction of more lives than you.¹

One ought to love society if he wishes to enjoy solitude. It is a social nature that solitude works upon with the most various power. If one is misanthropic, and betakes himself to loneliness that he may get away from hateful things, solitude is a silent emptiness to him. But as, after a bell has tolled or rung, we hear its sounds dying away in vibrations fainter and fainter, and when they have wholly ceased, feel that the very silence is musical too, so is it with solitude, which is but a few bars of rest between strains of life, and would not be what it is if we did not go from activity to it, and into activity from it.

Silence is thus a novelty; and a sympathy with forms of nature, and with phenomena of light or twilight, is heightened by its contrast with ordinary experience. Besides, one likes to stand out alone before himself. In life he is acting and acted upon. A throng of excitements are spurring him through various rapid races. Self-consideration is almost lost. He scarcely knows what of himself is himself, and what is but the working of others upon him. It is good, now and then, to sit by one's self, as if all the world were dead, and see what is left of that which glowed and raged along the arena. What are we out of temptation, out of excitement? In the loom we are the shuttle, beaten back and forth, carrying the thread of affairs out of which grows the fabric of life. Slip the band; stop the loom. What is the thread? What is the fabric? . . .

Our solitudes act upon affections and friendships just as death does. For death draws into the grave not alone the dishonored

¹ Holland.

body, but also all those weaknesses of the soul and imperfections which sprang from its alliance with the body, and we then see our friends purged from their faults, dressed in the rarest excellences, and touched with golden glory. Thus, too, is it in the separation and solitude of the wilderness. They whom we love rise up in a mellowed remembrance, as a tree stands charmed in a midsummer's moonlight, its broken branches hidden, its unequal boughs all rounded out and softened into symmetry, and the whole glowing with silver light, as if transfigured. Then we entertain thoughts of affection such as might beseem a God. We enter into its royalties, and conceive its function, and know that it is the life of the world, the breath of every holy soul, the atmosphere of the Divine Heart, and the substance of heaven. When the tranquil eye of God, looking around, traces that circle within which love wholly prevails, so that all things spring from it, and it lives in them always and perfectly, then that circle is heaven, and such are the bounds thereof.¹

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.²

How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet!³

We must certainly acknowledge that solitude is a fine thing; but it is a pleasure to have some one who can answer, and to

¹ Beecher.

² Byron.

³ Cowper.

whom we can say, from time to time, that solitude is a fine thing.¹

Solitude shows us what we should be; society shows us what we are.²

A certain degree of solitude seems necessary to the full growth and spread of the highest mind; and therefore must a very extensive intercourse with men stifle many a holy germ, and scare away the gods, who shun the restless tumult of noisy companies and the discussion of petty interests.³

If the mind loves solitude, it has thereby acquired a loftier character, and it becomes still more noble when the taste is indulged in.⁴

In complete solitude the eye wants objects, the heart wants attachments, the understanding wants reciprocation. The character loses its tenderness when it has nothing to love, its firmness when it has none to strengthen it, its sweetness when it has nothing to soothe it, its patience when it meets no contradiction, its humility when it is surrounded by dependants, and its delicacy in the conversations of the uninformed.⁵

FASHION.—“Mrs. Grundy,” in the play, is but an impersonation of the conventionalism of the world. Custom, habit, fashion, use, and wont, are all represented in her. She may be a very vulgar and commonplace person, but her power is nevertheless prodigious. We copy and imitate her in all things. We are pinned to her apron-string. We are obedient at her bidding. We are indolent and complaisant, and fear to provoke her ill word. “What will Mrs. Grundy say?” quells many a noble impulse, hinders many a self-denying act.

There seems to be a general though unconscious conspiracy existing against each other’s individuality and manhood. We discourage self-reliance, and demand conformity. Each must

¹ Balzac.² Cecil.³ Novalis.⁴ Humboldt.⁵ Hannah More.

see with others’ eyes, and think through others’ minds. We are idolaters of customs and observances, looking behind, not forward and upward. Pinned down and held back by ignorance and weakness, we are afraid of standing alone, or thinking and acting for ourselves. Conventionalism rules all. We fear stepping out into the free air of independent thought and action. We refuse to plant ourselves upon our instincts, and to vindicate our spiritual freedom. We are content to bear others’ fruit, not our own.

In private affairs the same spirit is alike deleterious. We live as society directs, each according to the standard of our class. We have a superstitious reverence for custom. We dress and eat and live in conformity with the Grundy law. So long as we do this, we are “respectable,” according to class notions. Thus many rush open-eyed upon misery, for no better excuse than a foolish fear of “the world.” They are afraid of “what others will say of them;” and, in nine cases out of ten, those who might probably raise the voice of censure are not the wise or the far-seeing, but much oftener the foolish, the vain, and the short-sighted.

Sir William Temple has said that “a restlessness in men’s minds to be something that they are not, and to have something that they have not, is the root of all immorality.” The statement is strictly correct. It has been attested by universal experience.

Keeping up appearances is one of the greatest social evils of the age. There is a general effort, more particularly among the middle and upper classes, at seeming to be something that they are not. They put on appearances, live a life of sham, and endeavor to look something superior to what they really are.

"Respectability" is one of the chief aims. Respectability, regarded in its true sense, is a desirable thing. To be respected, on right grounds, is an object which every man and woman is justified in attaining. But modern respectability consists of external appearances. It means wearing fine clothes, dwelling in fine houses, and living in fine style.¹

The realm is as wide as the world, and as far-reaching as all the generations, over which fashion hath extended her scepter. For thousands of years she hath sat queen over all the earth, and the revolutions that rock down all other thrones have not in the slightest affected her domination. Other constitutions have been torn, and other laws trampled; but to her decrees conquerors have bowed their plumes, and kings have uncovered. Victoria is not Queen of England; Napoleon was not Emperor of France; Isabella was not Queen of Spain. *Fashion* has been regnant over all the earth, and lords and dukes, kings and queens, have been the subjects of her realm. . . . You have limited your observation of the sway of fashion if you have considered it only as it decides individual and national costumes. It makes the rules of behavior. It wields an influence in artistic spheres—often deciding what pictures shall hang in the house, what music shall be played, what ornaments shall stand upon the mantle. The poor man will not have on his wall the cheap wood-cut that he can afford, because he can not have a great daub like that which hangs on the rich man's wall, and costing three hundred dollars.

Fashion helps to make up religious belief. It often decides to what church we shall go, and what religious tenets we shall adopt. It goes into the pulpit, and decides the gown, and the surplice, and the style of rhetoric.

It goes into literature and arranges the binding, the type, the

¹Smiles.

illustrations of the book, and oftentimes the sentiments expressed and the theories evolved.

Men the most independent in feeling are by it compelled to submit to social customs. And before I stop I want to show you that fashion has been one of the most potent of reformers, and one of the vilest of usurpers. Sometimes it has been an angel from heaven, and at others it has been the mother of harlots.

As the world grows better there will be as much fashion as now, but it will be a different fashion. In the future life white robes always have been and always will be in the fashion. . . . Excessive fashion is to be charged with many of the worst evils of society, and its path has often been strewn with the bodies of the slain.

It has often set up a false standard by which people are to be judged. Our common sense, as well as all the divine intimations on the subject, teach us that people ought to be esteemed according to their individual and moral attainments. The man who has the most nobility of soul should be first, and he who has the least of such qualities should stand last. No crest, or shield, or escutcheon, can indicate one's moral peerage. Titles of duke, lord, esquire, earl, viscount, or patrician, ought not to raise one into the first rank. Some of the meanest men I have ever known had at the end of their name D. D., LL. D., and F. R. S. Truth, honor, charity, heroism, self-sacrifice, should win highest favor; but inordinate fashion says—"Count not a woman's virtues; count her rings;" "Look not at the contour of the head, but see the way she combs her hair;" "Ask not what noble deeds have been accomplished by that man's hand; but is it white and soft?" Ask not what good sense was in her conversation, but "in what was she dressed?" Ask not whether there was hos-

pitality and cheerfulness in the house, but "in what style do they live?"

As a consequence, some of the most ignorant and vicious of men are at the top, and some of the most virtuous and intelligent at the bottom. During the late war we suddenly saw men hurled up into the highest social positions. Had they suddenly reformed from evil habits? or graduated in a science? or achieved some good work for society? No! They simply had obtained a government contract!

This accounts for the utter chagrin which men feel at the treatment they receive when they lose their property. Hold up your head amid financial disaster, like a Christian! Fifty thousand subtracted from a good man leaves how much? Honor; Truth; Faith in God; Triumphant Hope; and a kingdom of ineffable glory, over which he is to reign forever and ever.

If a millionaire should lose a penny out of his pocket, would he sit down on a curb-stone and cry? And shall a man possessed of everlasting fortunes wear himself out with grief because he has lost worldly treasure? You have only lost that in which hundreds of wretched misers surpass you; and you have saved that which the Cæsars, and the Pharaohs, and the Alexanders could never afford.

And yet society thinks differently; and you see the most intimate friendships broken up as the consequence of financial embarrassments. You say to some one—"How is your friend —?" The man looks bewildered, and says, "I do not know." You reply, "Why, you used to be intimate." "Well," says the man, "our friendship has been dropped; the man has failed."

Proclamation has gone forth: "Velvets must go up, and homespun must come down;" and the question is, "How does the coat fit?"—not, "Who wears it?" The power that bears

the tides of excited population up and down our streets, and rocks the world of commerce, and thrills all nations, Transatlantic and Cisatlantic, is—clothes. It decides the last offices of respect; and how long the dress shall be totally black; and when it may subside into spots of grief on silk, calico, or gingham. Men die in good circumstances, but by reason of extravagant funeral expenses are well-nigh insolvent before they get buried. Many men would not die at all, if they had to wait until they could afford it.

Excessive fashion is productive of a most ruinous strife. The expenditure of many households is adjusted by what their neighbors have, not by what they themselves can afford to have; and the great anxiety is as to who shall have the finest house and the most costly equipage. The weapons used in the warfare of social life are not Minié rifles, and Dahlgren guns, Hotchkiss shells, but chairs and mirrors, and vases, and Gobelins, and Axministers. Many household establishments are like racing steamboats, propelled at the utmost strain and risk, and just coming to a terrific explosion. "Who cares," say they, "if we only come out ahead?"

There is no one cause to-day of more financial embarrassment, and of more dishonesty, than this determination, at all hazards, to live as well as or better than other people. There are persons who will risk their eternity upon one fine looking-glass, or who will dash out the splendors of heaven to get another trinket.

"My house is too small." "But," says some one, "you can not pay for a larger." "Never mind that; my friends have a better residence, and so will I." "A dress of that pattern I must have. I can not afford it by a great deal; but who cares for that? My neighbor had one from that pattern, and I must have one." There are scores of men in the dungeons of the

penitentiary, who risked honor, business—everything—in the effort to shine like others. Though the heavens fall, they must be “in the fashion.”

The most famous frauds of the day have resulted from this feeling. It keeps hundreds of men struggling for their commercial existence. The trouble is that some are caught and incarcerated, if their larceny be small. If it be great, they escape, and build their castle on the Rhine. Men go into jail, not because they steal, but because they did not steal enough.

Again: excessive fashion makes people unnatural and untrue. It is a factory from which has come forth more hollow pretenses, and unmeaning flatteries, and hypocrisies, than the Lowell Mills ever turned out shawls and garments.

Fashion is the greatest of all liars. It has made society insincere. You know not what to believe. When people ask you to come, you do not know whether or not they want you to come. When they send their regards, you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart, or an external civility. We have learned to take almost everything at a discount. Word is sent, “Not at home,” when they are only too lazy to dress themselves. They say, “The furnace has just gone out,” when in truth they have had no fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table, when they never live any better. They decry their most luxurious entertainments, to win a shower of approval. They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master painter. “It was an heir-loom, and once hung on the walls of a castle; and a duke gave it to their grandfather.” People who will lie about nothing else, will lie about a picture. On a small income we must make the world

believe that we are affluent, and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit, and a sham.

Few persons are really natural. When I say this, I do not mean to slur cultured manners. It is right that we should have more admiration for the sculptured marble than for the unhewn block of the quarry. From many circles in life fashion has driven out vivacity and enthusiasm. A frozen dignity instead floats about the room, and iceberg grinds against iceberg. You must not laugh outright; it is vulgar. You must *smile*. You must not dash rapidly across the room: you must *glide*. There is a round of bows and grins, and flatteries, and oh's! and ah's! and simperings, and namby-pambyism—a world of which is not worth one good, round, honest peal of laughter. From such a hollow round the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening, and assures his host that he has enjoyed himself. . . . Again: inordinate fashion is incompatible with happiness. Those who depend for their comfort upon the admiration of others are subject to frequent disappointment. Somebody will criticise their appearance, or surpass them in brilliancy, or will receive more attention. Oh! the jealousy, and detraction, and heart-burnings of those who move in this bewildered maze!

The clock strikes *one*, and the company begins to disperse. The host has done everything to make all his guests happy; but now that they are on the street, hear their criticisms of everybody and everything. “Did you see her in such and such apparel?” “Wasn't she a perfect fright!” “What a pity that such an one is so awkward and uncouth!” “Well, really, I would rather never be spoken to than be seen with such a man as that!”

Poor butterflies! Bright wings do not always bring happiness. “She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.”

The revelations of high life that come to the challenge and the fight are only the occasional croppings out of disquietudes that are, underneath, like the stars of heaven for multitude, but like the demons of the pit for hate. The misery that to-night in the cellar cuddles up in the straw is not so utter as the princely disquietude which stalks through splendid drawing-rooms, brooding over the slights and offenses of high life. The bitterness of trouble seems not so unfitting, when drank out of a pewter mug, as when it pours from the chased lips of a golden chalice. In the sharp crack of the voluptuary's pistol, putting an end to his earthly misery, I hear the confirmation that in a hollow, fastidious life there is no peace. . . . Fashion is the world's undertaker, and drives thousands of hearses to Laurel Hill and Greenwood.

But, worse than that, this folly is an intellectual depletion. This endless study of proprieties and etiquette, patterns and styles, is bedwarfing to the intellect. I never knew a man or a woman of extreme fashion that knew much. How belittling the study of the cut of a coat, or the tie of a cravat, or the wrinkle in a shoe, or the color of a ribbon! How they are worried if something gets untied, or hangs awry, or is not nicely adjusted! With a mind capable of measuring the height and depth of great subjects; able to unravel mysteries; to walk through the universe; to soar up into the infinity of God's attributes—hovering perpetually over a new style of mantilla! I have known men, reckless as to their character, and regardless of interests momentous and eternal, exasperated by the shape of a vest button!

What is the matter with that woman—wrought up into the agony of despair? O, her muff is out of fashion!

Worse than all, this folly is not satisfied until it has extirpated

every moral sentiment, and blasted the soul. A wardrobe is the rock upon which many a soul has been riven. The excitement of a luxurious life has been the vortex that has swallowed up more souls than the Maelstrom off Norway ever devoured ships. What room for elevating themes in a heart filled with the trivial and unreal? Who can wonder that in this haste for sun-gilded bawbles and winged thistle-down, men should tumble into ruin? The travelers to destruction are not all clothed in rags. On that road chariot jostles against chariot, and behind steeds in harness golden-plated and glittering, they go down, coach and four, herald and postilion, racketing on the hot pavements of hell. Clear the track! Bazaars hang out their colors over the road; and trees of tropical fruitfulness overbranch the way. No sound of woe disturbs the air; but all is light and song, and wine and gorgeousness. The world comes out to greet the dazzling procession with Hurrah! and Hurrah! But, suddenly, there is a halt and an outcry of dismay, and an overthrow worse than the Red Sea tumbling upon the Egyptians. Shadow of grave-stones upon finest silk! Wormwood squeezed into impearled goblets! Death, with one cold breath, withering the leaves and freezing the fountains.

In the wild tumult of the last day—the mountains falling, the heavens flying, the thrones uprising, the universe assembling; amid the boom of the last great thunder-peal, and under the crackling of a burning world—what will become of the fop and the dandy?¹

There is a set of people whom I can not bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable, but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be

¹ Talmage.

abundantly correct. There may be eloquence in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position; not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine: but what I want is the heart and gayety of social intercourse; the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it; the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint.¹

A lack of earnestness in any great or useful pursuit, a blind worship of rank and of those who hold it, a childish sensitiveness to the charms of personal adornment, a disposition to magnify above things essential all matters of form and ceremony, a hatred of labor and contempt for the laborer, and a selfish jealousy that walks hand in hand with an undisguised personal vanity—these are the leading characteristics of what may be denominated a fashionable style of manhood and womanhood—the basis of an outside life, ordered in obedience to an outside law. You will perceive that my definition will establish a great difference between the fashionable man and the polite or gentle man. The fashionable man is often popularly mistaken for the polite man, and, I may say, is greatly interested in being mistaken for him. Indeed, he often mistakes himself for him. The difference between a gentleman and a man of fashion is just as distinct as that between a man of fashion and an unpretending boor. The fashionable man may be, and often is, a brute in his instincts and in his secret life; he may be a cringing puppy among his superiors; he may be the meanest toady of power

¹ Chalmers.

and place; he may be intolerably insolent among those whom he deems his inferiors; but certainly these things are not possible with a gentleman. . . . Now for a glance at another picture. Here and there in the world—more numerous in the aggregate than those know who do not love their society—there are men and women whose lives are ordered from within; whose motive and regulating force is love of God and love of men; who are loyal to conscience, earnest in all benevolent enterprise, self-sacrificing, most happy in the communication of happiness, without jealousy and without hypocrisy; who esteem it a more honorable thing to forgive an injury than to resent one; who are humble in their estimate of themselves, and who in honor prefer one another. This, very briefly, is what I understand to be the Christian style of manhood and womanhood.

Now the difference between this and the fashionable style is certainly the difference between antagonistic opposites. The man of fashion is exclusive, and has no sympathy with any but his class or clique. The Christian is universal in his sympathies, embracing in his prayer and in his charitable endeavor every nation, class, and individual. One seeks only to make the world useful to himself; the other to make himself useful to the world. One seeks for, or seizes, privilege; the other is happiest in ministry. One is a despot; the other is a democrat.¹

Without depth of thought, or earnestness of feeling, or strength of purpose, living an unreal life, sacrificing substance to show, substituting the fictitious for the natural, mistaking a crowd for society, finding its chief pleasure in ridicule, and exhausting its ingenuity in expedients for killing time, fashion is among the last influences under which a human being who respects himself, or who comprehends the great end of life, would desire to be placed.²

¹ Holland.

² Channing.

If you wish to know what hollowness and heartlessness are, you must seek for them in the world of light, elegant, superficial fashion, where frivolity has turned the heart into a rock-bed of selfishness. Say what men will of the heartlessness of trade, it is nothing compared with the heartlessness of fashion. Say what they will of the atheism of science, it is nothing to the atheism of that round of pleasure in which the heart lives; dead while it lives.¹

DRESS.—I suppose one might as well advise the north-east wind to be gentle and pleasant, as advise young men as to the sort of girl they should fall in love with. But I think there is nothing more significant of the nature of a girl than her dress. You may be sure that there is a great deal of worth in her who keeps at a considerable distance from the prevailing fashion, whatever it may be, without at the same time incurring the risk of appearing singular. This, too, not from its being a proof of her being modest and quiet, but because it gives evidence of her possessing an art which is of signal importance in insuring domestic felicity. It is the art of making the best of herself:—*Se faire valoir*, as the French, in their delicate way of expressing things, would describe it.

Most modes of fashion, even when carried only to a moderate and not to an extreme extent, are pre-eminently ugly and unbecoming. It is a hunch here, or a bunch there, or an inflation of this garment, or a skimping of that, which is the sign of supreme fashion in dress. It generally sins equally against beauty, propriety, health, and becomingness. The girl who knows how to most dexterously avoid the evils of it, without, as I said before, becoming singular, is an adroit person, who will know, throughout life, how to make the best of herself in every circumstance and under all kinds of difficulties.²

¹ Robertson.² Helps.

No woman—or man either, for that matter—can afford to be absolutely indifferent to dress. The obligation laid upon our sex to *make* home by seeing to it that food is well cooked and attractively served, and rooms clean, comfortable, and pretty, extends to neatness of person and such attention to attire as shall not only avoid offending the eye, but please it and gratify just taste.

This may be denominated the *Æsthetic Morality of Dress*. I earnestly commend the consideration of it to those wives and daughters who imagine—if we are to judge by their practice—that working-clothes must needs be slatternly; the women who make a market for the cheap calico wrappers trimmed with tawdry strips of more gayly-colored chintz, that flap against the door-posts of low-priced stores. They are the class who sit down collarless to breakfast, their hair in crimping-pins, their feet in ragged gaiters, or slippers down at the heel. It is hard for a woman to respect herself in such a garb. Whether she respects it or not, it is yet more difficult for her husband or father to respect her. However busy a man he may be, he would rather wait ten minutes longer for his morning meal when his wife or daughter is the cook, in order that she may slip on a decent dress, with a line of white at the throat—that indispensable insignia of ladyhood.¹

Declining ladies, especially married ladies, are more given, I think, than men, to neglect their personal appearance, when they are conscious that the bloom of their youth is gone. I do not speak of state occasions, of set dinner-parties and full-dress balls, but of the daily meetings of domestic life. Now, however, is the time, above all others, when the wife must determine to remain the pleasing wife, and retain her John Anderson's affections to the last, by neatness, taste, and appropriate variety of dress.

¹ Marion Harland.

That a lady has fast-growing daughters, strapping sons, and a husband hard at work at his office all day long, is no reason why she should ever enter the family circle with rumpled hair, soiled cap, or unfastened gown. The prettiest woman in the world would be spoiled by such sins in her toilet.¹

I believe in dress. I believe that it is the duty of all men— young and old—to make their persons, so far as practicable or possible, agreeable to those with whom they are thrown into association. I mean by this that they shall not offend by singularity, nor by slovenliness; that they shall “make a conscience” of clean boots and finger-nails, frequently change their linen, and not show themselves in shirt-sleeves if they can help it. Let no man know by your dress what your business is. You dress your person, not your trade. You are, if you know enough, to mold the fashion of the time to your own personal peculiarities—to make it your servant, and not allow it to be your master. Never dress in extremes. Let there always be a hint in your dress that you know the style, but, for the best of reasons, disregard its more extreme demands. The best possible impression that you can make by your dress is to make no separate impression at all; but so to harmonize its material and shape with your personality, that it becomes tributary in the general effect, and so exclusively tributary that people can not tell after seeing you what kind of clothes you wear. They will only remember that you look well, and somehow dress becomingly.

I suppose that I shall be met here with a protest from employers, and a kind of protest from the employed. Counsel to dress well is dangerous, is it? But everybody now dresses extravagantly; and, as extravagant dressing is usually very far from good dressing, I think that the danger of exciting greater extravagance is very small. It may be descending into pretty

¹ *Household Words.*

small particulars, but it is proper to say that some men can dress better on fifty dollars a year than others can on one hundred, and for reasons which it is my duty to disclose. There was something in the doctrine of the loafer who maintained that “extremes justify the means,” illustrating his proposition by wearing faultless hat and boots and leaving the rest of his person in rags; but he had not touched the real philosophy of the matter.

There is on every man what may be called a dress-center—a point from which the rest of the dress should be developed or unfolded. A faultless cravat or necktie, supporting an immaculate and stylish shirt-collar, is, perhaps, as good a “dress-center” as can be chosen or adopted. Outside of this there should not be a noticeable feature of the dress, except that it is harmonious and unobtrusive. A neck always well dressed will atone almost for negligence in every other department of personal drapery.¹

You must dress according to your age, your pursuits, your object in life. You must dress in some cases according to your set. In youth a little fancy is rather expected, but, if political life be your object, it should be avoided, at least after one-and-twenty. What all men should avoid is the shabby genteel. No man gets over it. You had better be in rags.²

It is a shame to any woman who has the means to dress well to dress meanly, and it is a particular shame for any woman to do this in the name of religion. I have seen women who, believing the fashionable devotion to dress to be sinful, as it doubtless is, go to that extreme in plainness of attire which, if it prove anything touching the power that governs them, proves that it is a power which is at war with man's purest instincts and most elevated tastes. I say it is a shame for a woman to dress unattractively who has it in her power to dress well. It is every woman's duty to make herself pleasant and attractive by such

¹ Holland.

² Beaconsfield.

raiment and ornament as shall best accord with the style of beauty with which she is endowed. The beauty of woman's person was intended to be a source of pleasure—the fitting accompaniment of that which in humanity is the most nearly allied to the angelic. Surely, if God plants flowers upon a clod, they may rest upon a woman's bosom, or glorify a woman's hair!

But dress is a subordinate thing, because beauty is not the essential thing. Beauty is very desirable; it is a very great blessing; it is a misfortune to possess an unattractive person; but there are multitudes of women with priceless excellences of heart and mind who are not beautiful. Beauty, so far as it is dependent upon form and color, is a material thing, and belongs to the grosser nature. Therefore dress is a subject which should occupy comparatively few of the thoughts of a true woman, whether beautiful or not. . . .

There is, as a general thing, no excuse for attire which is not neat and orderly at any time in the day. A thoroughly neat and orderly young woman is presentable at any hour, whether she be in the kitchen or the parlor; and I have seen specimens of womanhood that were as attractive in their kitchens, with their tidy hair and their nine-penny calico, as in their parlors, at a later hour, robed in silk and busy at their embroidery. Materials may be humble, but they may always be tastefully made and neatly kept. There are few habits that a young woman may acquire which, in the long run, will tend more to the preservation of her own self-respect than that of thorough tastefulness, appropriateness, and tidiness of dress, and certainly very few which will make her more agreeable to others.

So, I say, dress well if you can afford it, always neatly, never obtrusively, and always with a modest regard to rational ideas

of propriety. Scorn the idea of making dress, in any way, the great object of life. It is beneath you. A woman was made for something higher than a convenient figure for displaying dry goods and the possibilities of millinery and mantua-making.¹

Always dress yourselves beautifully—not finely, unless on occasion, but then very finely and beautifully, too. Also, you are to dress as many other people as you can; and to teach them how to dress, if they don't know; and to consider every ill-dressed woman or child whom you see anywhere as a personal disgrace, and to get at them somehow, until everybody is as beautifully dressed as birds.²

Gossip.—What a pity there is not a tax upon words! What an income the queen would get from it! But, alas! talking pays no toll. And, if lies paid double, the government might pay off the national debt. But who could collect the money? Common fame is a common liar. Hearsay is half lies. A tale never loses in the telling. As a snow-ball grows by rolling, so does a story. They who talk much lie much. If men said what was true, what a peaceable world we should see! Silence seldom makes mischief, but talking is a plague to the parish. Silence is wisdom, and, by this rule, wise men and wise women are scarce. Still waters are the deepest, but the shallowest brooks brawl the most; this shows plentiful fools must be. An open mouth shows an empty head. If the chest had gold or silver in it, it would not always stand wide open. Talking comes by nature, but it needs a good deal of training to learn to be quiet; yet regard for truth should put a bit into every honest man's mouth, and a bridle upon every good woman's tongue. If we must talk, at least let us be free from slander; let us not blister our tongues with backbiting. Slander may be sport to tale-bearers, but it is death to those whom they abuse. We can

¹ Holland.² Ruskin.

commit murder with the tongue as well as with the hand. . . . Let us, then, be careful that we do not hurt our neighbor in so tender a point as his character, for it is hard to get dirt off if it is once thrown on; and, when a man is once in people's bad books, he is hardly ever quite out of them. If we would be sure not to speak amiss, it might be as well to speak as little as possible; for, if all men's sins were divided into two bundles, half of them would be sins of the tongue. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." . . . Think much, but say little; be quick at work, and slow at talk; and, above all, ask the great Lord to set a watch over your lips.¹

The moral aspects of gossip are bad enough. It is a constant infraction of the Golden Rule; it is full of all uncharitableness. No man or woman of sensibility likes to have his or her personal concerns hawked about and talked about; and those who engage in this work are meddlers and busybodies who are not only doing damage to others—are not only engaged in a most unneighborly office—but are inflicting a great damage upon themselves. They sow the seeds of anger and animosity and social discord. Not one good moral result ever comes out of it. It is a thoroughly immoral practice, and what is worst and most hopeless about it is, that those who are engaged in it do not see that it is immoral and detestable. To go into a man's house, stealthily, when he is away from home, and overhaul his papers, or into a lady's wardrobe and examine her dresses, would be deemed a very dishonorable thing; but to take up a man's or a woman's name, and smirch it all over with gossip—to handle the private affairs of a neighbor around a hundred firesides—why this is nothing. It makes conversation. It furnishes a topic. It keeps the wheels of society going.

¹Spurgeon.

Unhappily for public morals, the greed for personal gossip has been seized upon as the basis of a thrifty traffic. There are newspapers that spring to meet every popular demand. We have agricultural papers, scientific papers, literary papers, sporting papers, religious papers, political papers, and papers devoted to every special interest, great and small, that can be named, and, among them, papers devoted to personal gossip. The way in which the names of private men and women are handled by caterers for the public press—the way in which their movements and affairs are heralded and discussed—would be supremely disgusting were it not more disgusting that these papers find greedy readers enough to make the traffic profitable. The redeeming thing about these papers is, that they are rarely malicious except when they are very low down—that they season their doses with flattery. They find their reward in ministering to personal vanity.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply, culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. As we write, there comes to us the picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them in galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going from a bookstore, or a library, with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them, they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another, in which they are interested. We have left them, after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something, and wanted to know more. They could listen

as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and, of course, an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbors formed a subject very much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and their culture.

And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is always either malicious or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of a heart and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it.¹

Dr. Holland has told us that "the cure for gossip is culture." The prescription is excellent—as far it goes. But weeds spring faster and flourish more rankly in a plowed and enriched field than in the hard soil of a common. It was into the swept and garnished house that the seven unclean spirits followed their host. To the culture—intellectual—that sharpens perceptive faculties and disposes the whole mind to activity, must be added worthy and regular occupation, and just moral sense, integrity of purpose and speech, and Christian charity in construction of others' actions and motives, if we would save our educated young women from the favorite pastime of their inferiors—gossiping. . . . Where is the first false step? At what juncture of the girl's experience does it begin to become pleasanter to believe the tale which casts a shadow than that which illumines, easier to credit disparagement of an acquaintance than to receive gladly a narrative which is honorable to the subject and to human nature? . . .

I should stultify myself and insult your good sense were I to intimate that unfavorable criticism of acquaintances and com-

¹ Holland.

ment upon conduct is always unfriendly and ill-bred. There is a radical dissimilarity between fair adverse judgment temperately stated and abuse zestfully uttered. It is occasionally a duty to speak openly of faults that mar some characters we would fain admire. If you are constrained by your knowledge of these to withhold esteem or shun associations approved by others, it may not be only proper, but in certain circumstances obligatory upon you, to state why you act thus. It is a duty to shield yourself from the imputation of causeless prejudice and to protect others from the risk of misplaced confidence. This, however—do not forget!—is duty and disagreeable; not pastime or pleasant. . . . So well understood is this principle, that the professional scandal-monger lards her piquant dishes with protestations of reluctance. Even those who listen and credit, smile slyly in recognizing preamble and peroration. She would not be unfair for a hemisphere nor unkind for the world. She calls heaven to witness to the purity of her intentions, angels and men to "overhaul" her heart and "make a note" of the unfeigned grief with which she industriously sows dragons' teeth in her neighbor's grounds. She would not act as unlicensed victualer of the region, hawking "high" meats from door to door, if the duty were not laid upon her by fate and strapped upon her groaning shoulders by conscience.¹

I take it as a matter not to be disputed, that if all knew what each said of the other, there would not be four friends in the world. This seems proved by the quarrels and disputes caused by the disclosures which are occasionally made.²

I will not say it is not Christian to make beads of others' faults, and tell them over every day; I say it is infernal. If you want to know how the Devil feels, you do know, if you are such an one.³

¹ Marion Harland.

² Pascal.

³ Beecher.

Let the greatest part of the news thou hearest be the least part of what thou believest, lest the greatest part of what thou believest be the least part of what is true.¹

COQUETRY AND FLIRTATION.—A coquette is a young lady of more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants.²

An accomplished coquette excites the passions of others in proportion as she feels none herself.³

Girlish attachments and girlish ideas of men are the silliest things in all the world. If you do not believe it, ask your mothers. Ninety-nine times in a hundred they will tell you that they did not marry the boy they fancied, before they had a right to fancy anybody. If you dream of matrimony for amusement, and for the sake of killing time, I have this to say, that, considering the kind of young men you fancy, you can do quite as well by hanging a hat upon a hitching-post and worshiping it through your chamber window. Besides, it is during this period of unsettled notions and really shifting attachments that a habit of flirting and a love of it are generated.

I suppose that coquetry, in its legitimate form, is among a woman's charms, and that there is a legitimate sphere for its employment, for, except in rare natures, it is a natural thing with your sex. Nature has ordained that men shall prize most that which shall cost an effort, and while it has designed that you shall at some time give your heart and hand to a worthy man, it has also provided a way for making the prize he seeks an apparently difficult one to win. It is a simple and beautiful provision for enhancing your value in his eyes, so as to make a difficult thing of that which you know to be unspeakably easy. If you hold yourselves cheaply, and meet all advances with open will-

Quarles.

² Longfellow.

³ Hazlitt.

ingness and gladness, the natural result will be that your lover will tire of you. I introduce this subject here, not because I wish to, but because I am compelled to, in order to explain what I have to say upon the habit and love of flirting.

To become a flirt is to metamorphose into a disgusting passion that which, by natural constitution, is a harmless and useful instinct. This instinct of coquetry, which makes a woman a thing to be won, and which, I suppose, all women are conscious of possessing in some degree, is not a thing to be cultivated or developed at all. It should be left to itself, unstimulated and unperverted, and if, in the formative stage of your womanhood, initiating shallow attachments and heartlessly breaking them, or seeking to make impressions for the sake of securing attentions which are repaid by insult and negligence, you do violence to your nature, you make of yourself a woman whom your own sex despise, and whom all sensible men, who do not mean to cheat you with insincerities as mean as yours, are afraid of. They will not love and they will not trust you. This instinct, then, is not a thing to be harmlessly played with; and I know of few more unhappy and disgusting sights than a girl bringing into her womanhood this passion—harmful alike to herself and others.¹

Your true flirt plays with sparkles; her heart, much as there is of it, spends itself in sparkles; she measures it to sparkle, and habit grows into nature, so that anon it can only sparkle. . . .

Your true flirt has a coarse-grained soul; well modulated and well tutored, but there is no fineness in it. All its native fineness is made coarse by coarse efforts of the will. True feeling is a rustic vulgarity the flirt does not tolerate; she counts its healthiest and most honest manifestation all sentiment. Yet she

¹ Holland.

will play you off a pretty string of sentiment which she has gathered from the poets; she adjusts it prettily as a Gobelin weaver adjusts the colors in his *tapis*. She shades it off delightfully; there are no bold contrasts, but a most artistic mellow of *nuances*.

She smiles like a wizard, and jingles it with a laugh, such as tolled the poor home-bound Ulysses to the Circean bower. She has a cast of the head, apt and artful as the most dexterous cast of the best trout-killing rod. Her words sparkle, and flow hurriedly, and with the prettiest doubleness of meaning. Naturalness she copies, and she scorns. She accuses herself of a single expression or regard, which nature prompts. She prides herself on her schooling. She measures her wit by the triumphs of her art; she chuckles over her own falsity to herself. And if by chance her soul—such germ as is left of it—betrays her into untoward confidence, she condemns herself, as if she had committed crime.

She is always gay, because she has no depth of feeling to be stirred. The brook that runs shallow over hard, pebbly bottom always rustles. She is light-hearted, because her heart floats in sparkles, like my sea-coal fire. She counts on marriage, not as the great absorbent of a heart's-love, and life, but as a happy, feasible, and orderly conventionality, to be played with, and kept at distance, and finally to be accepted as a cover for the faint and tawdry sparkles of an old and cherished heartlessness.

She will not pine under any regrets, because she has no appreciation of any loss; she will not chafe at indifference, because it is her art; she will not be worried with jealousies, because she is ignorant of love. With no conception of the soul in its strength and fullness, she sees no lack of its demands. A thrill she does not know, a passion she can not imagine; joy is a

name; grief is another; and Life, with its crowding scenes of love and bitterness, is a play upon the stage.¹

Flirtation is damnation. When I see at the evening hour on Broadway, New York, or Fulton Street, Brooklyn, as gentlemen return from business, a group of young women with a conspicuous manner and giggle that is intended to attract attention of the masculine passer-by, a horror strikes through my soul, and I say I wonder if the parents of these young people are aware of this. The most of those who make everlasting shipwreck carry that same kind of sail. The pirates of death attack that style of craft. I wish I had a voice loud enough to be heard from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande, and I would repeat, flirtation is damnation.²

FRIENDSHIP.—In young minds, there is commonly a strong propensity to particular intimacies and friendships. Youth, indeed, is the season when friendships are sometimes formed which not only continue through succeeding life, but which goes to the last, with a tenderness unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propensity therefore is not to be discouraged; though at the same time it must be regulated with much circumspection and care. Too many of the pretended friendships of youth are mere combinations in pleasure. They are often founded on capricious likings; suddenly contracted, and as suddenly dissolved. Sometimes they are the effect of interested complaisance and flattery on the one side, and of credulous fondness on the other. Beware of such rash and dangerous connections, which may afterwards load you with dishonor. Remember, that by the character of those whom you choose for your friends, your own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. Be slow, therefore, and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once

¹ "Ik Marvel."

² Talmage.

established, consider it as a sacred engagement. Expose not yourselves to the reproach of lightness and inconstancy, which always bespeak either a trifling, or a base mind. Reveal none of the secrets of your friend. Be faithful to his interests. Forsake him not in danger. Abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice or hurt. *There is a friend that loveth at all times, and a brother that is born for adversity. Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.*¹

People young and raw and soft-natured think it an easy thing to gain love, and reckon their own friendship a sure price of any man's; but when experience shall have shown them the hardness of most hearts, the hollowness of others, and the baseness and ingratitude of almost all, they will then find that a friend is the gift of God, and that He only who made hearts can unite them.²

Let friendship creep gently to a height: if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.³

The friend who holds up before me the mirror, conceals not my smallest faults, warns me kindly, reproves me affectionately when I have not performed my duty, he is my friend, however little he may appear so. Again, if a man flattering praises and lauds me, never reproves me, overlooks my faults and forgives them before I have repented, he is my enemy, however much he may appear my friend.⁴

There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which

¹ Blair. ² South. ³ Fuller. ⁴ Herder.

men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere; at the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. . . .

The other element of friendship is Tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie—by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle—but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune. . . .

Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no God attends.¹

Make a point of having friends amongst your elders. Friendship between those of the same age is sweeter, but friendship with elders is more useful, or, rather, they supplement each other. One is the wine of life; the other is its food. The latter balances life, and brings the good of all periods down into one. It is one of the divinest features of human life that in this way there is no such thing as solitary youth or solitary age. Youth may get the value, if not the reality, of the wisdom of age, and age keep forever young. Theology and poetry assert eternal youth; it is neither a dogma of one, nor a dream of the other, but a logical realization of human sympathy and love. There is nothing more detestable in American society than the drawing

¹ Emerson.

off of young people into a society of their own—young people's parties and children's parties! There is not only a strong flavor of vulgarity in it, but positive loss on both sides.

Avoid having many confidants. It is weak; it breeds trouble. Secrets are not in themselves good things; but when of necessity they exist, their nature should be respected. Having them, it is well to keep them. Avoid also the effusive habit. It is pitiable to see a man pouring himself out into every listening ear—mind and heart and body inverted, the girdle of selfhood thrown aside, and all the secret ways of the being laid open for the common foot. It is a violation of identity, a squandering of personality. The secretive temper is to be criticised, but it is not so fatal to character and dignity as its opposite. There may be times when one must speak all one's thought and emotion—self is too small to hold the joy or grief; but, having done it, get back into your citadel of selfhood. We never quite respect the man who tells us everything. Take your friends into your heart, but not into your heart of hearts; reserve that for yourself and duty.¹

You will all find, if you haven't found it out already, that a time comes in every human friendship when you must go down into the depths of yourself, and lay bare what is there to your friend, and wait in fear for his answer. A few moments may do it, and it may be that you never do it but once; but done it must be, if the friendship is to be worth the name. You must find out what is there, at the very root and bottom of one another's hearts; and if you are at one there, nothing on earth can, or at least ought, to sunder you.²

A friend's influence upon our character must always be considerable. It was said by those best acquainted with the late John Sterling that it was impossible to come into contact with

¹ Munger.² Hughes.

him and not in some measure be ennobled and lifted up into a loftier region of aim and object. Hence the necessity of guarding, in our choice of friends, against natures of a lower order than our own. Unless our will be strong, our purpose high, our own character well balanced, they will drag us down to their base level. But, from the wise words or spotless example of a true friend and fit companion, our minds will often receive an impulse to exertion and an incentive to elevated, earnest, and devout thought. On the other hand, there must be something of an equality in friendship. We must give as well as receive.¹

Some men think women unfitted for friendship. Feminine hearts are so complex, changeable, elusive, that the belief has had great currency among themselves, as well as with their critics. In comparing the two sexes in this particular, many persons commit a gross error by overlooking the fact that there are all kinds and degrees of feminine characters, not less than of masculine. When Heine says, "I will not affirm that women have no character; rather they have a new one every day," he means precisely what Pope meant by the famous couplet in his poem on the Characters of Women:

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."

This want of character is held by many thoughtful men for what Coleridge asserted it to be—the perfection of a woman; as tastelessness proves the purity of water, transparency that of glass. . . . The great reason why the friendships of women are not more frequent and prominent than they are is that the proper destiny of woman calls her to love; and this sentiment, in its fullness, is usually too absorbing to leave room and force

for conspicuous friendships. With men the other sentiments are not so much suspended or engulfed by conjugal and parental love. "The men," La Bruyère says, "are the occasion that women do not love each other." With the one-sided exaggeration incident to most aphorisms, this is true. Husband and children occupy the wife and mother; and marriage is often the grave of feminine friendships. . . . The weakness of women is an exaggerated attention to trifles. The great condition of steady friendship is community of plans and ends in the parties. This is much wanting in women, who think chiefly of persons, little of laborious aims. Two girls, who live in a multitude of evaporating impulses and dreams—it were as easy to yoke a couple of humming-birds, and make them draw. Because the polarity of a grand, fixed purpose is absent from it, the mind of many a woman is a heap of petty antipathies; and, where the likings are fickle, the dislikings are pretty sure to be tenacious. A keen student of human nature has remarked that many women "spend force enough in trivial observations on dress and manners to form a javelin to pierce quite through a character." Women's eyes are armed with microscopes to see all the little defects and dissimilarities which can irritate and injure their friendships. Hence there are so many feminine friends easily provoked to mutual criticisms and recriminations. . . . It is true that women are more imperiously called to love than men are; are more likely to be absorbed by this master passion, and thus are more exposed to jealousy of each other. It is true that, owing to their greater sensitiveness, keener subjection to the fastidious sway of taste, women are more apt than men to fall out, being more easily disturbed and estranged by trifles; but this relative subjection to trifles is chiefly a consequence of the exclusion of woman hitherto from the grandest fields of educa-

tion, the noblest subjects of interest and action. It is true that the attachments of women, on account of the greater privacy of their lives, are less conspicuous than those of men, less frequently obtain historic or literary mention, and therefore seem to be rarer. But it is not true, either that women are incapable of enthusiastic and steadfast friendships for each other, or that such friendships are uncommon. If women are more critical and severe toward their own sex than men are, it is chiefly because they can not, like men, be indifferent to each other; they must positively feel either sympathy or aversion.¹

School-girl friendships are a proverb in all mouths. They form one of the largest classes of those human attachments whose idealizing power and sympathetic interfusions glorify the world and sweeten existence. With what quick trust and ardor, what eager relish, these susceptible creatures, before whom heavenly illusions float, surrender themselves to each other, taste all the raptures of confidential conversation, lift veil after veil till every secret is bare, and, hand in hand, with glowing feet, tread the paths of paradise! Perhaps a more impassioned portrayal of this kind of union is not to be found in literature than the picture in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" which Shakespeare makes Helena hold before Hermia when the death of their love is threatened by the appearance of Lysander and Demetrius:

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O! is all forgot?
All school-days, friendship, childhood, innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

¹ Alger.

Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition,
 Two lovely berries molded on one stem:
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

Romantically warm and generous as the friendships of school-boys are, those of school-girls are much more so. They are more purposed and absorbing, more sedulously cultivated and consciously important. School-girls often have their distinctly defined and well-understood degrees of intimacy—their first, their second, their third, friend. Thus a thousand little dramas are daily played, full of delights and woes, of which outsiders, who have no key to them, never so much as dream. Probably no chapter of sentiment in modern fashionable life is so intense and rich as that which covers the experience of budding maidens at school. In their mental caresses, spiritual nuptials, their thoughts kiss each other, and more than all the blessedness the world will ever give them is foreshadowed. They have not yet reached the age for a public record or confession of their pangs and raptures; so these dramas are for the most part only guessed at. But keener agonies, more delicious passages, are nowhere else known than in the bosoms of innocent school-girls, in the lacerations or fruitions of their first consciously given affections. A startling illustration has come to the knowledge of the writer just as he is penning these words. Two girls, about sixteen years old, attending a private school together, in one of the

chief cities of the United States, formed a strong attachment to each other, and were almost inseparable. The father of one of the girls, for some reason, had a dislike for the other, and forbade his daughter to associate with her. The two friends preferred death to separation. They took laudanum, and were found dead in each other's arms. What element of romance or tragedy ever known, is not every day experienced, all about us, under the thin disguise of commonplace?

No doubt there is often something a little grotesque or laughable in these youthful relations. An anecdote will illustrate it, and, at the same time, convey the corrective moral. There were a couple of school-girl friends, each of whom loved to do and experience whatever the other did or experienced. One of them accidentally set fire to the window-curtains in her chamber, and the house came near being burned down. She wrote word to her friend of the dangerous accident. The other at once proceeded carefully to set fire to the curtains in her chamber, so as to be just like her friend in everything. One may well reprove, with a complacent smile of superiority, the folly of the act; but the sentiment underneath should never be ridiculed.

A harrowing instance of the suffering consequent on the overstrung feelings of girls is furnished by Margaret Fuller in the story of "Mariana," a vivid autobiographic leaf inserted in her "Summer on the Lakes." Much precious wisdom is learned, many cruel scars are received, in these sincere, though often fickle, connections—these inebriating preludes to the sober strain of existence. There is a touch of sadness in the thought that the earliest friendship of youth must so frequently fade and cease. But there is comfort for that sadness in the knowledge that the fair flowers of April are but precursors of those which June shall fill with the richer fragrance of a more royal fire.

Oft first love must perish
 Like the poor snow-drop, boyish love of spring,
 Born pale to die, and strew the path of triumph
 Before the imperial glowing of the rose,
 Whose passion conquers all.¹

Our friends interpret the world and ourselves to us, if we take them tenderly and truly; nor need we but love them devotedly to become members of an immortal fraternity, superior to accident or change.

Life's noblest aim, its happiest end,
 By love to charm and chain a friend.²

O friend, my bosom said,
 Through thee alone the sky is arched,
 Through thee the rose is red,
 All things through thee take nobler form,
 And look beyond the earth,
 The mill-round of our fate appears
 A sun-path in thy worth.
 Me too thy nobleness has taught
 To master my despair;
 The fountains of my hidden life
 Are through thy friendship fair.³

DISTRIBUTION AND CASTE—Aspiration is a universal instinct. Vines ever strive to lay hold of what will help them to climb. Forest oaks vie with each other which shall ascend highest into the light and air. The mineral aspires toward the vegetable, the vegetable toward the animal kingdom. From zoöphyte to man each type is, at its best, a "mute prophecy" of the one above it. Upward, upward, is an innate impulse of whatever lives. All being struggles to ascend, thereby to better itself, for every mounted degree is a gain of freedom, and freedom, the highest

¹ Ibid. ² Alcott. ³ Emerson.

aim of life, is the gauge of advancement. The tree is freer than the rock, and the bird that builds in its boughs is freer than the tree, and man is freer than any other animal, and his freedom is in precise proportion to the degree that the animal in him is subordinated to the human; and among individual men, as among nations, elevation, relative and absolute, is in the ratio of freedom—the freest man approximating, while yet on the earth, to the emancipated condition of the angels. . . .

History teaches that artificial nominal aristocracies run to despotism or uphold it; and that whenever a state has thriven, under whatever form, monarchical, oligarchical, or republican, it has thriven through the agency of genuine aristocracy—that is, through having its best men at the political helm.

In the social sphere, aspiration is still more lively and pertinacious. Here refinement furnishes the wings for ascent. In the long run, those individuals and breeds most open to impressions of the beautiful, and thence most capable of culture, form the nucleus and are the stamina of social superiorities. From this class (when social conditions have some freedom of play) accretions are ever a-making to supply the losses incurred by forfeiture of inherited social position—*forfeiture* through lack of sensibilities to value and retain a polish, through lack of manly bottom to maintain a gentlemanly conduct and carriage, of delicacy to appreciate beauties of bearing, subtleties of demeanor. As in the political, so in the social sphere, there are assumptions, pretensions, audacious usurpations, and especially there are the oligarchic impudences of fashion to mar and weaken; but what is real and pure, what is truly aristocratic, what is the best socially, is a projection beyond the limited self into a sphere of æsthetic association. "Good society," if it be not an arrogated name, not vulgarized by ostentatious ambitions, but if it be

essentially good, is, like art, an issue out of the finer sensibilities. It is the flowering of the social tree, not a mere fragile ornament on the top, and gracefully embodies the essence of that which it surmounts, carrying in its folds the seed for reproduction.

In an advanced civilization, the desire for social preferment vibrates through the whole frame of a people. The late Dr. Bowditch, the eminent mathematician, used to tell a story of a serving-maid who related how her engagement had been broken off through objections made by the friends of her lover to the position of herself and her family. "Why, Lucy," said the doctor, "I did not know that you had an aristocracy in your class." "Aristocracy!" rejoined Lucy, "we have more down there than you have up here." The masses, it has been said, have the sense of the ideal. Had they it not, there would be no great poets, for these are a subtle distillation out of the juices that give life and character to the mind of a people. The aristocracy "up here" owes much of its quality to the quality of the aristocracy "down there."¹

Who shall be vicar of Bowden and who shall carry the dirt out—who shall paint and who shall grind the colors—are questions which, in various forms, have agitated the world since human society existed. Dissatisfaction with position and condition is well-nigh universal. Every man walks with his eyes and wishes upward—some moved by aspiration for a nobler good, others by ambition for a higher place; some by emulation of a worthy example, others by discontent with the allotments of Providence. The infant does not forget to climb when he learns to walk, nor is the man less a climber than the boy. Everything is towering, or climbing, or reaching, or looking upward. . . . Discontent may be a very good thing or a very bad

¹Calvert.

thing. There is a discontent which is divine—which has its birth in the highest and purest inspirations that visit and stir the soul. All this discontent which grows from dissatisfaction with present attainment, or springs from a desire for higher usefulness, or has its birth in motives that impel to the worthy achievement of an honorable name and an honorable place, is a thing to be visited by blessings and benisons. Discontent which comes from below—which comes from a soul disgusted with its lot—a soul faithless in God, and out of harmony with the arrangements and the operations of Providence, is an evil thing—only evil—and that continually. One holds the principle of love; the other of malice. One is attracted from above; the other is instigated from below. . . .

It does not suffice to tell discontented people that every man has his place, and will find his highest account in seeking to fill it, and to fill it well. What particularly troubles them is, that they were made for so low a place. They really call God's wisdom and benevolence in question for assigning to them subordinate offices in operating the machinery of society. A man finds himself distinguished by clumsy hands and broad shoulders, with a hod on his back, and complains that he was not made for a bricklayer; and the bricklayer wishes he had the ease and the honor of the architect, and wonders why his power of achievement is so closely circumscribed. The coachman rubs down his horses and marvels that he was not born to their ownership, and that the owner was not born to drive for him. So people quarrel with their position the world over. . . .

There are steps to be climbed in life, but we can only climb them worthily by becoming fit for the ascent. It is only after becoming prepared for important places, through the education involved in the intelligent and faithful discharge of the duties

of the place in which we find ourselves, that it is best, or even proper, that we be advanced. It is not those who pine and whine, and quarrel with their lot, who are apt to change it for one which the world calls better. Aspiration, worthy ambition, desire for higher good for good ends—all these indicate a soul that recognizes the beckoning hand of the Good Father who would call us homeward toward himself—all these are the ground and justification of a Christian discontent; but a murmuring, questioning, fault-finding spirit has direct and sympathetic alliance with nothing but the infernal. So while God gives you and me the privilege of being as happy as any other man, and makes us responsible for nothing more than he gives us, let us be contented, and,

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."¹

I have no idea that while human society exists there will fail to exist an aristocratic element, for so long as human society exists there will exist a popular ideal of a chief good, the achievement of that good by a fortunate few, and the association of that fortunate few, by natural affinity and corresponding position. If this class exists, other classes will exist, receding, by grades more or less distinctly defined, to the lowest figure of the scale—all measurably regulated by this idea of the chief good and the degree of its attainment; measurably, I say, for there are subordinate standards of respectability, as well as affinities of natural temperament and business pursuit, that come in as modifying influences. So I say that classes exist in society by a law as immutable as any law. They always have existed, and they always will exist—their character determined by the character and aims of the people, and their relations regulated by the spirit

¹ Holland.

of the people. . . . There is not, and there can never be, social enjoyment without social sympathy. In all healthfully organized social life there must be correspondence of position, education, of moral sentiment, and of habits of thought and life—a correspondence with limits of variation which every class tacitly acknowledges. This sympathy is born of facts, and not of will. A man sees a circle with which he has had no association; and, as he deems its entrance desirable, he accomplishes his desire, only to find himself a discordant element; and, consequently, an unhappy one. In short, there is a class with which each man has more sympathy than with any other class—a class in which he finds himself the happiest and the most at home. Therefore he belongs in this class, socially; and he will go above it, if there be anything above it, and below it, if there be anything below it, only to make himself, and those with whom he associates, uncomfortable.

I have frequently noticed the operation of this law in a large circle of women met to prosecute an object of benevolence, as in the sewing circles connected with the various religious organizations. They meet for a common object. They all have respect for each other, and a pleasant word for each other. There are no jealousies and no rivalries. They pass their afternoon and evening happily, and separate with mutual good feeling; yet one who knows them all sees the secret of their concord, in the way in which they associate. Never, unless a directly opposing design, instituted for a purpose, interfere, do they mingle indiscriminately. The rooms where they meet, and even the corners of the rooms, are so many nuclei of crystallization, around which sympathetic social elements arrange themselves for communion and happiness. They follow the general law inside of their organization, just as naturally as they do out of it. Like talks

best with like, laughs best with like, works best with like, and enjoys best with like; and it can not help it. Therefore, let like come together with like everywhere, nor seek to prevent it, for social position, under the general law, elevates no one and depresses no one. It is simply a classification of individualities, according to conditions and sympathies which exist independent of class, and which would exist all the same were they not brought into association.¹

CAPITAL AND LABOR.—The laborer is worthy of his hire; he who withholds that proper hire from him is accursed; and in spite of the laws of supply and demand, and such perilous stuff, talked by political economists, who, for the most part, have been materialists, and have had not the fear of God, nor the study of His laws before their eyes, we can easily see what the laborer's hire is. For giving to the world his assistance, honestly, in the lowest form of labor, he is entitled to demand healthy life, room to breathe, enough to eat, enough for his wife and children, and sufficient joy, relaxation, and play, to keep him in proper health. For the better and more healthful the man, the more true labor the world gets from him; and the better the labor, the more the world is benefited.²

The tendency of modern industry is to separate the employer from the workman by a constantly widening interval. When all the work of the world was done by hand or with rude machinery, in small shops or factories, master and man were brought into close relations. The mill-owner or the master-mechanic not only knew the men in his employ, but often wrought by their side. Moreover, there was no such disparity of social conditions as we now see between employers and laborers. The princely fortunes, now so common, were then as rare; the capitalist was not, as a rule, raised very high above the social rank of the laborer. The

¹ Ibid.² Friswell.

effect of the improvement of machinery, and of the combination and subdivision of labor, has been twofold. On the one hand, vast numbers of laborers are now brought together by a single man, who deals with them largely through hired superintendents or overseers, and scarcely ever knows even the names of the people on his pay-roll. On the other hand, under this large system of manufactures, it is possible for men of organizing ability and energy to amass enormous wealth; so that they are separated, socially, from the people they employ, by a distance almost as great as that which divides an English duke from the peasantry on his estates. Many of them, too, have their homes in cities far distant from their mills or their furnaces; and thus the opportunity for acquaintance with their employes is greatly diminished.

Not only so, but a large part of the production of the country is now done by corporations; and most of the capitalists that organize and control the business have in this case nothing whatever to do with the work-people. The agent that manages the work for them sometimes has a limited interest in the profits of production; but he is usually a salaried man, and he understands that what is wanted of him is, to make the annual dividends on the stock as large as possible. The operatives know him only as the representative of the corporation: they hear him say that he is limited in his actions by the authority of the corporation; if he deals hardly with them, they are given to understand that it is by order of the board of directors, and that he has no alternative in the matter. Who or what this corporation is, they do not know at all. Perhaps they have never heard the names of the capitalists that constitute and control it. It is a great impersonal force, a mighty commercial machine; and to expect of it a just consideration, or a nice regard for the equities of contracts,

would be of course preposterous. "Corporations have no souls:" how, then, can they govern themselves, in their relations with the persons in their employ, by high moral considerations?

This tendency to separate the capitalist and the laborer, either through the intervention of corporations or through the building up of immense industrial concerns by individuals or firms, is one of the things to be deplored and resisted by all employers that mean to govern themselves by the Christian law. I do not condemn the large system of industry. It is doubtless better that much of the work of manufacturing should be done on a grand scale. Division of labor greatly reduces the cost of production; and the cheaper the products of industry can be made, the better it is for all classes. But it is not well, and it is not necessary, that the proprietor of a large establishment should withdraw himself from all personal relations with his work-people. It is quite possible for him to know them well, and to study how he may fulfill the injunction of the apostle, and give unto them that which is just and equal.¹

Hitherto a remedy for the hardships and injustice of the laborers' lot has been sought chiefly through their combination with respect only to their industry, strikes being organized to enforce higher rates of wages, under the penalty of work being discontinued all at once, so as to cause machinery and other forms of capital to remain idle for a considerable time at a great loss to their owners. But it is easy to see that strikes are ruinous to both parties—to the employed as well as the employers. By diminishing production, discouraging enterprise, consuming capital unproductively, and bringing in foreign competition, they dissipate the means of paying wages, and contract the field for the employment of industry. They spread dissension and inflame hostility, not only between employers and workmen, but among

¹ Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D.

the workmen themselves, the majority of them striving by insults and outrages of every sort, sometimes even by violence and menaces of death, to compel a few dissentients to engage in the strike against their will. The funds previously accumulated to support them in their self-enforced idleness are soon expended; privations and extreme suffering ensue; and then the irritated and half-starving operatives seek vengeance by attacking the property or lives of their former employers, and thus incur the full penalties of the law.

Even when strikes succeed, they have a demoralizing influence: they violate the inalienable right of every individual to dispose of his industry and his property as he pleases; and they lead to an unjust distribution of wages, because the uniform rates thus established raise the indolent and the unskilled to an equality with industrious and efficient workmen. Periods of compulsory idleness are destructive of all good habits, and impair the efficiency of subsequent work. Then, too, strikes do not always succeed. The employers can combine as well as the employed; and on account of the fewness of their number, and their large command of capital, they can hold out, though at great loss, longer than their opponents. They meet the strike by what is called a "lock-out"—shutting up every branch and department of all the manufactories, and thus compulsorily increasing the number of operatives without work, so that the funds provided for supporting them in idleness may be sooner exhausted. Often the distressed laborers are thus driven to surrender; and then, after they have wasted all their previous earnings, and submitted to much hardship, they sullenly go back to work at the old, or even at reduced, rates of pay.

But, however inexpedient and demoralizing strikes may be, they can not, so long as those engaged in them refrain from any

sort of outrage, be justly forbidden by law. Operatives have as good a right to form combinations, either to work or to abstain from work, as their employers have to unite in establishing a tariff of prices or wages. In this respect, the only motto for both parties must be *Laissez faire*. If there is no express agreement to that effect, neither party is justly bound even to give previous notice of the termination of his engagement: no such contract ought even to be implied, in the absence of express stipulation. The presumption of law should always be in favor of the largest liberty for both parties. English legislation attempted for a long while to curtail this freedom by making it a penal offense for the workman or servant—the two words, used indiscriminately, showed in what estimation the former was held—to quit his employment without good cause, or to combine with others in an endeavor to raise wages. But such statutes are now repealed or disregarded, from a conviction of their injustice and inutility.

Labor, as Mr. Thornton reminds us, will not *keep*. It can not, like other commodities, be stored away to await a favorable turn in the market; but it must be sold immediately, or a portion of it will be wasted with every hour's delay. Unlike most other traffickers, also, the laborer has but one commodity—his industry—to sell. If he can not dispose of *that*, he has nothing else wherewith to buy food. The capitalist employer, on the other hand, has many alternatives. He can invest his property in government or railroad stock, send it out of the country in foreign undertakings, or put it into those forms of manufactures which, as they are carried on mainly by fixed capital, require comparatively few hands. The most impolitic thing the workmen can do is to provoke a contest with their employers in some branch of industry in which, because recently established or

otherwise in an unprosperous state, only low wages can be afforded. A strike is none the less fatal to them because it also ruins their paymasters, and thereby shuts up one field for employment. Those who work for wages, moreover, often do not have much except their wages to live upon; and thus they find the old saying is true, that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," for it will not allow them to chaffer about the price to be paid for their industry. The employers usually have to regard only their own competition with each other, being confident that the lowest price which they are thus induced to offer can not fail to be accepted by nearly destitute applicants for work. When the rate of profits is high, this competition may be so keen that high pay will be offered; but if the success of previous strikes has reduced profits to a minimum, the competition slackens so much that employment can be had only at very low rates. Thus the very success of the strikes may so far defeat their own object as to render any employment of labor on a large scale unprofitable.¹

It would appear that what the economists call the wages fund—that portion of the capital which is devoted to the remuneration of labor—does depend somewhat on the will of the capitalist. It depends partly on his habits of living whether it shall be increased or diminished. If he is lavish in his personal expenditures, he will not, of course, have so large a wages fund as if he is economical. Here is an employer who during the year spends ten thousand dollars in the merest luxuries of life—in feasting and in dressing, in that which is consumed and cast aside with the using: must not his power to remunerate his workmen be reduced by that amount? Might he not, if he had chosen, have used this money in increasing the wages of his laborers?

"But that is all nonsense," answers the capitalist. "Business is business. Supply and demand, my dear parson!—supply and demand! Every man must pay the market price for labor, and any man is a fool who pays more."

No, my friend; you do yourself wrong. You are not wholly the victim of these economical laws; you resist them, and rule them sometimes, in the interest of humanity. There is a poor man in your employ who has been partly disabled. In the market he could get almost nothing for his labor. But you take pity on him and his household, and continue his wages at the rate you paid him when he was in health. That is not "supply and demand" at all. Another law comes in here—a better law—the law of love. You do bring it in, now and then, to alleviate the hardships that would result from the inflexible enforcement of those economical laws of which you speak. The question is, whether you might not bring it in a little oftener—whether, indeed, you might not incorporate it into all your dealings with your working-men; and instead of saying "Business is business," say "Business is stewardship; business is the high calling of God, into which I am bound to put conscience and benevolence, as well as sagacity and enterprise." This is just what Christian principle ought to effect on the side of capital, in the relation between capital and labor—just what it does effect in some degree; but if, on the present basis of production, there is to be any enduring peace between these now warring parties, there must be on the part of capitalists a good deal more of this intervention of Christian principle, to hold in check the cruel tendencies of the economic forces.

Not only on the side of the capitalist must this spirit of sweet reasonableness find expression: the workman must govern himself by the same law. If employers are sometimes heartless and

extortionate, laborers are sometimes greedy and headstrong. I have known of more than one case in which workmen have demanded an increase of wages when the business was yielding no profits; when the balance every month was on the wrong side of the employer's books; when with the strictest economy in his personal expenditures, and the most careful attention to his affairs, he was growing poorer instead of richer every day. I have known other cases, in which workmen have resisted a reduction of wages, when that was the only condition on which the business could be carried on without disaster. As a mere matter of policy, this is suicidal. For workmen to exact a rate of pay that shall destroy the business by which they get their living, is simply to kill the goose that lays the golden egg every day, because she does not lay two every day. It is not, however, with the policy of the transaction that I am chiefly concerned, but with the rightfulness of it. Grave wrongs are often in this way inflicted upon employers: their business is paralyzed, their credit is impaired, their property is swept away; and, in the destruction of the enterprises which they are carrying on, their power to help and serve their fellow-men is crippled. For nothing is plainer than that a man who organizes and carries on any honest business, in which he gives employment and fair remuneration to laborers, ought to be considered a public benefactor. All depends, of course, upon the manner in which he manages his business. If it is managed in the spirit of Shylock, it may be an injury to the community; but if it is based upon principles of justice and fair play, it is a benefit to the community, and the destruction of it is a calamity and a wrong, not only to him, but also to the public. Any combination of laborers that undertakes to cripple or to kill an enterprise of this kind is engaged in a bad business.

"Is this meant, then, for a condemnation of strikes?" asks somebody. Not necessarily. I have no doubt that such combinations of laborers are often unwise and unprofitable; that, as a general thing, they result in more loss than gain to the laboring classes; but it does not appear to me that they are always morally wrong. This is a free country: if you do not choose to work for a man unless he will pay you a certain rate of wages, no one can compel you to do so; and if ten or twenty or two hundred of your fellow-workmen are of the same mind, and prefer to be idle for a season rather than to take less than the price demanded for their services, they have a right to do it. But it seems to me that you ought to consider whether by your combination you may not be inflicting serious damage upon the whole community, and that you ought to have some regard to the public good in what you do. If the Christian law governs your conduct, you will think of this. But if you can satisfy yourself that the public welfare will take no serious detriment from your action, I do not know that it can be shown to be morally wrong. You and your fellows may find it for your advantage to take this course; and it is a lawful means of securing your own advantage. On the other hand, it may be for your disadvantage; you may be worse off in the end: but that is your concern and the concern of those dependent on you. So long as you pay your honest debts, and support your families, no one else has a right to complain if you do take a course which results in loss and damage to yourself.

Certain measures are, however, frequently resorted to at such times that are morally wrong. You have a right to refuse to work for less than a certain rate, and you have a right to *influence* others to join with you in this refusal; but you have no right to use force or intimidation to keep any man from working for less. Nobody has any right to force you to work: you have no right

to compel anybody to be idle who is satisfied with less wages than you demand. He may be a poor workman; but that is his employer's concern, not yours. If you can persuade him to join you, very good; but you have no right to lay a straw in his way if he refuses to join you. We believe in free labor in this country, do we not? And that belief implies that no laborer ought to be enslaved or coerced by his employer or by his fellow-laborers. . . . If the capitalist would measure his profits, and the working-man his wages, by the Golden Rule, there would be instant peace. And that is the only way to secure peace on the basis of the wages system. Political economy can not secure it: its maxims breed more strife than they allay. Political economy only deals with natural forces; and the natural forces, even those which manifest themselves in society, often seem to be heartless and cruel. The law of nature would appear to be the survival of the strongest; and it is the workings of this law with which political economy has to do. Legislation can not stop this strife. What, indeed, is law but an edict of force? Behind every law is the policeman's billy or the soldier's bayonet. It has no meaning, no efficacy, unless there is force behind it. And you can not make peace with a sword between these contending interests. A gentler influence, a subtler but a mightier force, must take possession of the minds and hearts of the combatants on either side before the warfare will cease.¹

THE ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS.—In the first place, if people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge: it is to life what

¹ Gladden.

Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general: they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, "Why all these stars; why this difference; why not all one star?"

Many of the rules for people living together in peace, follow from the above. For instance, not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and re-question their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact, that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others, is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and

nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted," "Had you listened to me," "But you always will," and such short scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we can not call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

Again, we must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give; and especially must not expect contrary things. It is somewhat arrogant to talk of

traveling over other minds (mind being, for what we know, infinite): but still we become familiar with the upper views, tastes, and tempers of our associates. And it is hardly in man to estimate justly what is familiar to him. In traveling along at night, as Hazlitt says, we catch a glimpse into cheerful-looking rooms with light blazing in them, and we conclude, involuntarily, how happy the inmates must be. Yet there is Heaven and Hell in those rooms, the same Heaven and Hell that we have known in others.

There are two great classes of promoters of social happiness—cheerful people and people who have some reticence. The latter are more secure benefits to society even than the former. They are non-conductors of all the heats and animosities around them. To have peace in a house, or a family, or any social circle, the members of it must beware of passing on hasty and uncharitable speeches, which, the whole of the context seldom being told, is often not conveying, but creating, mischief. They must be very good people to avoid doing this; for, let human nature say what it will, it likes sometimes to look on at a quarrel; and that not altogether from ill-nature, but from a love of excitement—for the same reason that Charles the Second liked to attend the debates in the House of Lords, because they were “as good as a play.”

We come now to the consideration of temper, which might have been expected to be treated first. But, to cut off the means and causes of bad temper, is, perhaps, of as much importance as any direct dealing with the temper itself. Besides, it is probable that in small social circles there is more suffering from unkindness than ill-temper. Anger is a thing that those who live under us suffer more from than those who live with us. But all the forms of ill-humor and sour-sensitiveness, which

especially belong to equal intimacy (though, indeed, they are common to all), are best to be met by impassiveness. When two sensitive persons are shut up together, they go on vexing each other with a reproductive irritability. But sensitive and hard people get on well together. The supply of temper is not altogether out of the usual laws of supply and demand.

Intimate friends and relations should be careful when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and, did it not mostly proceed from mere carelessness, it would be superlatively ungenerous. You seldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weaknesses, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his intimate friends, or meet him in company with them.

Lastly, in conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their interests, nor by giving way to their opinions, so much as by not offending their tastes. The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste, which is, perhaps, a result of our whole being rather than a part of our nature, and, at any rate, is the region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies.

It may be said that, if the great principles of Christianity were attended to, all such rules, suggestions, and observations as the above would be needless. True enough! Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but, to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed. Such things hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and spirit: molding the one and expressing the other.¹

¹ Helps.

CHAPTER X.

POLITICAL ASPECTS.

Responsibility educates, and politics is but another name for God's way of teaching the masses ethics under the responsibility of great present interests.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MAN was formed for society; and, as is demonstrated by the writers on the subject, is neither capable of living alone, nor indeed has the courage to do it. However, as it is impossible for the whole race of mankind to be united in one great society, they must necessarily divide into many, and form separate states, commonwealths, and nations, entirely independent of each other, and yet liable to a mutual intercourse.¹

If a man steal from his neighbor, the whole community can not leave leave their occupations to detect, to try, and to punish the thief. Or, if a law is to be enacted respecting the punishment of theft, it can not be done by the whole community, but must of necessity be intrusted to delegates. On the principle of division of labor, it is manifest that this service will be both more cheaply and more perfectly done by those who devote themselves to it, than by those who are for the greater part of the time engaged in other occupations.

Now, I suppose a government to be that system of delegated agencies by which these obligations of society to the *individual* are fulfilled. And, moreover, as every society may have various engagements to form *with other independent societies*, it is

¹ Blackstone.

convenient, in general, that this business should be transacted by this same system of agencies. These two offices of government, though generally united, are in their nature distinct. Thus we see, in our own country, the State governments are, to a considerable degree, intrusted with the first, while a *part* of the former, and *all* the latter power, vest in the General government.

A government thus understood is naturally divided into three parts:

1. An individual may, from ignorance, violate the rights of his neighbor, and thus innocently expose himself to punishment. Or, if he violate his neighbor's rights maliciously, and justly merit punishment, a punishment may be inflicted more severe than the nature of the case demands. To avoid this, it is necessary that the various forms of violation be as clearly as possible defined, and also that the penalty be plainly and explicitly attached to each. This is a *law*. This, as we have shown, must be done by delegates. These delegates are called a *legislature*, and the individual members of it are *legislators*.

From what we have said, their power is manifestly limited. They have no power, except to execute the obligations which society has undertaken to fulfill towards the individual. This is all that society has conferred, for it is all that society had to confer.

If legislators assume any power not conferred on them by society, or exercise any power conferred, for any purpose different from that for which it was conferred, they violate right, and are guilty of usurpation.

2. But suppose a law to be enacted; that is, a crime to be defined, and the penalty to be affixed. It has reference to no particular case; for, when enacted, no case existed to be affected by it. Suppose, now, an individual to be accused of violating

this law. Here it is necessary to apply the law to this particular case. In order to do this, we must ascertain, first, whether the accused did commit the act laid to his charge; secondly, whether the act, if it be proved to have been done, is a violation of the law—that is, whether it come within the description of actions which the law forbids—and, thirdly, if this be proved, it is necessary to declare the punishment which the law assigns to this particular violation. This is the *judicial* branch of the government.

3. After the law has been thus applied to this particular case, it is necessary that it be carried into effect. This devolves upon the third, or the *executive* branch of the government.

Respecting all of these three branches of government, it may be remarked in general, that they are essentially *independent* of each other; that each one has its specific duties marked out by society, within the sphere of which duties it is responsible to *society*, and to *society alone*. Nor is this independence at all affected by the mode of its appointment. Society may choose a way of appointing an agent, but that is by no means a surrender of the claim which it has upon the agent. Thus, society may impose upon a legislature or an executive the duty of appointing a judiciary; but the judiciary is just as much *independent* of the *executive* or of the *legislature* as though it were appointed in some other way. Society, by conferring upon one branch the *right of appointment*, has conferred upon it *no other right*. The judge, although appointed by the legislator, is as independent of him as the legislator would be if appointed by the judge. Each, within his own sphere, is under obligation to perform precisely those duties assigned by society, and no other. And hence arises the propriety of establishing the tenure of office, in each several branch, independently of the other.

The first two of these departments are frequently subdivided.

Thus, the legislative department is commonly divided into two branches, chosen under dissimilar conditions, for the purpose of exerting a check upon each other, by representing society under different aspects, and thus preventing partial and hasty legislation.

The judiciary is also generally divided. The *judges* explain and interpret *the law*, while it is the province of the *jury* to ascertain *the facts*.

The executive is generally sole, and executes the law by means of subordinate agents. Sometimes, however, a council is added, for the sake of advice, without whose concurrence the executive can not act.

Sometimes the fundamental principles of the social compact are expressed, and the respective powers of the different branches of the government are defined, and the mode of their appointment described, in a written document. Such is the case in the United States. At other times these principles and customs have grown up with the progress of society, and are the deductions drawn from, or principles established by, uncontested usage: the latter is the case in Great Britain. In either case, such principles and practices, whether expressed or understood, are called the *constitution* of a country.

Nations differ widely in the mode of selection to office, and in the tenure by which office is held. Thus, under some constitutions, the government is wholly hereditary. In others it is partly hereditary and partly elective. In others it is wholly elective.

Thus, in Great Britain, the executive and one branch of the legislature are hereditary; the other branch of the legislature is elective. The judiciary is appointed by the executive, though

they hold office, except in the case of the lord high chancellor, during good behavior.

In the United States the executive and both branches of the legislature are elective. The judiciary is appointed by the executive, by and with the advice and consent of the senate. In the State governments the mode of appointment is various. If it be asked, Which of these is the preferable form of government? the answer, I think, must be conditional. The best form of government for any people *is the best that its present moral and social condition renders practicable*. A people may be *so entirely surrendered to the influence of passion*, and so feebly *influenced by moral restraint*, that a government which relied upon moral power could not exist for a day. In this case a subordinate and inferior principle yet remains—the *principle of fear*; and the only resort is to a government of force, or a military despotism. And such do we see to be the fact. An anarchy always ends in this form of government. After this has been established, and habits of subordination have been formed, while the moral restraints are yet too feeble for self-government, a hereditary government, which addresses itself to the imagination, and strengthens itself by the influence of domestic connections and established usage, may be as good a form as a people can sustain. As they advance in intellectual and moral cultivation, it may advantageously become more and more elective; and, in a suitable moral condition, it may be wholly so. For beings who are willing to govern themselves by moral principle, there can be no doubt that a government relying upon moral principle is the true form of government. There is no reason why a man should be oppressed by taxation, and subjected to fear, who is willing to govern himself by the law of reciprocity. It is surely better for an intelligent and moral being to do right from his own will than to pay

another to force him to do right. And yet, as it is better that he should do right than wrong, even though he be forced to it, it is well that he should pay others to force him, if there be no other way of insuring his good conduct. God has rendered the blessing of freedom inseparable from moral restraint in the individual; and hence it is vain for a people to expect to be free, unless they are first willing to be virtuous.

It is on this point that the question of the permanency of the present form of government of the United States turns. That such a form of government requires, of necessity, a given amount of virtue in the people, can not, I think, be doubted. If we possess that required amount of virtue, or if we can attain to it, the government will stand; if not, it will fall. Or, if we now possess that amount of virtue, and do not maintain it, the government will fall. There is no self-sustaining power in *any form of social organization*. The only self-sustaining power is in individual virtue; and the form of a government will always adjust itself to the moral condition of a people. A virtuous people will, by their own moral power, frown away oppression, and, under any form of constitution, become essentially free. A people surrendered up to their own licentious passions must be held in subjection by force; for every one will find that force alone can protect him from his neighbors, and he will submit to be oppressed if he may only be protected. Thus, in the feudal ages, the small independent landholders frequently made themselves slaves of *one* powerful chief, in order to shield themselves from the incessant oppression of *twenty*.¹

In dealing with the State, we ought to remember that its institutions are not aboriginal, though they existed before we were born: that they are not superior to the citizen: that every one of them was once the act of a single man: every law and usage

¹ Wayland.

was a man's expedient to meet a particular case: that they are all imitable, all alterable; we may make as good; we may make better. . . . Politics rest on necessary foundations, and can not be treated with levity. Republics abound in young civilians, who believe that the laws make the city, that grave modifications of the policy and modes of living, and employments of the population, that commerce, education, and religion, may be voted in or out; and that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people, if only you can get sufficient voices to make it a law. But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting; that the State must follow, and not lead, the character and progress of the citizen; the strongest usurper is quickly got rid of; and they only who build on Ideas, build for eternity; and that the form of government which prevails, is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population which permits it. The law is only a memorandum. . . . The history of the State sketches in coarse outline the progress of thought, and follows at a distance the delicacy of culture and of aspiration.¹

NATIONAL FORCES.—Each nation of the globe is a huge battery of spiritual forces to which each individual contributes something. The oneness of the nation is the unity of the galvanic current that is generated from the many layers of metal and acid. And the question of the superior power of one nation over another is not at all to be decided by the relative numbers of population and armies, nor by the forts, guns, and magazines, but rather by the relative mental and moral energies of the lands. France, for instance, is a magnificent incarnation of a certain temperament, and the generations that rise up in her borders continually supply the same mental and social forces, thus giving her one character through centuries. England, moreover, is the

¹ Emerson.

hive of very different passions and powers, and the point whether, in a long war, giving each side money enough, England or France would triumph, is reduced to the question whether the effervescent impulses and military enthusiasm of the Celtic blood are superior, as spiritual qualities, to the more slow and sullen force, the cautious but persistent resolution, and the tough obstinacy of resistance that make up the power of an Anglo-Saxon army. In the great campaigns of Wellington in Spain, and in the conduct of the struggle at Waterloo, this was the real strife—a wrestle of certain spiritual qualities with each other. The charge of the French under Ney or Murat, and beneath the eye of Napoleon, was the gathering roll and swing of the storm-waves; whatever was movable must fall before it; but the mind and the resources of Wellington and the temper of the men who served him were the Saxon rock on which those magnificent Celtic surges swung their white wrath in vain. Every charge of Ney's cavalry against Wellington's central position at Waterloo was the beat of a fiery sensibility against a stony patience. The whole scene was less a contest of military science than a visible conflict of different passions and a thorough testing of their strength. It was the old hypothesis, in dramatic play, of an irresistible in contact with an immovable. The irresistible was spent, the immovable stood fast. . . . Our doctrine is illustrated, also, by the fact that the power of a nation is made up, in part, by the generations of past years, whose bodily forms long ago moldered to dust. There is no more beautiful or impressive law of history than that by which the past genius and patriotic devotedness are woven into the structure of a people, giving it character. The acts and spirit of a person's former years are not lost, but are represented in the face, the habits, the weakness, or the power of the person's mind and heart to-day.

In the same way a state has a personality that endures through centuries; all its great men and bad men, its good laws and vile laws, its faithfulness and its crimes, contribute to its character; nothing dies; but what was fact and show in a living generation becomes force and substance when the actors have departed. Look at England, for instance. Is that which we call England composed simply of twenty millions of men and women that inhabit that island now? How truly do the statesmen, patriots, orators, poets, kings, cabinets, and parties of several hundred years, belong to our conception of what England is? The witness of their activity is not only prominent in the literature and art, the castles and cathedrals, the palaces and towers, the liberties and laws, that are visible on the English land and in their society, but an incalculable force has been shed from this background of greatness and genius into the generation of to-day, and through the present will be transmitted into the future. Let a hostile cabinet declare war against England, and try to tread out her spirit and influence, and they would find that a force is needed competent to crush twenty generations. For though the merchants, traders, and laborers little think of it in time of peace, and perhaps care not half a fig for the men that walked through the streets they tread, two centuries ago, Sidney, Russell, Pym, and Hampden, Newton, and Shakespeare, and Chatham, the great dead of Westminster Abbey, and the honored names of Oxford and Cambridge, still stand in the background, and in an emergency would start forward and give the immense momentum of their spirit to an onset against an invading foe. As the ghost of the hero Theseus appeared, according to the Athenians, on the field of Marathon, and inspirited their ranks against the Persians, the greatness which a nation has enshrined in its traditions is part of its deepest

present life; and it often happens that the shades of the fathers are a more substantial rampart for a land than the swords of the children.

See, too, how our revolutionary experience, genius, and fidelity are involved in the character of America. They are not dead facts written in mute annals; they are vital memories of the nation, as though the same men that are now on the stage had once performed them. We take the credit of that wisdom, persistence, and sacrifice partly to ourselves; we are proud of them; and in any crisis our arms would be the stronger, our wit the quicker, our fortitude the more heroic, because of the impulses that would thrill our veins from the beatings of that revolutionary heart. Strike out the idea of America and the hope of America from our people, and a great portion of the force and enthusiasm of our people would be annihilated. That period of our national fortunes is far more than a show in our history; it is part of our present substance. It was not a fact of the past merely; it is a force of our national character.

The most mournful sight in the case of any nation is the evident destitution of any great political sentiments and principles that have grown for centuries, and are rooted in its heads, habits, and hearts. What a sad thing that, on the intellectual and moral soil of France—beautiful, enthusiastic France, whose genius has been refining for ages like the wine its own vineyards distill—no ideas of rights and constitutional freedom have grown, that could not be pulled up in a night by a dissolute ruffian, wearing and polluting a splendid name! Think you that in England or here any cowardly conspirator could weave the noose that in one night should drag down the form and the sentiment of Liberty from its sacred niche in the popular affections, and the next day make the people themselves applaud that it was

done so well? A Bedouin robber might as well try to lasso and uproot a hickory-tree that had toughened its roots in the ground for a century. Poor France was overgrown with the merest weedy sentiments of liberty, for it is only weeds that bayonets can scratch up.

If we reflect on the sources of national power and prosperity, we shall soon see how its strength rests on an invisible and ideal base, and is developed out of mental and moral resources. Little Greece resisted the flood of Persian arms, and at last conquered the East, because there was more vitality—more courage, genius, enthusiasm—in her people than in the swarming myriads which the bulk of the Persian Empire inclosed. Rome, too, rose to supreme sway by the despotic influence of character, not of legions. When Rome fell she had more troops and fortifications than in the height of her republican supremacy, but she had lost her real and invisible strength, that of temperance, hardihood, valor, moral soundness; internal dissension, luxury, and bad government, had unnerved her hands; and therefore her visible defenses of battalions and armaments were nothing but empty shell and show. The British dominion is supported now by the strong fibers of Saxon wisdom and pride that run through the whole extent of it. It is those that knit Calcutta and Australia, Gibraltar and Cape Town, to London and Liverpool and the Parliament House.¹

The national character is the ultimate explanation, and the only true one, of the virtues and vices of a people, of its good or bad fortune. This truth, simple though it is, is hardly yet recognized. The successes and reverses of a people do not depend on their form of government, but are the effect of their institutions. Their institutions are the effect of their manners and their creeds; their manners and creeds are the effect of their

¹ King.

character. If one people is industrious, another indolent; if the one has an internal, moral religion, and the other an external, sensuous religion, the cause is to be looked for in their habitual mode of thinking and feeling—that is to say, in their character. . . . It is usual to explain the history of a people by their institutions, which, in one sense, is true, though institutions themselves are but an effect. In the social and political order, effects and causes are not presented under the form of a simple series, as in the physical order; we rather find a reciprocity of action between them. The character produces the institutions, and they in turn form the character; thus, after several generations, the two are but one, the institutions are but the character rendered visible and permanent.¹

PARTIES.—Whatever retards a spirit of inquiry, is favorable to error. Whatever promotes it, is favorable to truth. But nothing has greater tendency to obstruct the exercise of free inquiry than a spirit of party. There is in all sects and parties a constant fear of being eclipsed. It becomes a point of honor with the leaders of parties to defend and support their respective peculiarities to the last, and, as a natural sequence, to shut their ears against all the pleas by which they may be assailed.²

There can not be a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to these private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their under-

¹ Ribot.

² Robert Hall.

standings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed, and, when it is under its greatest restraints, naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguishes all the seeds of good nature, compassion, and humanity.¹

It is possible, of course, that two equally patriotic men may differ widely in their views of public policy—so widely that their opinions may furnish a legitimate basis for opposite political parties. Theoretically, therefore, political parties have legitimate ground to stand upon, but practically they are a curse to the country. For the love of party has always usurped the place of the love of country. Everything, on every side, is done in the name of patriotism, of course; but patriotism is made subservient to, and is confounded with, party interest. Men forget "our country" in their mad devotion to "our side." It has always been so; I fear it will always be so. History makes a uniform record of the fact that, however pure the birth of a party may be, and however patriotic may be the motives of the people who sustain it, it passes early into the hands of designing men, whose supremely selfish love of power controls its action and directs its issues, solely for personal and party advantage.²

We are nowise qualified to judge of monarchy, which, to our fathers living in the monarchical idea, was also relatively right. But our institutions, though in coincidence with the spirit of the age, have not any exemption from the practical defects which have discredited other forms. Every actual State is corrupt. Good men must not obey the laws too well. What satire on

¹ Addison.

² Holland.

government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word *politic*, which now for ages has signified *cunning*, intimating that the State is a trick?

The same benign necessity and the same practical abuse appear in the parties into which each State divides itself, of opponents and defenders of the administration of the government. Parties are always founded on instincts, and have better guides to their own humble aims than the sagacity of their leaders. They have nothing perverse in their origin, but rudely mark some real and lasting relation. We might as wisely reprove the east wind, or the frost, as a political party whose members, for the most part, could give no account of their position, but stand for the defense of those interests in which they find themselves. Our quarrel with them begins when they quit this deep natural ground at the bidding of some leader, and, obeying personal considerations, throw themselves into the maintenance and defense of points nowise belonging to their system. A party is perpetually corrupted by personality. Whilst we absolve the association from dishonesty, we can not extend the same charity to their leaders. They reap the rewards of the docility and zeal of the masses which they direct. Ordinarily, our parties are parties of circumstance, and not of principle—as, the planting interest in conflict with the commercial; the party of capitalists, and that of operatives; parties which are identical in their moral character, and which can easily change ground with each other in the support of many of their measures. Parties of principle—as, religious sects, or the party of free trade, of universal suffrage, of abolition of slavery, of abolition of capital punishment—degenerate into personalities, or would inspire enthusiasm. The vice of our leading parties in this country (which may be cited as a fair specimen of these societies of opinion) is, that they

do not plant themselves on the deep and necessary grounds to which they are respectively entitled, but lash themselves to fury in the carrying of some local and momentary measure nowise useful to the commonwealth. Of the two great parties which at this hour almost share the nation between them, I should say that one has the best cause, and the other contains the best men. The philosopher, the poet, or the religious man will, of course, wish to cast his vote with the democrat, for free trade, for wide suffrage, for the abolition of legal cruelties in the penal code, and for facilitating in every manner the access of the young and the poor to the sources of wealth and power. But he can rarely accept the persons whom the so-called popular party propose to him as representatives of these liberalities. They have not at heart the ends which give to the name of democracy what hope and virtue are in it. The spirit of our American radicalism is destructive and aimless; it is not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends; but is destructive only out of hatred and selfishness. On the other side, the conservative party, composed of the most moderate, able, and cultivated part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy, it does not build nor write, nor cherish the arts, nor foster religion, nor establish schools, nor encourage science, nor emancipate the slave, nor befriend the poor, or the Indian, or the immigrant. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art, or humanity, at all commensurate with the resources of the nation.¹

POLITICIANS.—The lowest of politicians is that man who seeks to gratify an invariable selfishness by pretending to seek the public good. For a profitable popularity, he accommodates himself to all opinions, to all dispositions, to every side, and

¹ Emerson.

to each prejudice. He is a mirror, with no face of its own, but a smooth surface from which each man of ten thousand may see himself reflected. He glides from man to man, coinciding with their views, pretending their feelings, simulating their tastes: with this one he hates a man; with that one he loves the same man; he favors a law, and he dislikes it; he approves, and opposes; he is on both sides at once, and seemingly wishes that he could be on one side more than both sides. He attends meetings to suppress intemperance, but at elections makes every grog-shop free to all drinkers. He can, with equal relish, plead most eloquently for temperance, or toss off a dozen glasses in a dirty grocery. He thinks that there is a time for everything, and therefore at one time he swears and jeers and leers with a carousing crew; and at another time, having happily been converted, he displays the various features of devotion. Indeed, he is a capacious Christian, an epitome of faith. He piously asks the class-leader of the welfare of his charge, for *he* was always a Methodist, and always shall be—until he meets a Presbyterian; then he is a Presbyterian, old school or new, as the case requires. However, as he is not a bigot, he can afford to be a Baptist in a good Baptist neighborhood, and with a wink he tells the zealous elder that he never had one of his children baptized, not he! He whispers to the reformer that he abhors all creeds but baptism and the Bible. After all this, room will be found in his heart for the fugitive sects also, which come and go like clouds in a summer sky. His flattering attention at church edifies the simple-hearted preacher, who admires that a plain sermon should make a man whisper Amen, and weep. Upon the stump, his tack is no less rare. He roars and bawls with courageous plainness on points about which all agree; but on subjects where men differ, his meaning is nicely balanced on a pivot,

that it may dip either way. He depends for success chiefly upon humorous stories. A glowing patriot a-telling stories is a dangerous antagonist; for it is hard to expose the fallacy of a hearty laugh, and men convulsed with merriment are slow to perceive in what way an argument is a reply to a story.

Perseverance, effrontery, good-nature, and versatile cunning have advanced many a bad man higher than a good man could attain. Men will admit that he has not a single moral virtue; but he is *smart*. We object to no man for amusing himself at the fertile resources of the politician here painted; for sober men are sometimes pleased with the grimaces and mischievous tricks of a versatile monkey; but would it not be strange indeed if they should select him for a ruler, or make him an exemplar to their sons?

I describe next a more respectable and more dangerous politician—the PARTY MAN. He has associated his ambition, his interests, and his affections with a party. He prefers, doubtless, that his side should be victorious by the best means, and under the championship of good men; but rather than lose the victory, he will consent to *any* means, and follow *any* man. Thus, with a general desire to be upright, the exigency of his party constantly pushes him to dishonorable deeds. He opposes fraud by craft, lie by lie, slander by counter-aspersion. To be sure, it is wrong to misstate, to distort, to suppress or color facts; it is wrong to employ the evil passions; to set class against class—the poor against the rich, the country against the city, the farmer against the mechanic, one section against another section. But his opponents do it, and if they will take advantage of men's corruption, he must, or lose by his virtue. He gradually adopts two characters, a personal and a political character. All the requisitions of his conscience he obeys in his private character;

all the requisitions of his party he obeys in his political conduct. In one character he is a man of principle; in the other, a man of mere expedients. As a *man*, he means to be veracious, honest, moral; as a *politician*, he is deceitful, cunning, unscrupulous—*anything* for party. As a man, he abhors the slimy demagogue; as a politician, he employs him as a scavenger. As a man, he shrinks from the flagitiousness of slander; as a politician, he permits it, smiles upon it in others, rejoices in the success gained by it. As a man, he respects no one who is rotten in heart; as a politician, no man through whom victory may be gained can be too bad. As a citizen, he is an apostle of temperance; as a politician, he puts his shoulder under the men who deluge their track with whisky, marching a crew of brawling patriots, pugnaciously drunk, to exercise the freeman's noblest franchise, the VOTE. As a citizen, he is considerate of the young, and counsels them with admirable wisdom; then, as a politician, he votes for tools, supporting for the magistracy worshipful aspirants scraped from the ditch, the grog-shop, and the brothel; thus saying by deeds, which the young are quick to understand, "I jested, when I warned you of bad company, for you perceive none worse than those whom I delight to honor." For his religion, he will give up all his secular interests; but for his politics, he gives up even his religion. He adores virtue, and rewards vice. Whilst bolstering up unrighteous measures, and more unrighteous men, he prays for the advancement of religion and justice and honor! I would to God that his prayer might be answered upon his own political head; for never was there a place where such blessings were more needed! I am puzzled to know what will happen at death to this politic Christian, but most unchristian politician. Will both of his characters go heavenward together? If the strongest prevails, he will cer-

tainly go to hell. If his weakest (which is his Christian character) is saved, what will become of his political character? Shall he be sundered in two, as Solomon proposed to divide the contested infant? If this style of character were not flagitiously wicked, it would still be supremely ridiculous; but it is both. Let young men mark these amphibious exemplars to avoid their influence. The young have nothing to gain from those who are saints in religion and morals, and Machiavels in politics; who have partitioned off their heart, invited Christ into one half and Belial into the other.¹

We do not doubt that many thousands have shared with us the pleasure of reading Mr. Whitelaw Reid's Dartmouth address on "The Scholar in Politics." The programme of active influence which he spreads before the American scholar is sufficiently extensive, and the arguments by which he commends it for adoption is sufficiently strong and sound. Yet the question has occurred to us whether, after all, Mr. Carlyle's "Able Man," and Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Thinker," and Mr. Reid's "Scholar," who are one and the same person, are quite sufficient for the just and satisfactory handling of the matters which this address spreads before us in detail. "How are you going to punish crime?" We do not quite see what scholarship has to do with the settlement of that question, or what the scholar has to do with it, especially, beyond other men. "How are you going to stop official stealing?" The question may interest the scholar, and he ought, indeed, to assist in settling it aright; but as a scholar, especially, we do not see what he can do, or may be expected to do, beyond other men. "How are you going to control your corporations?" Here cultivated brains may help us to do something—to contrive something; yet, after all, what we want is not the way to control corporations, but corporations

¹ Beecher.

that do not need to be controlled. "What shall be the relations between capital and labor?" The scholar ought to be able to help us here. "What shall be done with our Indians?" "How may we best appoint our civil officers?" These questions, with others relating to universal suffrage and the unlimited annexation of inferior races, make up Mr. Reid's very solid and serious catalogue. . . . What we really want is gentlemen in politics. If our political men were only gentlemen, even if they were no more than ordinarily intelligent, we should find our political affairs in a good condition, and the great questions that stand before us in a fair way of being properly adjusted. A gentleman is a person who knows something of the world, who possesses dignity and self-respect, who recognizes the rights of others and the duties he owes to society in all his relations, who would as soon commit suicide as stain his palm with a bribe, who would not degrade himself by intrigues. There are various types of gentlemen, too; and the higher the type, the better the politician. If his character and conduct are based on sound moral principle—if he is governed by the rule of right—that is better than mere pride of character or gentlemanly instinct. If, beyond all, he is a man of faith and religion—a Christian gentleman—he is the highest type of a gentleman; and in his hands the questions which Mr. Reid has proposed to the scholar would have the fairest handling that men are capable of giving them. The more the Christian gentleman knows, the better politician he will make; and in him, and in him only, will scholarship come to its finest issues in politics. We do not think that the worst feature of our politics is lack of intelligence in our politicians. There is a great deal of cultivated brain in Congress. Public questions are understood and intelligently discussed there. Even there it is not always that scholarship shows superior

ability. Men who show their capacity to manage affairs are quite as apt to come from the plainly educated as from the ranks of scholarship. Congress does not suffer from lack of knowledge and culture half as much as it does from lack of principle. It is the men who push personal and party purposes that poison legislation. If Congress were composed of gentlemen, we could even dispense with what scholars we have, and be better off than we are to-day. . . . Our laws are good enough in the main: we want them executed; and, in order that they may be executed, we need a judiciary of Christian gentlemen, with executive officers, loyal to their law. As long as notorious scamps, scholarly or otherwise, are in power, not much headway can be made in politics. Until we demand something more and something better in our politicians than knowledge or scholarship, until we demand that they shall be gentlemen, we shall take no step forward. George Washington got along very well as a politician on a limited capital of culture, and a very large one of patriotism and personal dignity. Aaron Burr was a scholar, whose lack of principle spoiled him for any good end in politics, and made his name a stench in the nostrils of his country.¹

STATESMEN.—A large subject in connection with history and life opens up in reference to statesmen and statesmanship. Their lives are fraught with larger influence and meaning than the lives of other men; they connect the broad events and tendencies of history with the details of individual life. Many of the most stirring pages of history, and all its milder and more graceful passages, belong to the lives of the great men who have lived and made history. There is a curious theory that distinguished statesmen are but the "outcome" of their time, and the real history of a country must be sought in the masses of the people. There may be some measure of truth in this assertion which has

¹ Holland.

been overlooked by some regular historians; but the world is pretty well agreed that the great men who have stamped their mark upon an era have shaped the destinies of their country, and have invisibly influenced the course of subsequent ages.

Dr. Johnson intercalated a well-known passage in Goldsmith's "Traveller," commencing with the lines:

How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which kings or laws can cause or cure!

There is in these lines that general amount of truth and error which is ordinarily found in such universal propositions.

In the Georgian era it can hardly be said of any English statesman that he caused or cured many human ills, except in some very remote way. There are, however, times in the history of all nations when good or bad legislation has been fraught with far-reaching consequences. Some moments in the lives of statesmen have really been the deepest moments of national history. The hour when a line of thought and observation has conducted a statesman's mind to some course of practical action beyond battle or treaty is a landmark in a people's history. No events loom larger in Athenian story than the Constitution of Solon or the Constitution of Cleisthenes. To use Dr. Arnold's phrase, we draw no distinction between ancient and modern history, except that ancient history is, in a sense, much more truly modern than much which we call modern history. That is, indeed, a happy destiny, "To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land, and read his history in a nation's eyes." At the same time there is an infinite amount of truth in Johnson's lines. Nothing is more important than that people should understand what statesmen are and what they are not able to do. Individual life is the ultimate fact in all politics. The great men of any era are

unable to confer upon a man the mastery over his passions and the harmonious development of his complex nature. They can only put him under general conditions favorable for his progress. They can not enlighten his conscience, soothe his grief, or take away his poverty. They can provide him with a sphere for the exercise of his powers, but they can only do this in proportion as "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," can make him fit for political life. The great defect of all revolutions has been that people have sought from governments what governments can not give, but what they might have found in themselves. The lives of statesmen may demonstrate conclusively the comparative narrowness of the limits in which they must work. They show, also, the comparative unimportance of the forms of institutions, but the supreme importance of the brightness, spirit, and purity that should animate them. The statesmen who really shine brightest in history are those who have developed both the resources and the spirit of a nation; who have attended to material interests, but have not allowed material interests to dwarf the patriotism and intelligence of the people. The lives of statesmen have always been a source of the deepest interest, through the knowledge that their lives have influenced so many lives, that they, through their action on their country, are brought not remotely into direct connection with ourselves.¹

True statesmanship is the art of changing a nation from what it is into what it ought to be.²

The first quality of statesmanship is moral. The statesman needs, first of all, that he himself be upright. A good will, clear and firm, is his best endowment. He needs, of course, high gifts of intellect—understanding of his times, like the men of Issachar, that he may know what the people ought to do; and we may, perhaps, conceive of a man so well endowed with intellect,

¹ Rev. F. Arnold.

² Alger.

so far-sighted, that he could see the wisdom for a government of a moral attitude which he has never taken for himself—as Goethe, great genius that he was, discerned and accurately described experiences of which he was never conscious; but such geniuses are very rare, and even when found we are painfully conscious—as when we compare Goethe with Shakespeare—of the imperfection of the broadest and the deepest intellect uninstructed by the inspiration of an all-controlling moral purpose. If there be a strong intellect, there is nothing like a will centered on the right, to steady and clarify its vision. Only he who is truly willing to do what is right can truly know what is right.¹

A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman of the next generation. A politician looks for the success of his party; a statesman for that of the country. The statesman wishes to steer, while the politician is satisfied to drift.²

THE BANE OF THE REPUBLIC.—There can be no doubt that the prolific source of all our notable political corruption is office-seeking. Almost never does a political office come to a man in this country unsought; and the exceptions are very rarely creditable to political purity. When men are sought for, and adopted as candidates for office, it is, ninety-nine times in every hundred, because they are available for the objects of a party. Thus it is that selfish or party interest, and not the public good, becomes the ruling motive in all political preferment; and the results are the legitimate fruit of the motive. Out of this motive spring all the intrigues, bargains, sales of influence and patronage, bribes, corruptions, and crookednesses that make our politics a reproach and our institutions a by-word among the nations. We are in the habit of calling our government popular, and of fancying that we have a good deal to do in the management of our own

¹ J. H. Seelye.

² J. F. Clarke.

affairs, but we would like to ask those who may chance to read this paper how much, beyond the casting of their votes, they have ever had to do with the government of the nation? Have they ever done more than to vote for those who have managed to get themselves selected as candidates for office, or those who, for party reasons, determined exclusively by party leaders—themselves seekers for power or plunder—have been selected by others? It is all a "Ring," and has been for years, and we, the people, are called upon to indorse and sustain it.

To indorse and sustain the various political rings is the whole extent, practically, of the political privileges of the people of the United States. The fact is abominable and shameful, but it is a fact "which nobody can deny." It humiliates one to make the confession, but it is true that very rarely is any man nominated for a high office who is so much above reproach and so manifestly the choice of the people that his sworn supporters do not feel compelled to sustain him by lies and romances and all sorts of humbuggery. The people are treated like children. Songs are made for them to sing. Their eyes are dazzled with banners and processions, and every possible effort is made to induce them to believe that the candidate is precisely what he is not and never was—the candidate of the people. Our candidates are all the candidates of the politicians, and never those of the people. Our choice is a choice between evils, and to this we are forced. Second and third-rate men, dangerous men, men devoured by the greed for power and place, men without experience in statesmanship, men who have made their private pledges of consideration for services promised, men who have selected themselves, or who have been selected entirely because they can be used, are placed before us for our suffrages, and we are compelled to a choice between them. Thus, year after year, doing the best we seem to

be able to do, we are used in the interest of men and cliques who have no interest to serve but their own.

And all this in the face of the patent truth that an office-seeker is, by the very vice of his nature, character, and position, the man who ought to be avoided, and never indorsed or favored. There is something in the greed itself, and more in the immodesty of its declaration in any form, which make him the legitimate object of distrust and popular contempt. Office-seeking is not the calling of a gentleman. No man with self-respect and the modesty that accompanies real excellence of character and genuine sensibility can possibly place himself in the position of an office-seeker, and enter upon the intrigues with low-minded and mercenary men, which are necessary to the securing of his object. It is a debasing, belittling, ungentlemanly business. It takes from him any claim to popular respect which a life of worthy labor may have won, and brands him as a man of vulgar instincts and weak character. We marvel at the corruptions of politics, but why should we marvel? It is the office-seekers who are in office. It is the men who have sold their manhood for power that we have assisted to place there, obeying the commands or yielding to the wishes of our political leaders. It is notorious that our best men are not in politics, and can not be induced to enter the field, and that our political rewards and honors are bestowed upon those who are base enough to ask for them.

A few of the great men of the nation have, during the last thirty years, yielded to that which was meanest in them, and become seekers for the august office of the presidency. Now to wish for a high place of power and usefulness is a worthy ambition, especially when it is associated with those gifts and that culture which accord with its dignities and render one fit for its duties;

but to ask for it, and intrigue for it, and shape the policy of a life for it, is the lowest depth to which voluntary degradation can go. These men, every one of them, have come out from the fruitless chase with garments draggled, and reputation damaged, and the lesson of a great life—lived faithfully out upon its own plane—forever spoiled. How much more purely would the names of Webster, and Clay, and Cass shine to-day had they never sought for the highest place of power; and how insane are those great men now living who insist on repeating their mistakes! It would be ungracious to write the names of these, and it is a sad reflection that it is not necessary. They rise as quickly to him who reads as to him who writes. The great, proud names are dragged from their heights, and made the foot-balls of the political arena. The lofty heads are bowed, and the pure vestments are stained. Never again, while time lasts, can they stand where they have stood. They have made voluntary exposure of their weakness, and dropped into fatal depths of popular contempt. Now, when we remember that we are ruled mainly by men who differ from these only in the fact that they are smaller, and have not fallen so far because they had not so far to fall, we can realize something of the degradation which we have ourselves received in placing them in power.

What is our remedy? We confess that we are well-nigh hopeless in the matter. Bread and butter are vigilant. Politics to the politician is bread and butter, and we are all so busy in winning our own that we do not take the time to watch and thwart his intrigues. The only remedy thus far resorted to—and that has always been temporary—is a great uprising against corruption and wrong. We have seen something of it in the popular protest against the thieves of the New York Ring. What we need more than anything else, perhaps, is a thoroughly

virtuous and independent press. We believe it impossible to work effectually except through party organizations, but such should be the intelligence, virtue, and vigilance of the press and the people that party leaders shall be careful to execute the party will. We need nothing to make our government the best of all governments, except to take it out of the hands of self-seeking and office-seeking politicians, and to place in power those whom the people regard as their best men. Until this can be done, place will bring personal honor to no man, and our republicanism will be as contemptible among the nations as it is unworthy in itself.¹

FREE TRADE OR PROTECTION.—Free trade means the perfectly free exchange of goods, raw and manufactured, in every part of the world, or it means nothing at all: it means that all nations and languages, all consumers and producers all over the world, must agree to be guided by the same laws, and buy and sell without restriction.

These conditions are necessary to the existence of Free trade; without them it is impossible: unfortunately they have never been tried, and most probably never will. . . . To try the experiment at all, other nations must be found to join us; to know what the result of Free trade actually was there must be reciprocity and Free ports; but as no other nation joined us, we never had either one or the other: as we advanced they drew back: consequently the experiment has never been tried, and we know to-day as little of Free trade, strictly speaking, as we did twenty years ago. It is amusing to hear people expatiating on the marvels of Free trade, and on the blessings it has conferred on the human race in general, and ourselves in particular, when we remember that as yet this policy has never even been tried, that its miracles and blessings are still in the womb of the

¹ Holland.

future. Free traders renounce all logic and facts when discussing their favorite dogma; they are, indeed, the most disingenuous of arguers. I declare, that as constantly as I have heard the subject discussed, I never once heard a Free-trader have the honesty to attribute the increased trade of the world in general, and of England as part of it, to its true cause—viz., the vast increase in the circulating medium and the general application of steam, but always to what they chose to call Free trade; to ignore these illimitable agencies, and to ascribe all progress to the pigmy efforts of a small school of Political Economists in England, is to reverse the old proverb and to imagine the mouse bringing forth the mountain. . . . It is not England alone that has increased her trade during the last twenty years; the whole of Europe and America, with some trifling exceptions, have increased theirs far more rapidly than we have: take France, for instance, as being our nearest neighbor, and compare her wealth and commercial position now with what it was twenty years ago, and it will at once be granted that, however great may be the blessings of Free trade, sound progress is not incompatible with the strictest protection. . . . All the nations of the world have increased their commerce, they under the strictest principle of Protection, we alone under what we call Free trade. To attribute our progress to Free trade is just as absurd as to attribute theirs to Protection. It might be more fairly said we have all progressed in spite of both. . . .

When we look back twenty years, and examine the position England then occupied in nearly all manufacturing industries; the exclusive advantages of capital, of energy, of manufacturing and technical knowledge she then possessed, and compare her position now, we shall see at once that many nations have advanced as rapidly again as she has—they were all hull down in

the manufacturing race twenty years ago; they have steadily overhauled us; some are close under our sterns; some are alongside, and some are already showing us their sterns.

The vessels have been sailed on perfectly opposite principles: we have made England a vast free port: we have thrown open our home markets to the world: we have invited foreigners to compete with our own industrial population in our own markets: we have encouraged them in every possible way: removed every restriction that could possibly be considered as showing any remaining preference for our own operatives: anything the foreigners asked, we immediately granted, even to half our manufacturing kingdom: we have steadily and conscientiously tried, during the last twenty years, to put the foreign manufacturers and operatives on a perfect equality with our own in our home markets, and Heaven knows we have succeeded in doing so! We proposed to put them in as good a position as our own work-people: we have put them in a better position.

On the other hand, the whole of Europe and America have acted on the very opposite principle—they have strictly preserved a preferential labor market for their own industrial population: they have nursed and fostered and protected their native industries: they have religiously excluded equal competition in every shape, and only admit under heavy duties those articles of foreign manufacture they do not produce themselves.

No two policies can possibly have been more opposite, more antagonistic in every respect. Yet, to a certain extent, they have been attended with similar results: in both cases commerce has increased. We are told our progress is entirely the result of our commercial policy, and that we should not have advanced if we had continued under Protection; but it is unreasonable to ask us to believe that the commercial conditions of England are

so different from those of the rest of Europe and America, that she would not have progressed under the same conditions that have been so favorable to them.

France, Belgium, Switzerland, Prussia, and America have increased materially in wealth and prosperity during the last twenty years; capital has flowed steadily and with increasing rapidity into them; new manufactures have sprung up; existing industries have increased; trade has flourished; speculation and enterprise have taken the place of apathy and want of confidence. All this has taken place under a system of rigid Protection. During the same period England, under a half-and-half system of Free trade, has also increased her commerce, but not in any degree in the same proportion. Our industries are everywhere depressed; many of them have left us, or are fast doing so; trade and manufactures that we once monopolized are springing up elsewhere under the fostering care of Protection.¹

Every manufacture encouraged in our country makes a market produce within ourselves, and saves us much money to the country that must otherwise be exported to pay for the manufacture supplied. Here in England it is well known and understood that wherever a manufacture is established which employs a number of hands, it raises the value of land in the neighboring country all around it, partly by the greater demand near at hand for the produce of the land, and partly from the plenty of money drawn by the manufacturer to that part of the country. It seems, therefore, the interest of our farmers and owners of land to encourage our manufactures in preference to foreign ones imported among us from distant countries.²

There is no use in denying the plain fact that the States have succeeded, by their high-tariff policy, in diverting a considerable part of the industrial energies of the community from the pur-

¹ Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart.

² Franklin.

suits natural to, and most profitable in, a new country, to the highly artificial and, for America, mostly very expensive industries of long-settled and civilized nations. Were the sheltering tariff swept away, it is very questionable if any, save a few special manufactures of certain kinds of tools, machinery, railway cars, and fancy goods, and a few of the cruder manufactures, could maintain their ground.¹

The United States was at one time a large customer for our iron-ware and textile fabrics; but the hostile tariff she has enforced since the civil war has nearly driven us out of her markets, and has built up a vast system of manufactures which completely supplies her own wants and leaves something to spare for competition with us in foreign markets. The free-traders of this country console themselves by thinking that she is the chief sufferer; but, whether this be so or not (which is very doubtful), the fact remains that her markets are almost lost to us, and we, on the other hand, are constantly more dependent upon her for food and raw material. For this we have no means of paying, except by money or bonds, or indirectly by our credits with China, Brazil, and other countries from which America imports tea, sugar, etc. Our colonies all follow in the wake of the United States, and do their best to stimulate their own manufactures by closing their markets against ours.²

Why should we turn our backs upon this bountiful provision of mineral wealth, these many fields of enterprise opened to us, or be content with exercising our energies in a few fields of industry, as agriculture, stock-raising, and petroleum-exploitation, leaving our natural resources undeveloped, and our capacity for diversified industrial pursuits unexercised? Must we not rather provide here a career for every talent, and work out the problem of the highest civilization obtainable by man? An American

¹ A. J. Wilson, "Resources of Foreign Countries."

² *Liverpool Cotton Circular.*

should not have a word to say for free trade till he has thoroughly studied the resources of his own country. It were a disgrace were we to leave undeveloped, like the red Indians, the vast resources of America; and, while we possess the gifts of nature in greater abundance than any other nation on earth, go abroad for that which, by industry, we may produce at home?¹

Our country has had a larger experience in the matter of fiscal policies than any other. Nine times in less than a century it has shifted from protection to free trade, or some compromise between the two, and back again. Now, after a longer persistence in the protective policy than in any policy previously, it is asked to abandon it, in the face of evidence that it is the road to national wealth, industrial independence, and a closer union of the nation. . . . The first Congress, consisting largely of the authors of the Constitution, passed a law to levy duties on imports "for the payment of the debts of the United States, and for the encouragement of American manufactures." The author of that bill was James Madison, the expounder of the Constitution. The free-trade theory was urged on the Constitutional Convention by a club of gentlemen who had imbibed the ideas of the French physiocrats, at whose feet Adam Smith studied, but it met with no support.

That a country, situated as was America, could have made its beginning as a manufacturing nation without the collective action of its people through their government, is a supposition contradicted by uniform experience. At that time the state of the markets was such that England and France stood ready to supply us with everything except the rudest articles, at a price with which our own producers could not compete. Buying in the cheapest market as a fixed policy might have resulted in keeping America on the industrial level of Ireland, Turkey, and India,

¹ *North American Review*.

to the neglect of the natural resources for manufactures in the products of our country and in the genius of our people. . . . Countries that have large classes living on fixed incomes will have many free-traders. In America we may say of this class, *De minimis non curat lex*. American interest lies in the relation of price to price. A man complained that what cost but a shilling in Ireland, cost a dollar in America; but he came to America because he could get the dollar more easily than the shilling. He had labor to sell, as we all have something to find a market for. We all are the better for a policy which, if it makes things a little dearer, gives us a chance when we come to sell.¹

The charge is persistently made that protective duties benefit only manufacturers, and enormously tax other classes. To the first charge the conclusive reply is that the capital invested in manufactures pays no greater profit than that invested in other business. To the second charge the equally satisfactory answer is, that the establishment of manufacturing industries in this country has increased the wages of labor and service in every department, has reduced the prices of all manufactured goods, and has added to the prosperity of the country. There is not a state or a community into which manufacturing industries have been largely introduced that has not at once felt the beneficial influence of the new order of things. A policy that produces these results is not a tax which brings burdens; it is an investment which brings large returns; it is the seed sown in good ground which returns a hundred-fold.

Protective duties work out these results by securing the introduction of new industries which could not be successfully established in this country if foreign goods were allowed to come in free of duty, or on the payment of a less duty than the increased

¹ *Ibid.*

cost of manufacture here. These new industries make a new demand for labor, and, in drawing working-men from other employments, inevitably increase wages, not simply in the new industries, but also in every other employment. . . . While our protective policy has increased the wages of laborers and the rewards of service in every employment, and largely added to the value of farm products by diversifying the industries of our people, preventing too great a crowding of men to farms, and furnishing a home market to the farmer, it has at the same time reduced the prices of all kinds of manufactured goods everywhere by adding our own production to the production of other countries. Since 1860, under protection, the prices of prints in this country have declined thirty-four per cent., of woolen cloths twenty-five per cent., of crockery thirty-eight per cent., of glass thirty-five per cent., of boots and shoes twenty per cent., and of bar iron twenty-five per cent.¹

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—The students of the future, in the department of political philosophy, will have much to say in the way of comparison between American and British institutions. The relationship between these two is unique in history. It is always interesting to trace and to compare Constitutions, as it is to compare languages, especially in such instances as those of the Greek States and the Italian Republics, or the diversified forms of the feudal system in the different countries of Europe. But there is no parallel in all the records of the world to the case of that prolific British mother, who has sent forth her innumerable children over all the earth to be the founders of half a dozen empires. She, with her progeny, may almost claim to constitute a kind of universal church in politics. But among these children there is one whose place in the world's eye and in history is superlative: it is the American Republic. She is the

¹Ibid.

eldest born. She has, taking the capacity of her hand into view as well as its mere measurement, a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man. And it may be well here to mention, what has not always been sufficiently observed, that the distinction between continuous empire and empire severed and dispersed over sea is vital. The development which the Republic has effected has been unexampled in its rapidity and force. While other countries have doubled, or at most trebled, their population, she has risen, during one simple century of freedom, in round numbers from two millions to forty-five. As to riches, it is reasonable to establish, from the decennial stages of the progress thus far achieved, a series for the future; and, reckoning upon this basis, I suppose that the very next census, in the year 1880, will exhibit her to the world as certainly the wealthiest of all the nations. The huge figure of a thousand millions sterling, which may be taken roundly as the annual income of the United Kingdom, has been reached at a surprising rate—a rate which may, perhaps, be best expressed by saying that, if we could have started forty or fifty years ago from zero, at the rate of our recent annual increment we should now have reached our present position. But, while we have been advancing with this portentous rapidity, America is passing by as if in a canter. Yet even now the work of searching the soil and the bowels of the territory, and opening out her enterprise throughout its vast expanse, is in its infancy. The England and the America of the present are probably the two strongest nations of the world; but there can hardly be a doubt, as between the America and the England of the future, that the daughter, at some no very distant time, will, whether fairer or less fair, be unquestionably yet stronger than the mother. *

"O matre forti filia fortior."

But all this pompous detail of material triumphs, whether for the one or for the other, is worse than idle, unless the men of the two countries shall remain, or shall become, greater than the mere things that they produce, and shall know how to regard those things simply as tools and materials for the attainments of the highest purposes of their being. Ascending, then, from the ground floor of material industry towards the regions in which these purposes are to be wrought out, it is for each nation to consider how far its institutions have reached a state in which they can contribute their maximum to the store of human happiness and excellence. And for the political student all over the world it will be beyond anything curious, as well as useful, to examine with what diversities, as well as what resemblances of apparatus, the two greater branches of a race born to command have been minded or induced or constrained to work out, in their sea-severed seats, their political destinies according to the respective laws appointed for them.¹

If there be those in England who think that American democracy means public levity and intemperance, or a lack of skill and sagacity in politics, or the absence of self-command and self-denial, let them bear in mind a few of the most salient and recent facts of history which may profitably be recommended to their reflections. We emancipated a million of negroes by peaceful legislation; America liberated four or five millions by a bloody civil war; yet the industry and exports of the Southern States are maintained, while those of our negro colonies have dwindled. The South enjoys all its franchises, but we have, *proh pudor!* found no better method of providing for peace and order in Jamaica, the chief of our islands, than by the hard and vulgar, even where needful, expedient of abolishing entirely its representative institutions.

¹ Gladstone.

The Civil War compelled the States, both North and South, to train and embody a million and a half of men, and present to view the greatest, instead of the smallest, armed forces in the world. Here there was supposed to arise a double danger: First, that on a sudden cessation of the war, military life and habits could not be shaken off, and, having become rudely and widely predominant, would bias the country towards an aggressive policy, or, still worse, would find vent in predatory or revolutionary operations. Secondly, that a military caste would grow up with its habits of exclusiveness and command, and would influence the tone of politics in a direction adverse to republican freedom. But both apprehensions proved to be wholly imaginary. The innumerable soldiery was at once dissolved. Cincinnati, no longer an unique example, became the commonplace of every day, the type and mold of a nation. The whole enormous mass quietly resumed the habits of social life. The generals of yesterday were the editors, the secretaries, and the solicitors of to-day. The just jealousy of the State gave life to the now forgotten maxim of Judge Blackstone, who denounced as perilous the erection of a separate profession of arms in a free country. The standing army, expanded by the heat of civil contest to gigantic dimensions, settled down again into the framework of a miniature with the returning temperature of civil life, and became a power well nigh invisible, from its minuteness, amidst the powers which sway the movements of a society exceeding forty millions.

More remarkable still was the financial sequel to the great conflict. The internal taxation for Federal purposes, which before its commencement had been unknown, was raised, in obedience to an exigency of life and death, so as to exceed every present and every past example. It pursued and worried all

the transactions of life. The interest of the American debt grew to be the highest in the world, and the capital touched five hundred and sixty millions sterling. Here was provided for the faith and patience of the people a touchstone of extreme severity.

In England, at the close of the great French war, the propertied classes were supreme in Parliament, at once rebelled against the Tory Government, and refused to prolong the Income Tax even for a single year. We talked big, both then and now, about the payment of our National Debt; but sixty-three years have since elapsed, all of them except two, called years of peace, and we have reduced the huge total by about one-ninth; that is to say, by little over one hundred millions, or scarcely more than one million and a half a year. This is the conduct of a State elaborately digested into orders and degrees, famed for wisdom and forethought, and consolidated by a long experience. But America continued not long to bear, on her unaccustomed and still smarting shoulders, the burden of the war taxation. In twelve years she has reduced her debt by one hundred and fifty-eight millions sterling, or at the rate of thirteen millions for every year. In each twelve months she had done what we did in eight years; her self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought for the future, have been, to say the least, eightfold ours. These are facts which redound greatly to her honor; and the historian will record with surprise that an enfranchised nation tolerated burdens which in England a selected class, possessed of the representation, did not dare to face, and that the most unmitigated democracy known to the annals of the world resolutely reduced, at its own cost, prospective liabilities of the State, which the aristocratic, and plutocratic, and monarchical government of the United Kingdom has been contented ignobly to hand over to posterity. And such

facts should be told out. It is our fashion so to tell them, against as well as for ourselves; and the record of them may some day be among the means of stirring us up to a policy more worthy of the name and fame of England.¹

MELIORATION.—We see everywhere signs of progress. There is progress in agriculture, there is progress in the arts, there is progress in all the sciences; man's dominion over nature is rapidly increasing, and the earth, every succeeding year, is made to yield a greater produce. The fruit of the discoveries of one age contains the germ of the discoveries of the generation following, and the new plant springs alongside of the old one to scatter seed like its progenitor all around. No valuable invention of human genius is ever lost; and most of them become the means of multiplying themselves by a greater than compound proportion, and thus render each generation richer than the one that went before. The wealth of all preceding generations is thus to be poured into the lap of the generations that are to live in the coming ages of our world's history. The struggle for existence still goes on; but there is evidence that the intellectual is to show itself stronger than the physical and the moral, always under the government of God, stronger than either. For the present, we see the serpent biting the heel of the seed of the woman: but the age of serpents, with their crushing force and their cunning, is to pass away; and we see proof that the woman's heaven-born seed is to crush the head of the serpent; and, as Plato forecast it, the good shall be the uppermost, and the evil the undermost, forever more.²

It is a good thing for a nation to be born into human history, to do its work, and then cease to cumber the ground. Most men seem to pray that America may be perpetual, that the Union and Constitution may last forever. I hope not. Surely there are

better things in store than this "Universal Yankee," and better States than this "Model Republic," with its worship of money and its sacrifice of men. All the good things we have shall be preserved, the evil perish, and the nation with it. Mankind will one day bury the American State as gladly as the Babylonian, or Egyptian, or Roman, was gathered to its fathers. This nation shall also do its work, and pass away; the future discovers will dig in the ruins of Boston, as antiquaries explore the Indian remains of the West, and they will come upon some remnant of our civilization, and they will say, "These people were not wholly savage." Better institutions, better forms of religion, will appear, and better men will tread the ground over our heads. They will have gathered up every good thing that we brought to light, and put it in the golden urn of history, to be kept forever.¹

¹ Parker.



MILTON.

CHAPTER XI.

RELIGIOUS ASPECTS.

The woof of life is dark, but it is shot with a warp of gold. — F. W. ROBERTSON.

WE know the sun and stars; we know that distant house and hill; not directly, but as reflecting rays of light which reach our eyes. There is a man we have never seen; but we know him to be eloquent, from his speeches which we have read; to be benevolent, from his deeds of charity; to be truthful, from his continuing in the path of integrity when he might have been tempted to swerve from it. In like manner, we can come to know God from his works: know him to be powerful, from the traces of power everywhere visible; to be good, from the provision made for the happiness of his creatures; and to be just, from his mode of government. The real effects in nature carry us up to a real cause above nature. We recognize him, not as the unknown cause, but as the known cause of known effects. We clothe him with varied attributes, so as to make him capable of producing the varied effects we discover. The evidences of design argue an adequate cause in an intelligent designer; the traces of beneficent contrivance show that he is animated by love; and the nature of the moral power in man, and of the moral government of the world, is a proof of the existence of a Moral Governor. . . . True, we do not know all about God. We know, after all, only a part;

but, "we know in part," and what we know is truth, so far as it goes. "Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." The truth is, there is no object with which we have such ample means of becoming acquainted. We can not open our eyes without discovering his workmanship. We can not inspect any part of nature without contemplating in the very act his ways of procedure. We are ever, whether we acknowledge it or not, recipients of his bounty. There is no being, excepting ourselves, with whom we come into more immediate and frequent contact.¹

In nature God is all about us, a presence not to be put by, the moving of all motion, the living of all life, the loving spirit in all that loves, and the being of all things that are. A man naturally devout loves to connect God with all the material world. Even the rudest men who notice the power that is in the material universe, connect God with all that is sublime and awful. What makes them shudder and turn sick at heart—the thunder, the earthquake, and the storm—to them is God's voice. But gentler and more refined men see God in the beautiful. The little grass is rooted in God, and every rose fills its cup brimful of Deity. He rounds and beautifies the spot on the wing of a butterfly, and decks each microscopic insect with brilliant loveliness, and gives the spider her curious art to spin and weave, and walk the waters dry-shod, with no pretending miracle. Philosophers well-bred love to associate God with all the works we call nature. He is the great weaver, and nature is His living web, ever old, ever new, where static and dynamic forces put in the warp and woof; and from the various threads, mineral, vegetable, animal, human, He weaves up the most complex patterns, glittering with chemie, botanic, vital, spiritual power. . . . I can trust the finite universe when I know it all rests on the Infinite God, that the

¹ McCosh.

ocean rolls at His command, and by His unwavering laws the summer poplar-leaves are twinkling all day in the light poured down from Him. Then the all-absorbing ocean loses its cruel look, and all things instinct with life are instinct not less with God.¹

The work of the Great Spirit of nature is as deep and unapproachable in the lowest as in the noblest objects—the Divine mind is as visible in its full energy of operation on every lowly bank and moldering stone, as in the lifting of the pillars of heaven, and settling the foundation of the earth; and, to the rightly perceiving mind, there is the same infinity, the same majesty, the same power, the same unity, and the same perfection, manifest in the casting of the clay as in the scattering of the cloud, in the moldering of the dust as in the kindling of the day-star.²

No nation that did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential feeling that there was a great unknown, omnipotent, and all-wise, and all-virtuous Being, superintending all men in it, and all interests in it—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world.³

TRUST.—It is a *moral act of reason*, believing, at the instigation of reverence and love, something which goes beyond the severe requirements of the evidence. In matters of pure science, where we have to do with mere nature, the mind simply follows the vestiges of proof. But in concerns of man and God, we necessarily carry into every process of judgment antecedent presumptions which color our whole thought, and interpret for us the external signs given to direct us. To a cold intellect, these presumptions will be wanting; and it will construe the spiritual

¹ Parker.² Ruskin.³ Carlyle.

as if it were physical. To a bad heart, they will be dark suspicions; and it will believe its own shadow. To an affectionate, faithful, humble mind, they will be clear trusts; and it will "think no evil," and "hope all things." It is in this yielding of the reason to the better suggestion—this casting of one's lot with the higher possibility, that faith consists.¹

Trust in God demands that we apply God's means in God's way, for God's ends. That is what we are here for. The farmer trusts in God, but he does not think that God will fill his barn with summer hay, nor with autumn corn; he trusts the means of God, plows well his land, toils with the sweat of his own brow and the labor of his oxen; he enriches the soil, culls out the nicest seeds, sows them with care, and all the summer long he daily tends the plants his skill has brought out of the ground. Does he trust God the less for the end, because he uses the means thereto? No sailor thinks he can pray himself across the sea; he wants a stout ship, compass, charts, the appliances of scientific skill. Does he trust God the less because he confides in the natural means which God provided to reach his end? It has been a great error of religious men to scorn the human means, while looking for the human end. They call efforts to achieve the end by human means "tempting Providence," "leaning on an arm of flesh." Ah me! God gave us arms of flesh; they are arms to lean on, to work with, the instruments of God's spirit. It is in vain to say that we trust God to avert any harm, and do nothing, to rely on prayer without any work. A prayer of that sort is only a puff of wind. I do not ask God to write a sermon for me, nor to select a hymn, nor to send a message to New York. He has put means in my power for these things; if I use not the means, it is because I do not trust Him.²

When in your last hour (think of this) all faculty in the

¹ Martineau.

² Parker.

broken spirit shall fade away and sink into inanity—imagination, thought, effort, enjoyment—then will the flower of belief, which blossoms even in the night, remain to refresh you with its fragrance in the last darkness.¹

To such readers as have reflected on man's life; who understand that for man's well-being Faith is properly the one thing needful; how with it martyrs, otherwise weak, can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross; and without it worldlings puke up their sick existence by suicide in the midst of luxury: to such it will be clear that, for a pure moral nature, the loss of religious belief is the loss of everything. All wounds, the crush of long-continued destitution, the stab of false friendship and of false love, all wounds in thy so genial heart, would have healed again had not its life-warmth been withdrawn.²

REVERENCE.—Your true-hearted, fine-grained man puts off his shoes at the door of a mosque as devoutly as any Moslem; he treads the aisles of a cathedral as softly as any Romanist; he despises no incense; he sneers at no idol. He may deny, but he will not jest. The sneer is crucial; bring one who indulges in it to the test and you will find him crude in thought and coarse in feeling. I know how common it is and how much there is to provoke it in the humanly-weak forms of worship and eccentricities of belief; still, the most deluded Seventh-day Baptist, or Sandemanian literalist, ranks higher than one who scoffs at them. I like to hear one pronounce the name of God with a subdued awe, and to see the cast of thought overspread the features when eternal things are named. I like to see a delicate and quiet handling of sacred truths—as you speak the name of your mother in heaven. I might say that this is the way a gentleman bears himself toward religion, but I would rather have you feel that it is the treatment due to the majesty of the subject.³

¹ Richter

² Carlyle.

³ Munger.

Reverence is an ennobling sentiment; it is felt to be degrading only by the vulgar mind, which would escape the sense of its own littleness by elevating itself into an antagonist of what is above it. He that has no pleasure in looking up is not fit so much as to look down.¹

No character can attain a supreme degree of excellence in which a reverential spirit is wanting. Of all the forms of moral goodness, it is that to which the epithet beautiful may be most emphatically applied.²

WORSHIP.—I have lived long enough to know what I did not at one time believe—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honor without the sentiment of religion.³

We know, and, what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort. In England we are so convinced of this, that there is no rust of superstition, with which the accumulated absurdity of the human mind might have crusted it over in the course of ages, that ninety-nine in a hundred of the people of England would not prefer to impiety. We shall never be such fools as to call in an enemy to the substance of any system to remove its corruptions, to supply its defects, or to perfect its construction. If our religious tenets should ever want a further elucidation, we shall not call on atheism to explain them. We shall not light up our temple from that unhallowed fire.⁴

If you travel through the world well, you may find cities without walls, without literature, without kings, moneyless, and such as desire no coin; which know not what theaters or public halls of bodily exercise mean; but never was there, nor ever shall there be, any one city seen without temple, church, or chapel. Nay, methinks a man should sooner find a city built in the air, without any plot of ground whereon it is seated, than

¹ Washington Allston.

² Lecky.

³ La Place.

⁴ Burke.

that any commonwealth altogether void of religion should either be first established or afterward preserved and maintained in that estate. This is that containeth and holdeth together all human society; this is the foundation, stay, and prop of all.¹

In the market, the reading-room, the editor's office, the court-house, or the senate-house, Religion seems a very small power, which affects nobody much. Young men graduating at college say they will be lawyers, or doctors, or merchants, and lay hold on some influence which moves men; religion they will not touch, *it* not moving men. It is left out of the account of public powers by the political economist, and statesmen smile gravely when you speak of religion as one of the forces that sway the world, and think you are young. But when you come to look at the history of nations—America, England, France, Germany—you see that, after all, it is sentiments and ideas of religion which, in their silent or their stormy action, sway the nation and control the state; and when you take into your account the whole life of the human race, when you look at such facts as Puritanism, Protestantism, Mahometanism, Christianity, then you see that all the great civilizations of the world have sprung out of religious feeling, have been shaped and controlled by religious thought.²

No man can reach the summit of power, no life can compass the highest results, that is not lifted far above the plane of nature into the realm of the supernatural. It is the tendency of our age, and the special aim of a certain school of writers, to eliminate the supernatural from human affairs. In just so far as this object is accomplished will manhood be smitten and the moral stature of mankind be diminished. God gave to man spirit wings as well as fleshly feet; he can not rise to loftiest heights of being by plodding ever on the solid ground. He must use

¹ Plutarch.

² Parker.

the higher as well as the lower faculties with which he is endowed.¹

'Tis certain that worship stands in some commanding relation to the health of man and to his highest powers, so as to be, in some manner, the source of intellect. All the great ages have been ages of belief. I mean, when there was any extraordinary power of performance, when great national movements began, when arts appeared, when heroes existed, when poems were made, the human soul was in earnest, and had fixed its thoughts on spiritual verities with as strict a grasp as that of the hands on the sword, or the pencil, or the trowel. It is true that genius takes its rise out of the mountains of rectitude; that all beauty and power which men covet are somehow born out of that Alpine district; that any extraordinary degree of beauty in man or woman involves a moral charm. Thus, I think, we very slowly admit in another man a higher degree of moral sentiment than our own—a finer conscience, more impressionable, or which marks minuter degrees; an ear to hear acuter notes of right and wrong than we can. I think we listen suspiciously and very slowly to any evidence to that point; but, once satisfied of such superiority, we set no limit to our expectation of his genius; for such persons are nearer to the secret of God than others, are bathed by sweeter waters; they hear notices, they see visions, where others are vacant.²

I never was without some religious principles. I never doubted, for instance, the existence of a Deity; that He made the world and governed it by His providence; that the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man; that our souls are immortal, and that all crimes will be punished and virtue rewarded, either here or hereafter. These I esteemed the essentials of every religion; and, being to be found in all the

¹ Dr. Payne.² Emerson.

religions we had in our country, I respected them all, though with different degrees of respect, as I found them more or less mixed with other articles, which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality, served principally to divide us, and make us unfriendly to one another.¹

There is a great deal we never think of calling religion that is still fruit unto God, and garnered by Him in the harvest. The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, patience, goodness. I affirm that if these fruits are found in any form, whether you show your patience as a woman nursing a fretful child, or as a man attending to the vexing detail of a business, or as a physician following the dark mazes of sickness, or as a mechanic fitting the joints and valves of a locomotive, being honest and true besides, you bring forth truth unto God.²

True religion teaches us to reverence what is under us, to recognize humility and poverty, and despite mockery and disgrace, wretchedness, suffering, and death, as things divine.³

The call to religion is not a call to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself.⁴

The sweetest life that a man can live is that which is keyed to love toward God and love toward man.⁵

Your wish is to lead a life that is manful, modest, truthful, active, diligent, generous, humble: take for your motto these wonderful words of the apostle where he says, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report"—everything that is good is to be within your view, and nothing that is not good. I am certain that if you cherish those virtues you will never forget the basis of them, you will never forget where lies their root. I do not mean that you are continually to be parading your religious feelings and

¹ Franklin.² Robert Collyer.³ Goethe.⁴ Beecher.⁵ Ibid.

convictions. These are very deep and solemn subjects, and will grow in the shade rather than in the sunlight. Let them ever be in your minds, as they are indigenous to the root of every excellence.¹

So sweet and so natural a thing is piety among women that men have come to regard a woman without it as strange, if not unhealthy. The coarsest and most godless men often select pious wives, because they see that piety softens, and deepens, and elevates every natural grace of person, and every accomplishment of mind. Now, my opinion is that Heaven, seeing how important it is for you to be its own children, in profession and in spirit, has given special favors to your sex, through this simple fact or principle of dependence. It is your work to soften and refine men. Men living without you, by themselves, become savage and sinful. The purer you are, the more are they restrained, and the more are they elevated. It is your work to form the young mind—to give it direction and instruction—to develop its love for the good and the true. It is your work to make home happy—to nourish all the virtues, and instill all the sentiments which build men up into good citizens. The foundation of our national character is laid by the mothers of the nation. I say that Heaven, seeing the importance to the world of piety in you, has so modified your relations to man that it shall be comparatively easy for you to descend into that valley, over which all must walk, before their feet can stand upon the heights of Christian experience, between which and Heaven's door the ascent is easy.

For my own part, I shrink with horror from a godless woman. There seems to be no light in her—no glory proceeding from her. There is something monstrous about her. I can see why men do not become religious. It is a hard thing—it is, at least,

¹ Gladstone.

if experience and observation are to be relied on—for a man whose will has been made stern by encounters in the great battle of life, who is conscious of power and accustomed to have the minds around him bend to his, who possesses the pride of manhood and the self-esteem that springs naturally in the mind of one in his position, to become “as a little child.” Woman has only to recognize her dependence upon One higher than man, and, in doing this, is obliged to do but little violence to her habits of thought, and no violence at all to such sentiments of independence as stand most in the way of man. So I say that a godless woman is a monstrous woman. She is an unreasonable woman. She is an offensive woman. Even an utterly godless man, unless he be debauched and debased to the position of an animal, deems such a woman without excuse. He looks on her with suspicion. He would not have such an one take the care of his children. He would not trust her.¹

CHURCH-GOING.—The external part of religion is doubtless of little value in comparison with the internal, and so is the cask in comparison with the wine contained in it; but, if the cask be staved in, the wine must perish.²

When a man tells me that he respects religion, I want to see him prove it in some practical way. If he really respects religion, he will give his life to it, and, as the smallest possible proof of respect that he can render, he will scrupulously attend upon its ordinances, and show to the world the side upon which he wishes his influence to count. No, when men tell me that they respect religion, and offer in evidence only their studied and persistent absence from all Christian ministrations, I have simply to respond that I do not respect them. They are a set of hypocrites and humbugs. They talk about the hypocrisy of the church! There is not such another set of hypocrites in America

¹ Holland.

² Bishop Horne.

as those who, while professing to respect Christianity, devote the Christian Sabbath to their own selfish ease or convenience, and regularly shun the assemblages of Christian men and women. Sometimes they try to prove their sincerity by throwing in their wives and children. They will tell people that they hire a pew, and dress their wives and children for the public; that they are willing that they should attend church, and that they have too much respect for religion to stand in anybody's way, while, by every Sunday's example, they plainly declare to their wives and children that they regard the church and the religion which it represents as unworthy the respect and attention of a rational man. . . . Unless a man puts himself into a fine shirt, polished boots, and good clothes once a week, and goes out into the public, he is almost certain to sink into semi-barbarism. He knows that, unless he can do this on Sunday, he can not do it at all, for he labors all the week. There is nothing like isolation to work degeneration in a man. There is nothing like standing alone, with no place in the machinery of society, to tone down one's self-respect. He must be aware that he is not in sympathy with society. He is looked upon as an outsider, because he refuses to come in contact with society on its broadest and best ground. It is a good thing for a man to wash his face clean, and put on his best clothes, and walk to the house of God with his wife and children on Sunday, whether he believes in Christianity or not. The church is a place where, at the least, good morals are inculcated, and where the vices of the community are denounced. He can afford to stand by so much of the church, and, by doing so, say, "Here am I, and here are mine, with a stake in the welfare of society, an interest in the good morals of society." This little operation, gone through with every Sunday, would give him self-respect, help him to keep his head above water, and

bring him into sympathy with the best society the world possesses. A man needs to beautify himself with good clothes occasionally to assure himself that he is not brother of the beast by the side of which he labors during six days of every seven, and he needs particularly to feel that he has place and consideration in clean society. . . . These children of his are not to blame for being in the world. They came forth from nothingness in answer to his call, and they are on his hands. He is responsible to them, at least, for their right training. He is, in personal honor, bound to give them such instructions in morals as will tend to preserve to them health of body and mind, and honorable relations with society. How will he do it? By telling them that church-going is foolishness, and Sabbath-keeping nonsense, and the teachings of the pulpit only tricks of priestcraft, and the amusement of blockheads? Not so. He must take these children by the hand and lead them to church, and show that there are, at least, some things that come from the pulpit which he respects. It will not be enough that he sends them and their mother. He must go with them, for, if he does not, they will soon learn the realities of the pulpit, and, in learning them, learn to pity him, and to hold his intolerance in contempt. He must stand by the pulpit as the great teacher of public and private morality, or do an awful injustice to the children for whose life and health and education he is responsible.¹

UTILIZATION OF EVIL.—I inquired what iniquity was, and found it to be no substance, but the perversion of the will from Thee, the Supreme, towards lower things.²

The first lesson of history is the good of evil. Good is a good doctor, but Bad is sometimes a better. 'Tis the oppressions of William the Norman, savage forest-laws, and crushing despotism, that made possible the inspirations of *Magna Charta* under John.

¹ Holland.² St. Augustine.

Edward I wanted money, armies, castles, and as much as he could get. It was necessary to call the people together by shorter, swifter ways—and the House of Commons arose. To obtain subsidies, he paid in privileges. In the twenty-fourth year of his reign, he decreed "that no tax should be levied without consent of Lords and Commons"—which is the basis of the English Constitution. Plutarch affirms that the cruel wars which followed the march of Alexander introduced the civility, language, and arts of Greece into the savage East; introduced marriage; built seventy cities; and united hostile nations under one government. The barbarians who broke up the Roman empire did not arrive a day too soon. Schiller says the Thirty Years' War made Germany a nation. Rough, selfish despots serve men immensely, as Henry VIII in the contest with the Pope; as the infatuations, no less than the wisdom, of Cromwell; as the ferocity of the Russian czars; as the fanaticism of the French regicides of 1789. The frost which kills the harvest of a year saves the harvests of a century, by destroying the weevil or the locust. Wars, fires, plagues, break up immovable routine, clear the ground of rotten races and dens of distemper, and open a fair field to new men. There is a tendency in things to right themselves, and the war or revolution or bankruptcy that shatters a rotten system, allows things to take a new and natural order. The sharpest evils are bent into that periodicity which makes the errors of planets, and the fevers and distempers of men, self-limiting. Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome. Without war, no soldier; without enemies, no hero. The sun were insipid, if the earth were not opaque. And the glory of character is in affronting the horrors of depravity, to draw thence new nobilities of power:

as Art lives and thrills in new use and combining of contrasts, and mining into the dark evermore for blacker pits of night. What would painter do, or what would poet or saint, but for crucifixions and hells? And evermore in the world is this marvelous balance of beauty and disgust, magnificence and rats. Not Antoninus, but a poor washer-woman, said: "The more trouble, the more lion; that's my principle."¹

Evil exists that there may be a field for the manifestation of goodness. . . . Let us look, first, at some obvious phenomena of evil in the physical world. What is more common in this land of flood and mountain than a storm? What is more terrible than the sudden black squall coming down from the top of a Highland gully, spreading a frown of savage iron-blue over the shimmering face of the loch, and lashing into a wild race of angry billows its lately placid breast? Contrast with this exhibition of the fierce and savage element in nature the serene beauty with which the purple shoulders of our Highland Bens are often clad for bright weeks together in the month of August or September, and the balmy breath which easy mortals inhale for eight months in the year on the fertile banks of the Nile, or beneath the pillared shadows of the Athenian Acropolis; and you wish that this golden peace of physical nature were eternal, and that no such things as storms and squalls, and whirlwinds and waterspouts, thunder and lightning, and terrible fits of subterranean fever, were known in the world. This is natural. But let us suppose your wish granted, and all the stormy evil which you lament in the outward world instantly and forever abolished. You will have made a great gain, no doubt. But have you lost nothing by this banishing of the stormy form of evil from the physical world? One thing you certainly have lost—the variety which you at present enjoy in the change of

the seasons, the wonderful charm of ever-recurring novelty amid deathless rejuvenescence. Is it possible that unvarying monotony of any kind, even to perfect peace, should be productive of as much happiness as the change of rest and commotion in nature which we now enjoy? . . .

Let us now cast a glance on the intellectual world. The two great forms of evil here are ignorance and stupidity. How many enlightened statesmen in every part of Europe at the present moment are daily and hourly grappling valiantly with the first of these evils; how many laborious schoolmasters and schoolmistresses and learned professors are lamenting vainly over the second! And not only teachers of youth, and ministers of education and sharp-eyed inspectors, and writers of leading articles and publishers of encyclopedias, but lawyers and doctors and engineers, and all sorts of persons, are engaged in a life-long battle with various forms of ignorance and stupidity. How many law-pleas arise, not from mere selfishness and a desire to overreach, but from the want of clear-headedness and distinct definite ideas about what the parties concerned really meant—from some misty understanding out of which a misunderstanding is sure, on the first convenient opportunity to emerge, and out of this misunderstanding again, a lawsuit? How much work of all kinds in the world is constantly going on merely to remedy the evils which a want of calculation and foresight in the original designers had caused? A lamentable fact, you will say. Well, I allow it has a lamentable aspect; but if you were to have your pious wish, and to abolish ignorance and stupidity altogether, I rather think it easy to show that you would produce a state of things much more lamentable. Only suppose a world from which ignorance was altogether banished—that is, a world in which everybody knew everything from the moment they

were born. In such a world there would be neither teachers nor taught: no teachers where there were none that wanted teaching; no taught where all was already learned. Now only consider what this implies. The pursuit of truth is by universal admission one of the greatest pleasures of which a reasonable soul is capable. The commonest facts in education show this. In school and college it is by no means the mere outward attractiveness of the subject that fixes the fluttering attention of the young student—not the piercing blaze from the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, or the gay coat of the humming-bird, or the various play of color in the symmetrical crystal, but it is the pleasure which he feels in hunting out a principle, and ascending from the subject position of the scattered individual fact to the lordship of a general idea; that is to say, that which gives zest to his acquisition of knowledge is the fact that he is working his way out of ignorance. . . . Let us now notice the operation of the same great principle in the moral world—that stage on which all of us must act our parts in that fashion which makes our mortal lives either a harmony or a discord. . . . If the object be to form strong characters, it is manifest that to remove the temptation is to destroy the virtue, to make this world no longer a school of noble self-training and manly self-control. If such virtues as moderation and temperance are to exist at all, they can only be found in a world where stimulus is strong and appetite unruly. In such a world God has placed us; and if we would act in happy accordance with that constitution of things which is His will, instead of yielding weakly to every flattering seduction that may approach us, we should rejoice in the offered opportunity of proving that we are men and not beasts, and that, if in other respects certainly inferior, in the habit of resisting strong temptations we are to all appearance superior even to

the angels. At least so Seneca, the wisest of Roman moralists, thought, when he uttered his often-quoted sentence, that the successful struggles of a truly virtuous man in this world are often such as the blessed gods, in their shining Olympian seats, must look upon with envy.¹

CONSEQUENCES.—No man ever sacrificed his sense of right to anything—to lust of pleasure, lust of money, lust of power, or lust of fame—but the swift feet of Justice overtook him. She held her austere court within his soul, conducted the trial, passed sentence, and performed the execution. It was done with closed doors; nobody saw it, only that unslumbering Eye, and that man's heart. Nay, perhaps the man felt it not himself, but only shrunk and shriveled, and grew less and less, one day to fall, with lumbering crash, a ruin to the ground.²

Alienation from God; hatred of truth; hatred of purity; a hard, bitter, railing, loveless spirit; mean, base, selfish, sensual desires—these are the elements of hell; and as long as any man, be he Pharisee or be he publican, is given to these, so long he will be made to feel with the evil spirit,

Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell,
And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
Still gaping to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

Hell is a temper, not a place. So long as we are evil, and impure, and unloving, so long where we are is hell.³

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is hell,
And where hell is there we must ever be.
And, to be short, when all this world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell which are not heaven.⁴

¹ Blackie.² Parker.³ Farrar.⁴ Marlowe.

Let us all learn that the consequences of sin are *inevitable*; in other words, that punishment is but "the stream of consequence flowing on unchecked." There is in human nature an element of the gambler, willing to take the chances of things; willing to run a risk if the issue be uncertain. There is no such element here. The punishment of sin is certain. All Scripture tells us so. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "Be sure your sin will find you out." "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." "The way of transgressors is hard." All the world's proverbs tell us so. "Reckless youth, rueful age." "As he has made his bed, so he must lie in it." "He who will not be ruled by the rudder, must be ruled by the rock."

Even Satan himself would not deny it. In the old legend of Dr. Faustus, when he bids the devil lay aside his devilish propensity to lying, and tell the truth, the devil answers: "The world does me injustice to tax me with lies. Let me ask their conscience if I have ever deceived them into believing that a bad action was a good one." . . . The very spirits of evil laugh at each one going as an ox to the slaughter, whom they dupe into the fancy that out of special favor to him "this adamantine chain of moral gravitation, more lasting and binding than that by which the stars are held in their spheres, will be snapped; that sin for him will change its nature," and at his approval the Gehenna of punishment be transformed into a garden of delight. Is it so? Has there been any human being yet, since time began, however noble, however beautiful, however gifted, however bright with genius or radiant with fascination, who has sinned with impunity? Ah, no! God is no respecter of persons. Fire burns and water drowns, whether the sufferer be a worthless villain or a fair and gentle child; and so the moral law works, whether the sinner be a "David or a Judas,

whether he be publican or priest." In the physical world there is no forgiveness of sins. Sin and punishment, as Plato said, walk this world with their heads tied together, and the rivet that links their iron link is a rivet of adamant. . . . There is a dreadful coercion in our own iniquities; an inevitable congruity between the deed and its consequences; an awful germ of identity in the seed and in the fruit. We recognize the sown wind in the harvest whirlwind. We feel that it is we who have winged the very arrows that eat into our heart like fire. It needs no gathered lightning, no divine intervention, no miraculous message, to avenge in us God's violated laws. They avenge themselves. You may laugh at Bibles, sneer at clergymen, keep away from churches, and yet your sin, coming after you with leaden footstep, and gathering form, and towering over you, smites you at last with the iron hand of its own revenge.¹

I know not that we have any one kind or degree of enjoyment but by the means of our own actions. And by prudence and care we may, for the most part, pass our days in tolerable ease and quiet; or, on the contrary, we may, by rashness, ungoverned passion, willfulness, or even by negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please. And many do please to make themselves extremely miserable—*i. e.*, to do what they know beforehand will render them so. They follow those ways, the fruit of which they know, by instruction, example, experience, will be disgrace, and poverty, and sickness, and untimely death. This every one observes to be the general course of things; though it is to be allowed we can not find by experience that all our sufferings are owing to our own follies. . . . Whether the pleasure or pain which thus follows upon our behavior be owing to the Author of Nature's acting upon us every moment which we feel it, or to His having at once con-

¹ Farrar.

trived and executed His own part in the plan of the world, makes no alteration as to the matter before us. For, if civil magistrates could make the sanction of their laws take place, without interposing at all, after they had passed them, without a trial and the formalities of an execution; if they were able to make their laws execute themselves, or every offender to execute them upon himself, we should be just in the same sense under their government then as we are now, but in a much higher degree and more perfect manner. Vain is the ridicule with which one foresees some persons will divert themselves, upon finding lesser pains considered as instances of divine punishment. There is no possibility of answering or evading the general thing here intended, without denying all final causes.¹

THE COMING NIGHT.—"To think," I said to myself, as I walked over the bridge to the village street—"to think that the one moment the person is here, and the next—who shall say *where?* for we know nothing of the region beyond the grave! Not even our risen Lord thought fit to bring back from hades any news for the human family standing straining their eyes after their brothers and sisters that have vanished in the dark."²

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?

Who lifteth the veil of what is to come?

Who painteth the shadows that are beneath

The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb?

Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be

With the fears and the love for that which we see?³

From the beginning, a deep sad thought has weighed upon the restless spirit of man—the troubled dream—the unknown goal—the valley of the shadow—the infinite obscurity—the black sea of oblivion that swallows up the grace and loveliness,

¹ Bishop Butler.² Macdonald.³ Shelley.

the thoughts and acts, of so many million beings whom no eye shall ever see again. The instinctive dread is upon all men, and in a thousand ways they seek to fortify themselves against the terrors of dissolution, that they may meet their fate serenely. "When I am dead," said an expiring chief at Washington, "let the big guns be fired over me." It were easier to die if buried in state. Saladin, in his last illness, ordered his shroud to be uplifted as a flag, and the herald was commanded to cry: "Behold! this is all which Saladin, the vanquisher of the East, carries away of all his conquests." To pass from the world in a striking antithesis was not barren comfort! The humblest desires at least a simple stone, that he may pretend to live by the proof of his last sleep. It is this overshadowing idea of the death-doom which the author of "Thanatopsis" has rendered imperishably articulate for every fearful and longing soul, with a voice so gentle, so wise, and so winning, as to mitigate what can not be remedied, and consecrate what before was painful. With what thoughtful tenderness he asks us to seek the healing sympathy of Nature, to receive bravely her mild and gentle lesson that we must die, to bring our conduct up to her loftiness, to contemplate our fate with that resignation which leadeth to wisdom:

"When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more

In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold."

What consolation is offered? Not the Christian idea of a heaven with its chrysolite splendors and harping angels, but the Pagan idea of a nameless multitude vanished into the great drowned regions of the past, where the least may in some sort share the awful and shadowy unconsciousness of kings and seers:

"Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher."

Visible glories are but dying mementos. Beauty and grandeur do but embellish the universal grave:

"The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man."

Since the morning of creation, the recorded names contain not half a century, and the living are as vaporous phantasms on the peaks of a submerged continent. On no spot of earth may you plant your foot and affirm that none sleeps beneath:

"All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone."

It is related of Buddha that there came to him one day a woman who had lost her only child. She called frantically on the prophet to give back her little one to life. "Go, my daughter," said he, "get me a mustard-seed from a house into which death has never entered, and I will do as thou hast bidden me." From house to house she went, saying, "Give me a mustard-seed, kind folk, for the prophet to revive my child;" but far as she wandered, in the crowded thoroughfare and by the lonely roadside, she found not the home on whose door the shadow had not settled. Gradually the prophet's meaning dawned upon her mind; she saw the broader grief of the race, and her passion was merged in pity. Forget yourself in the common sorrow, be reconciled to Destiny. Why hesitate to enter the darkness where so vast a company have gone—where all must go? Yet a few

days, and the rest will follow. The brave and the fair, the bright and the joyous shall—like you who depart in silence and alone—have their light in ashes:

"All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turns shall follow them."

Be fortified by these considerations. If other solace is needed, seek it in the performance of duty. Above all, be conscience-clear; think nobly, act nobly, hope well:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."¹

When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the

¹ From the Author's "Development of English Literature and Language," Vol. II, p. 334.

world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes.¹

O eloquent, just, and mighty death! whom none could advise thou hast persuaded, what none hath dared thou hast done, and whom all the world hath flattered thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*²

IMMORTALITY.—That which is so universal as death must be a benefit.³

I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning.⁴

We go to the grave of a friend saying, "A man is dead;" but angels throng about him saying, "A man is born."⁵

There is nothing, no, nothing, innocent or good that dies and is forgotten: let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes, or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here.⁶

Among excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity,

¹ Dickens. ² Sir Walter Raleigh. ³ Schiller. ⁴ Franklin. ⁵ Beecher. ⁶ Dickens

shall fall away? It fills a nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguishes all the seeds of good nature, compassion, and humanity.¹

When I reflect that God has given to inferior animals no instincts or faculties that are not immediately subservient to the ends and purposes of their beings, I can not but conclude that the reason and faculties of man were bestowed upon the same principle, and are connected with his superior nature. When I find him, therefore, endowed with powers to carry, as it were, the line and rule to the most distant worlds, I consider it as conclusive evidence of a future and more exalted destination, because I can not believe that the Creator of the universe would depart from all the analogies of the lower creation in the formation of His highest creature, by gifting him with a capacity not only utterly useless, but destructive of his contentment and happiness, if his existence were to terminate in the grave.²

For does this soul within me, this spirit of thought and love and infinite desire, dissolve as well as the body? Has Nature, who quenches our bodily thirst, who rests our weariness, and perpetually encourages us to endeavor onwards, prepared no food for this appetite of immortality.³

This that we call death, is but a form in the eyes of men. It looks something final, an awful cessation, an utter change. It seems not probable that there is anything beyond. But if God could see us before we were, and make us after His ideal, that we shall have passed from the eyes of our friends can be no argument that He beholds us no longer. *All live unto Him.*⁴

The eye, fixed on the lifeless body, on the wan features and the motionless limbs—and the imagination, following the frame into the dark tomb, and representing to itself the stages of decay and ruin, are apt to fill and oppress the mind with discouraging

¹ Addison. ² Erskine. ³ Leigh Hunt. ⁴ Macdonald.

and appalling thoughts. The senses can detect in the pale corpse not a trace of the activity of that spirit which lately moved it. Death seems to have achieved an entire victory; and when reason and revelation speak of continued, and a higher life, the senses and imagination, pointing to the disfigured and moldering body, obscure by their sad forebodings the light which reason and revelation strive to kindle in the bereaved soul. . . . To multitudes, Heaven is almost a world of fancy. It wants substance. The idea of a world in which beings exist without these gross bodies, exist as pure spirits, or clothed with refined and spiritual frames, strikes them as a fiction. What can not be seen or touched appears unreal. This is mournful, but not wonderful; for how can men who immerse themselves in the body and its interests, and cultivate no acquaintance with their own souls and spiritual powers, comprehend a higher spiritual life? . . . When our virtuous friends leave the world, we know not the place where they go. We can turn our eyes to no spot in the universe and say they are there. Nor is our ignorance here of any moment. It is unimportant what region of space contains them. Whilst we know not to what place they go, we know what is infinitely more interesting, to what beings they go. We know not where Heaven is, but we know Whom it contains.¹

To me, there is but one objection against immortality, if objection it may be called, and this arises from the very greatness of the truth. My mind sometimes sinks under its weight, is lost in its immensity; I scarcely dare believe that such a good is placed within my reach. When I think of myself as existing through all future ages, as surviving this earth and that sky, as exempted from every imperfection and error of my present being, as clothed with an angel's glory, as comprehending with my intel-

¹ Channing.

lect and embracing in my affections an extent of creation compared with which the earth is a point; when I think of myself as looking on the outward universe with an organ of vision that will reveal to me a beauty and harmony and order not now imagined, and as having an access to the minds of the wise and good which will make them in a sense my own; when I think of myself as forming friendships with innumerable beings of rich and various intellect, and of the noblest virtue, as introduced to the society of heaven, as meeting there the great and excellent of whom I have read in history. . . . When this thought of my future being comes to me, whilst I hope, I also fear; the blessedness seems too great; the consciousness of present weakness and unworthiness is almost too strong for hope. But when in this frame of mind I look around on the creation, and see there the marks of an omnipotent goodness, to which nothing is impossible, and from which everything may be hoped; when I see around me the proofs of an Infinite Father who must desire the perpetual progress of his intellectual offspring; when I look next at the human mind, and see what powers a few years have unfolded, and discern in it the capacity of everlasting improvement; and especially when I look at Jesus, the conqueror of death, the heir of immortality, who has gone as the forerunner of mankind into the mansions of light and purity, I can and do admit the almost overpowering thought of the everlasting life, growth, and felicity of the human soul.¹

Some say: "How can the same dust be raised again, when it may be scattered to the winds of heaven?" It is a question I hardly care to answer. . . . What do I care about my old clothes after I have done with them? What is it to me to know what becomes of an old coat, or an old pulpit gown? I have no such clinging to the flesh. It seems to me that people believe

¹ Ibid.

their bodies to be themselves, and are therefore very anxious about them; and no wonder, then. Enough for me that I shall have eyes to see my friends, a face that they shall know me by, and a mouth to praise God withal.¹

"We brought nothing into this life, and we can carry nothing out of it," it is said. That is true of the physical; but O, we *can* carry something out! We receive life as a spark, and we can make it glow like a beacon light; and that we can carry with us when we go. Faith and hope kindled and exercised—these we can carry out. . . . The best parts of ourselves we can carry out. When the farmer goes into his field in the autumn to harvest his grain, he takes the head of the wheat. That is what he cares for. It matters little to him if the straw and the chaff go to the ground again. In taking the wheat he takes that for which these things were provided. He takes the ripe kernel, and leaves behind the straw and the chaff, which were simply designed to serve as wrappers for the growing and ripening grain. The ripe grain—that we carry out.²

Of immortality, the soul, when well employed, is incurious. It is so well, that it is sure it will be well. It asks no questions of the Supreme Power. The son of Antiochus asked his father when he would join battle. "Dost thou fear," replied the king, "that thou only in all the army wilt not hear the trumpet?" 'Tis a higher thing to confide, that, if it is best we should live, we shall live—'tis higher to have this conviction than to have the lease of indefinite centuries and millenniums and æons. Higher than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now. It is a doctrine too great to rest on any legend—that is, on any man's experience but our own. It must be proved, if at all,

¹ Macdonald.² Beecher.

from our own activity and designs, which imply an interminable future for their play.¹

Briefly, Death is a friend of ours; and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home.²

GRANDEUR OF MAN.—Man is the jewel of God, who has created this material universe as a casket to keep his treasure in. . . . The ox bears his burdens; the Arctic whale feeds the scholar's or the housewife's lamp; the lightnings take their master's thought on their wings, and bear it over land or underneath the sea. The amaranthine gems which blossom slowly in the caverns of the ground—these are the rose-buds for his bosom. The human Elias goes up in his chariot of flame; he has his sky-chariot, and his sea-chariot, and his chariots for land, drawn by steeds of fire which himself has made. . . . The Andes fill me with less amazement than the mountain-minded Humboldt, who ascends and measures them. To the Christian pilgrim, the mountains about compact Jerusalem are as nothing to the vast soul of Moses, Esaias, Samuel, Jesus, who made the whole land sanctified in our remembrance. Yonder unexpected comet, whose coming science had not heralded, who brought no introduction from Arago or Leverrier, and presented himself with no letter of recommendation, save the best of all, his comely face, is far less glorious than the rustic lover, who thinks of those dear eyes which are watching those two stars that every evening so sweetly herald the night. Nay, this hairy stranger is far inferior to the mind that shall calculate its orbit, and foretell its next arrival to our sight. High and glorious are the stars! What a flood of loveliness do they pour through the darkness every night—a beauty and a mystery! But the civilized man who walks under them—nay, the savage who looks up at them only as the wolf he slays regards them, has a fairer and a deeper

¹ Emerson.² Bacon.

beauty, is a more mysterious mystery; and when the youngest of that family has grown old and hollow-eyed, and its light has gone out from its household hearth, the savage man, no longer savage, shall still flame in his career, which has no end, passing from glory to glory, and pouring a fairer light across the darkness of the material world. The orbit of the mind is wider than creation's utmost rim; nor ever did centripetal and centrifugal forces describe in their sweep a comet's track so fair-proportioned as the sweep of human life round these two foci, the mortal here, and the immortal in the world not seen.¹

The great questions of ethics and of religion spring spontaneously in the mind when one begins to know and rightly to estimate his own true self.

What should follow, as a related sentiment, but the thought of life's sacredness? Surely a being of such dignity, so dowered and distinguished by God, with such powers within him and such destiny before him, must possess a sacred character. "And this is myself," says the thoughtful young man, in whom this quality of self-respect is beginning to get a firm footing. "I am such a being as this. I am this mystery of mysteries, this miracle of miracles, this magisterial possessor of powers so high and possibilities so great that an angel might covet them. I must carry myself as befits one of such distinction. A rational man, I must not consort with the brutes, nor give place to irrational acts. I must not be a trifier, an idler, an imitator, a trickster, a parasite, a seeker of cheap pleasures and petty honors. There is power in me, there is meaning in my life, and there must be a purpose. God has a place for me, which I must find and follow. There is a high destiny before me, which I must not miss."

And so life's greatness and majesty begin to stretch away into infinite reaches of an ideal world, which is, nevertheless, more

¹ Barker.

real than this, and which sends back its voices and its potencies to cheer and to strengthen the receptive mind. . . . No man can see himself in these lights without feeling that there is too much that is great and sacred in his nature and destiny to permit him to misuse a life so richly endowed. He can not dally with toys, nor play the clown, nor prey on a community to the worth of which he contributes nothing, nor invade the rights of others, nor occasion any necessity for them to set a police force over him to restrain his disorder, nor do aught which the truest self-respect and most delicate sense of propriety forbids.¹

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain which the sun withdraws.
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being;—to our mind,
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of Duty;
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below our drink, above our meat;
Both are our cleanliness, Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat?

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty Love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit,
That as the world serves us we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.²

¹ Dr. Payne.

² Herbert.

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